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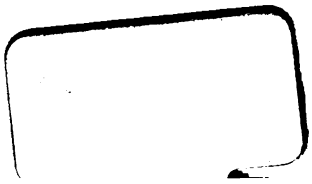

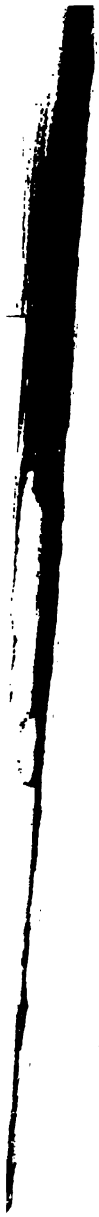

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v.2

THE WORKS of HORACE, In ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

Mr. DUNCOMBE, Sen. J. DUNCOMBE, M. A.

And OTHER HANDS.

With NOTES HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.

THE SECOND EDITION.

To which are added,

Many IMITATIONS, now first published.

VOLUME II.

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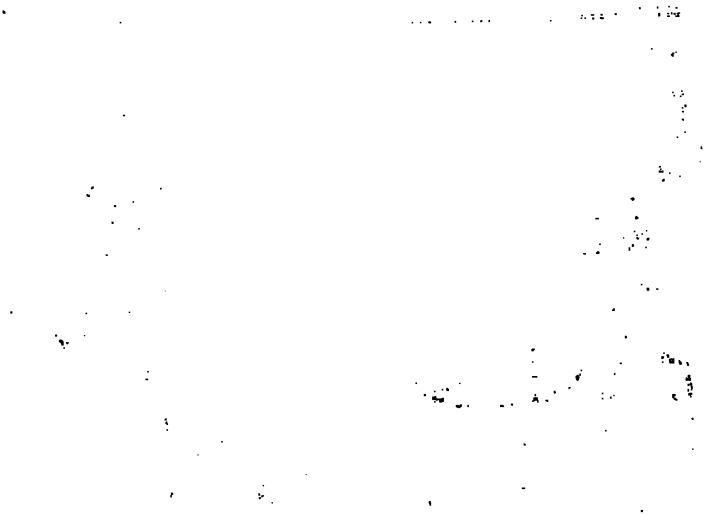

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODES

OF

HORACE.

Vol. II.

TO

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN Lord *Willoughby de Broke*,

One of the Lords of the Bed Chamber

TO

HIS MAJESTY,

This THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODES of *HORACE*

Is Inſcribed

BY

His LORDSHIP'S

Moſt obedient,

and humble Servant,

J. DUNCOMBE.

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N.B. Thoſe marked thus * are now firſt inſerted.

ERRATA.

Page 52. line 8. *Read the* Woman-Hero's.
54. — 19. *For* as Nature leads, *read* in *Cypris'* Train.
75. — 11. *Read tempore.*
100. — 13. *For* Though *read* Through.
319. — 16. *Read pubem.*

The THIRD BOOK OF THE ODES of HORACE.

PROLOGUE.

I HATE the Vulgar, a licentious Throng!
Be ſtill: To [1] Maids and Youths my Lays belong:
The [2] Muſes' Prieſt with due Attention own,
Who ſings in [3] Strains to *Roman* Ears unknown!

ODE I.

By Mr. W. DUNCOMBE.

Inſcribed to JOHN DUNCOMBE, *Eſq; late of* Stocks, *in the County of* Hertford, *the Tranſlator's Brother.*

KINGS rule their [4] Flocks with awful Sway;
Yet Kings themſelves muſt *Jove* obey:

The Spoils of [5] conquer'd Giants crown the God,
And all Things [6] tremble at his ſovereign Nod!
Th'Ambitious try, by various Arts,
To bribe, and win the People's Hearts:
One Candidate his large Poſſeſſions grace;
Another ſues, diſtinguiſh'd by his Race:
On Fame and Morals *this* relies;
That, throng'd with Clients, claims the Prize:
But *Death* ſhall level All; for each Man's Name
Is rolling in the Urn's capacious Frame.
The Wretch who views, with conſcious Dread,
A Sword hang threatening o'er his Head,
Starves, tho' [7] *Sicilian* Banquets crown the Board,
Nor ſofteſt Strains can balmy Sleep afford;
Yet will not balmy [8] *Sleep* diſdain
The Cottage of the humble Swain;
Nor the cool Grove; nor *Tempé*'s happy Vales,
Still gently fann'd by *Zephyr*'s genial Gales.
He, who can curb his wild Deſires,
Nor more, than Nature aſks, requires,
Beholds [9] *Arcturus* ſet, devoid of Fear,
Nor trembles when the ſtormy [10] *Goats* appear;
Repines not, when his Vines with Hail
Are ſtruck, or blighted Harveſts fail;
Or that his drooping Orchards now complain
Of Summer's Heat, and now of Winter's Rain.
Not ſo the Man, by high-rais'd Moles
[11] Confining ev'n the finny Shoals
To narrower Bounds; for, ſee the crowded Shore
By Builders ſeiz'd, where Waves were heard to roar.

The

The Lord, diſdainful of the Land,
Bids the wild Billows leave the Strand;
But could his lofty Turrets reach the Sky,
Yet *Menaces* and *Fears* would mount as high.
CARE climbs the brazen Veſſel's Sides,
Behind the flying Horſeman rides;
Nor quits th' applauded Conſul's gilded Car,
Marching triumphant from the finiſh'd War.
Then ſince nor ſtately Domes, nor Wealth,
Can yield Content, or purchaſe Health;
Since purple Robes, which gay as [12] *Phoſphor* ſhine,
The Spice of *Araby*, *Falernian* Wine,
And *Perſian* Odours, can impart
No Balm to heal a wounded Heart;
Why ſhould I wiſh to rear a ſtately Pile
On *Phrygian* Pillars, in the modern Style,
Gaz'd at with Envy? or to change
My Vale, where Flocks and Heifers range,
And quit my rural Eaſe, and [13] *Sabine* Seat,
For the more cumb'rous Riches of the Great?

1720.

NOTES.

The Deſign of this Ode is to ſhow, that Wealth and Honours cannot make Men happy; but that they may be ſo with a ſmall Fortune, by contracting their Deſires, and poſſeſſing the ineſtimable Treaſure of a quiet and contented Mind.

1 *Virginibus puerisque canto.*] Youths and Virgins, whoſe Minds are yet tender and pliant, are more likely to be improved by Leſſons of Morality, than thoſe advanced in Years, who are too often hardened and confirmed in Vice.

2 *Muſarum ſacerdos.*] The Muſes had their Temples and Altars, where Sacrifices were offered to them.

3 *Carmina non prius audita.*] *Horace* was the firſt *Roman*, who imitated the Lyric Poets of the *Greeks*.

4 *Regum timendorum, in* PROPRIOS GREGES.] Thus *Homer* ſtyles a *King*, Ποιμενὰ λαῶν, *The Shepherd of his People*, Iliad i. *v.* 263. Thus alſo the Author of the 78th *Pſalm*, ſpeaking of the Redemption GOD wrought for the *Iſraelites* by *David*, ſays; *He choſe David alſo his Servant, and took him from the Sheep folds: From following the Ewes great with Young, he brought him to feed Jacob his People, and Iſrael his Inheritance.* This Image gives a very juſt Idea of the Office of a King, who ought to defend and protect his People with the ſame Care and Tenderneſs, as a Shepherd guards his Flock.

5 —— *Clari Gigantæo triumpho.*] The *Giants*, whom *Jupiter* conquered with the Aſſiſtance of *Hercules*, *Pallas*, *Apollo*, *&c.* See the 12th Ode of the ſecond Book, and the 4th Ode of this Book.

6 *Cunctа ſupercilio moventis.*] *Horace* ſeems here to have had in View thoſe celebrated Lines of *Homer*,

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν, &c. Iliad i. *v.* 528—530.

Which are thus beautifully tranſlated by Mr *Tickell*:

This ſaid, his kingly Brow the Sire inclin'd;
The large black Curls fell awful from behind,
Thick ſhadowing the ſtern Forehead of the God:
Olympus trembled at th' almighty Nod!

7 —— *Non Siculæ dapes*, &c.] *Horace* here alludes to the Story of *Damocles*, a Flatterer of the Tyrant *Dionyſius*, which is thus recorded by *Cicero*, in the 5th Book of his *Tuſculan Diſputations*, Chap. 21. '*Damocles* having, in a Speech, applauded the Riches and Magnificence of *Dionyſius*, and pronounced him the happieſt Man in the World, *Dionyſius* was reſolved to give him a Taſte of his Happineſs; and therefore ordered, that he ſhould be placed upon a golden Bed covered with magnificent Tapeſtry; that all his rich Veſſels, curiouſly emboſſed with Gold and Silver, ſhould be diſplayed before him; and that he ſhould be ſerved by Boys of exquiſite Beauty, ready to fly at his Nod. Neither Wreaths, nor fragrant Oils, were wanting. Perfumes were burnt; and the Tables were piled

'piled with the moſt exquiſite Banquet. *Damocles* now 'thought himſelf perfectly happy. In the Height of 'all this Pomp, *Dionyſius* ordered a naked Sword to be 'hung from the Roof, by a Horſe's Hair, directly over 'his Head. As ſoon as *Damocles* obſerved it, he could 'no longer admire the beautiful Boys, nor the delicate 'Figures engraved on the Plate: He could not ſtretch 'out his Hand to the Table; but trembled with Fear, 'and the Wreaths fell from his Head. To conclude, 'he humbly beſought the King, that he might have 'leave to depart; for now he would be no longer hap-'py, *quod jam beatus nollet eſſe.*'

8 ——— *Somnus agreſtium*
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Faſtidit, umbroſamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempé.]

Mr. *Cowley* has imitated theſe beautiful Lines very prettily, in his Manner; that is, with the Addition of ſeveral witty Turns from his own luxuriant Fancy.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait on Palaces,
And yet ſo humble too, as not to ſcorn
The meaneſt Country Cottages:
This Poppy grows among the Corn.
The *Halcyon*, *Sleep*, will never build his Neſt
In any ſtormy Breaſt:
'Tis not enough, that he does find
Clouds and Darkneſs in their Mind;
Darkneſs but half his Work will do;
'Tis not enough, he muſt find Quiet too.

9 *Non ſævus Arcturi cadentis*
Impetus.]

Arcturus is a Conſtellation of fourteen Stars, which follows the *Bear*: It is alſo called *Boötes*. The *Riſing* of this Conſtellation is very dangerous; but its *Setting* is ſtill more ſo. It *riſes*, according to the Ancients, about the Middle of *September*, and *ſets* at the Beginning of *October*. DACIER.

10 *Aut orientis Hædi.*] The *Goats* are two Stars on the left Hand of the *Charioteer*: They riſe towards the End of *September*, and cauſe Rain and Tempeſts. On which Account *Virgil* calls them *pluviales*, *rainy*. DACIER.

11 —— *Contracta piſces æquora ſentiunt.*] The Luxury of the *Romans*, and the prodigious Expence they were at, to build *Villas*, or Houſes of Pleaſure, in the Sea, is taxed by *Horace* in other Places, as well as in this; particularly in the 18th Ode of the ſecond Book:

Mariſque Baiis obſtrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.

This is alſo taken Notice of by other Authors:

Expelluntur aquæ ſaxis, mare naſcitur arvis;
Et permutatâ rerum ſtatione rebellant.
Petron. *in* Satyr.

Suëtonius, in the Life of *Caligula*, obſerves, 'That, in 'erecting *Prætoria* and *Villas*, he regarded no Profuſion 'of Coſt, affecting to perform nothing ſo much as what 'ſeemed impoſſible to be done. Accordingly he raiſed 'Moles in a boiſterous and deep Sea, cut through Rocks 'of the hardeſt Flint, and, with huge Mounds, made 'Fields equal to Mountains, and levelled the Tops of 'Mountains with the Plain; all which was executed 'with incredible Celerity, Delays being puniſhed with 'Death.'

12 *Sidere clarior.*] *Dacier* thinks, that, by *ſidere*, the Sun muſt be here underſtood.

13 *Cur valle permutem Sabinâ*
Divitias operoſiores?]

Horace ſeems to have had a Mind rightly turned for Happineſs: He appears every where full of Gratitude to his great Benefactor, *Mæcenas*, and entirely ſatisfied with his Condition. In another Place he expreſſes himſelf thus, on the ſame Subject with this:

—————— *Nihil ſupra*
Deos laceſſo: nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis. Book ii. Ode 18.

There are more ſublime Odes in *this*, and in the *fourth* Book, than in the *two former*, or in the *fifth* Book, commonly called the *Epodes*. Moſt of theſe were written by *Horace* when he was far advanced in Life. Accordingly we find, that they abound more with Precepts of Morality, which is commonly the Style of Age. The Reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the Characters which the celebrated Critic *Scaliger* gives ſome of them. *Tertii libri Ode prima magnifico dicendi genere ſtructa eſt: Se-*

Sequuntur carmina plena ſapientiæ, numeroſa, ardua. Secunda Ode pariter altiloqua; tertia graviſſima; quarta nec Pindaro cedit, ac ne quinta quidem. Sexta altiſſimè ſonat, &c. 'The *firſt* Ode of the *third* Book is compiled in a 'magnificent Style. The Odes that follow it are full 'of Wiſdom, harmonious, ſublime. The *ſecond* Ode 'alſo is lofty; the *third* very weighty; the *fourth* is not 'inferior to *Pindar*, nor, indeed, the *fifth*. The *ſixth* is 'very ſublime, *&c.*'

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By BARTON BOOTH, *Eſq;*

I Hate the common Herd: Hence, ye Profane!——
Ye ſilent uncorrupted Train,
Virgins and blooming Youths, attend my Lyre!
Lo! great *Apollo*'s ſacred Choir,
With Strains unheard before, their Prieſt inſpire.
Empires mighty Monarchs ſway:
Thoſe mighty Monarchs *Jove* obey:
He bends the Heavens with his Imperial Nod;
Proſtrate the Giants fall, and own the Conqueror God!

Some the firſt Poſt of Honour claim,
Proud of their Birth and ancient Name;
Rivall'd by thoſe, whoſe wide-ſpread Furrows bear
The various Harveſt of the Year:
Vain is their Conteſt, vain their Boaſt;
In Death is all Diſtinction loſt——
While, o'er the impious Courtier's Head
Threatening, aloft the Dagger hung,

In vain the coſtly Feaſt was ſpread,
In vain the tuneful Minſtrel ſung:
Sleep weighs his Eyelids down no more,
Nor *Philomel*'s ſweet Strains his murder'd Peace reſtore.

Lolling at Eaſe, in humble Cells,
Gentle *Morpheus* ever dwells;
Or by the hoary Foreſt's Side,
Or where the murmuring Waters glide —
Seek what Nature can ſuffice,
And fearleſs view the troubled Shore,
When the black Tempeſt veils the Skies,
And the tumultuous Surges roar —

Whither, at length, will human Pride aſpire!
The Great their Fathers' Palaces diſdain,
Encumbering with vaſt Towers the Main:
From the contracted *Latian* Shore,
Old Ocean's various Broods retire,
And diſtant, and more ſpacious Seas explore —
Go, climb thy lofty *Argo*'s Side,
Or truſt thy Courſer's ſwift Career;
Or in thy Marble Towers confide;
Vain is thy Flight, alas! from Care;
There's no Retreat, proud Man! from Guilt and Fear.

Since, then, fair *Peace* and *Innocence*,
Diſdaining Pomp, and Power, and Pride,
United ſhed their ſweeteſt Influence,
Where artleſs Maids and lab'ring Hinds reſide,
Grant

Grant my Deſire, a homely Seat,
Far from the Guilty and the Great;
A limpid Stream, an ancient Grove;
And Health and Joy to her I love;
Grant my Deſire, propitious *Jove!*

Digreſſion to his Wife, formerly Miſs St. Loe.

Happy the Hour, when firſt our Souls were join'd!
The ſocial Virtues, and the chearful Mind,
Have ever crown'd our Days, beguil'd our Pain,
Strangers to *Diſcord*, and her clamorous Train.
Connubial Friendſhip, hail! But haſte away;
The Lark and Nightingale reproach thy Stay:
From ſplendid Theatres to rural Scenes
Joyous retire—So bounteous Heaven ordains!
There we may dwell in Peace;
There bleſs the riſing Morn, and flowery Field,
Charm'd with the guileleſs Sports the Woods and Waters yield!

ODE II.

To his FRIENDS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

THE Youth, my Friends! robuſt in War,
Should learn to feed on ſcanty Fare;
To launch the Javelin from the Horſe,
And make the *Parthian* feel his Force;

Hardy, and reſolutely bold,
In Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold.
Him from the Walls the Tyrant's Wife
Views, trembling for her Conſort's Life:
" O may he not, unſkill'd in Fight,
" Provoke this Lion's dreaded Might,
" Whoſe Thirſt of Slaughter thins the Plain;
" Nor can the Foe his Shock ſuſtain!"
In our dear Country's Cauſe to die
Is glorious; nor can they, who fly,
Eſcape; for Fate, more ſwift than Fear,
Purſuing, ſtrikes them in the Rear;
With dreadful Groans they bite the Ground,
Their Backs transfix'd with many a Wound.
[1] No baſe Repulſe can *Virtue* know;
Her Honours [2] unpolluted flow:
The Crowd nor gives, nor takes away,
The ſplendid *Faſces* of *her* Sway;
Through Paths untrod ſhe mounts on high,
And to her Votaries points the Sky;
Diſdainful ſpurns the ſordid Clay,
And ſoars to Realms of endleſs Day!
Nor leſs the Gods reward the Juſt,
Tenacious of their [3] ſecret Truſt.
Who [4] *Ceres'* Rites preſumes to tell,
With Me ſhould never ſail, nor dwell:
For oft' the Good and Wicked prove
One common Lot from angry *Jove*.
Where *Guilt* precedes, 'tis rare to find
That halting *Vengeance* lags behind.

NOTES.

NOTES.

The *Order* or *Method* of this Ode is perfectly rational, according to the *Roman* Way of Thinking; for, *firſt*, the Poet recommends *Valour*, or *Fortitude*, which was the chief Support of the *Roman* State, as it is at preſent of the *Switzers*; *then*, *moral* or *civil Virtue*; and, *laſtly*, a reverential Regard for the *Myſteries*, or (as ſome would chuſe to expreſs themſelves) for the *poſitive Inſtitutions* of *Religion*.

1 *Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,*] *Virtue* is incapable of Repulſe, becauſe the Dignities ſhe covets are not dependent on the People: She is her own Reward: The greateſt Employments are ſubject to her: She commands every where; and places the Man, who chuſes her for his Guide, on a Throne, crowning him with an immortal Wreath of Glory. DACIER.

2 *Intaminatis fulget honoribus.*] *Horace* ſtyles the Honours which are inſeparable from Virtue, *pure*, or *unpolluted*, in Oppoſition to thoſe beſtowed by the People; for, in order to obtain the latter, it was neceſſary to perform a thouſand mean Actions, which ſoiled all their Luſtre. DACIER.

3 *Eſt et fideli tuta ſilentio*
Merces.]

This is the *third* and *laſt* Part of the Ode. *Horace* here praiſes *Silence*, which is an eſſential Part of Religion. Thoſe Interpreters, who have imagined that he digreſſed from his Subject, did not enter into the Deſign of the Author.

Since *Horace* ſays, that there is *alſo* a Reward for *Silence*, he muſt neceſſarily have propoſed one, in the *firſt* Part, for *Valour*. Accordingly we find this expreſſed in the 13th Verſe;

Dulce et decorum eſt pro patria mori.

And there muſt be another, in the *ſecond* Part, for *Civil Virtue*, which is contained in theſe Lines;

Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ.

I juſt mention theſe Particulars, to ſhow the *Decorum* and *Propriety*, which theſe great Maſters always obſerved in their Compoſitions. DACIER.

4 *Qui*

4 *Qui Cereris ſacrum*
Vulgarit arcanæ.

The Poet here ſpeaks of the Feſtival inſtituted in Honour of *Ceres*, at *Eleuſis*, a ſmall Town of *Attica*, near *Athens*. The *Greeks* had no Ceremony, where a profound Silence was ſo religiouſly obſerved: For not only thoſe who publiſhed the Myſteries of it, but ſuch as liſtened to, or heard them, were puniſhed with Death. It was therefore held criminal to have any Commerce with him, who had once profaned them. No one would lodge, or ſail in the ſame Ship, with a Man who was known to be guilty of this Crime. DACIER.

ODE III.

By Mr J. DUNCOMBE.

THE Man reſolv'd, and firmly juſt,
Adheres, unſhaken, to his Truſt,
Though loudly rage his factious Foes,
And though a Tyrant's Threats oppoſe;
Though Mountain-high the Billows roll,
And Lightnings flaſh from Pole to Pole;
Nor would the Wreck his Mind appall,
Should the whole World to ſwift Deſtruction fall.
To Heaven, by Virtues great as theſe,
Fam'd [1] *Pollux* roſe, and *Hercules*;
Amidſt whoſe Feaſts, with [2] roſy Lips,
The nectar'd Bowl *Auguſtus* ſips.
Thus too roſe *Bacchus*, in his Car
By Tygers drawn, untaught to bear
The Yoke; and thus, on *Mars*'s Steeds,
Our [3] *Romulus* eſcap'd the *Stygian* Meads:

Then,

Then, in *Olympus'* high Abodes,
Thus *Juno* ſpoke, and pleas'd the Gods:
'A foreign Bride, and an unjuſt
'Adulterous Umpire, laid in Duſt
'The *Trojan* Towers, condemn'd by Me,
'And Wiſdom's injur'd Deity,
'What time their impious [4] Monarch dar'd
'Deny two Gods their promis'd due Reward.
'No longer, deck'd with every Grace,
'Shines *Helen*'s ſhameleſs [5] Gueſt; the Race
'Of *Priam* now no more in Fight
'O'erpower the *Greeks*, by *Hector*'s Might:
'By us protracted, with the Wars,
'My Hatred ends; I yield to *Mars*
'That Son, whom, on the *Latian* Shore,
'Of *Trojan* Race, a Royal Prieſteſs bore.
'Theſe ſhining Manſions let him gain,
'Nectareous Goblets let him drain,
'And, in the Realms of endleſs Reſt,
'Share all the Pleaſures of the Bleſt.
'O'er any Region, uncontroul'd,
'Theſe [6] Exiles may Dominion hold,
'While Ocean ſevers *Troy* from *Rome:*
'While Herds ſhall browze on perjur'd *Paris'* Tomb,
'Or, there, wild Beaſts their Young ſhall hide,
'So long the *Capitolian* Pride
'Shall laſt; and warlike *Rome* impoſe
'Laws on her conquer'd *Parthian* Foes.
'Her Name, to Earth's Extremity,
'Dreadful ſhall ſound; both where the Sea

'*Europe*

'*Europe* from *Africa* divides,
'And where the *Nile* o'erflows with fruitful Tides.
'[7] With Truth, and untaught Virtue bold;
'Upright to ſcorn the Charms of Gold,
'And let it innocently ſhine,
'And ſleep, unranſack'd, in the Mine.
'Let ev'n the World's remoteſt Bound
'Re-echo with their Trumpets Sound,
'Where endleſs Summers parch the Plain,
'Or where the Clouds o'erflow with endleſs Rain.
'But on theſe Terms alone, their Claim
'I grant to univerſal Fame;
'That never, with too pious Care,
'*Troy*'s ancient Ruins they repair:
'For *Troy*, [8] rebuilt with Omens dire,
'Again ſhall blaze in hoſtile Fire,
'While I, *Jove*'s Wife and Siſter, lead
'The conquering Bands, and urge the glorious Deed.
'Though thrice ſhould riſe the brazen Wall,
'By [9] *Phœbus* built, it thrice ſhould fall,
'By *Grecian* Force; and thrice a Son
'Or Huſband ſlain, the Wives bemoan'—
[10] This Strain ill ſuits my lighter String;
Ceaſe, daring Muſe! forbear to ſing
The Words of Gods; nor dare to wrong
This lofty Theme by thy unequal Song!

NOTES.

NOTES.

This is, undoubtedly, one of the nobleſt Odes in *Horace*. It is not, indeed, inferior to any, if we juſtly conſider the true Sublime with which it is animated, the natural Sweetneſs of the Compoſition, its eaſy Turn, and all the Beauty of its Figures. But the real Meaning of it, and *Horace*'s artful Addreſs, were not underſtood, till diſcovered and explained by Monſieur *Le Fevre*, in one of his *Latin* Epiſtles, ſixteen hundred Years after it was written. This, in ſhort, is his Interpretation of it.

We learn from Hiſtory, that, after *Troy* had been entirely deſtroyed by *C. Timbria*, *Sylla*'s Lieutenant, it was, ſoon after, not only rebuilt by the *Romans*, but alſo exempted from all Taxes; that it was in a flouriſhing Condition in *Horace*'s Time, and even under *Tiberius*, and the other *Roman* Emperors. When *Julius Cæſar* was ſlain, a Report prevailed at *Rome*, that he had deſigned to exhauſt *Italy* of Men and Money, and to remove the Seat of the Empire to *Alexandria*, or to *Troy*. This is expreſsly mentioned by *Suetonius*, in his Life of that Emperor, Chapter 79. And it was not doubted but he would prefer *Troy* to *Alexandria*, on account of the Origin of the *Cæſars*, who affected to be thought the Deſcendants of *Æneas*. Nothing was more dreaded at *Rome* than ſuch a Change, which muſt have cauſed the Ruin of the Empire; as we find it actually did under *Conſtantine*; for New *Rome*, or *Conſtantinople*, ruined the Old. As therefore *Auguſtus* was declared the Heir of *Julius Cæſar*, and as Heirs commonly purſue the Deſigns of the Teſtator, there ſeemed to be ſome Probability, that *Auguſtus* might adopt his Uncle's Plan. The Apprehenſion of this kept the *Romans* in continual Terror, and gave *Horace* Occaſion to write this Ode, in hopes of diverting the Mind of *Auguſtus* from ſo fatal a Reſolution. But as it is always dangerous to penetrate the Secrets of Princes, he was afraid to explain himſelf, and rather choſe to leave his Ode imperfect, than to give *Auguſtus* Reaſon to cenſure him for having ſaid too much. This Conjecture of Monſieur *Le Fevre* is one of the moſt happy in this Sort of Criticiſm. DACIER.

Sanadon

Sanadon fixes the Date of this Ode to the Year of *Rome* 733, or 734, when *Auguſtus* was in the *Eaſt*; that is to ſay, at *Samos* in *Bithynia*, or in *Syria*, and conſequently at no great Diſtance from *Troy*, and more capable than ever to execute the Deſign, which the Poet here labours to prevent. The Reaſons he gives to ſupport this Opinion are too long to be here recited. *Horace* was then about 45 Years old.

1 *Horace* places *Auguſtus* with *Hercules*, *Pollux*, and *Bacchus*. *Quintus Curtius*, in like manner, ſpeaking of *Alexander*, to whom his Flatterers gave the Title of a God, ſays, *Hi tum cœlum illi aperiebant, Herculemque, et cum Polluce Caſtorem, novo numini ceſſuros eſſe jactabant.* 'They then opened Heaven to him, and boaſted that 'Hercules, with *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, would give Place to 'the new God.'

2 *Purpureo bibit ore nectar.*] *Horace* hereby intimates, that the Statue of *Auguſtus* was already placed with thoſe of *Hercules*, *Bacchus*, &c. and the Cheeks and Lips of it painted with Vermilion, as their Images uſed to be painted.

3 In this Circumſtance conſiſts the chief Addreſs of *Horace*; for, by introducing *Romulus*, he gives *Juno* an Occaſion to declare, that ſhe will not conſent to his Admiſſion into Heaven, but upon Condition that *Troy* ſhall never be rebuilt: And hereby he artfully inſinuates to *Auguſtus*, that if he ſhould purſue the Plan of *Cæſar*, he would awaken the Wrath of that Goddeſs; which had already been ſo ſeverely felt by the *Romans*.

4 The Ancients write, that *Neptune* and *Apollo* aſſiſted in building the Walls of *Troy*, for a Reward ſtipulated to be paid by *Laömedon*; which, when the Work was done, he refuſed to give. The Truth couched under the Fable ſeems to be this: *Laömedon* wanting Money to finiſh the Walls which he had begun, took the Treaſure out of the Temples of *Neptune* and *Apollo*, and applied it to that Purpoſe, engaging himſelf by Vow to reſtore it; which he afterwards neglected to perform.

5 *Jam nec Lacænæ ſplendet adulteræ*
Famoſus hoſpes.]
Paris, who was choſen Umpire by the three Goddeſſes, when they contended for the golden Apple. *Juno* forbears to name him, out of Contempt. DACIER.

6 *Exules.*]

6 *Exules.*] *Horace* calls the *Romans*, *Exules*, or *Fugitives*, on account of their being derived from the *Trojans* who were obliged to quit their own Country. For the ſame Reaſon *Virgil* calls *Æneas*, *fato profugus*.

7 *Juno* here applauds, in a very noble Manner, the Virtue of the ancient *Romans*, who preferred Poverty to all the Riches of the World.

8 *Troy* was actually rebuilt in the Time of *Horace*. The *Romans* are, therefore, here forbid only to reſtore it to the ſame flouriſhing Condition it had formerly enjoyed; which would have been the Caſe, if *Auguſtus* had tranſferred the Seat of his Empire thither.

9 *Horace* here follows the Opinion of thoſe, who have ſaid, that *Apollo* aſſiſted *Neptune* in building the Walls of *Troy*: For *Homer* intimates, that *Neptune* built them alone; and that *Apollo*, in the mean while, attended Flocks on Mount *Ida*.

10 *Non hæc jocoſæ conveniunt lyræ.*] *Horace* could not urge this Argument farther, without ſpeaking in a more open Manner. On which Account he breaks off abruptly, pretending that his Verſes are not noble enough for ſo great a Subject. But we clearly ſee, that this is a falſe Modeſty. It was not from the Fear of offending thoſe Gods, that he left this Ode imperfect, but from the Fear of offending *Auguſtus*, whoſe Anger he dreaded as much, at leaſt, as that of the Gods. DACIER.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By WILLIAM WALSH, *Eſq;*

I.

THE Man that's reſolute and juſt,
Firm to his Principles and Truſt,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears, can blind:

No

No Paſſions his Deſigns controul;
Nor Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can ſhake his ſteady Mind.

II.

Nor Parties, for Revenge engag'd;
Nor Threatenings of a Court enrag'd;
Nor Storms where Fleets deſpair;
Nor Thunder pointed at his Head;
The ſhatter'd World may ſtrike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

III.

From this the *Grecian* Glory roſe;
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes;
Of this their Poets ſing:
Theſe were the Paths their Heroes trod;
Theſe Arts made *Hercules* a God,
And great *Naſſau* a King.

IV.

Firm on the rolling Deck he ſtood,
Unmov'd he ſaw the breaking Flood,
With blackening Storms combine:
'Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way;
'The Wind may for a while delay,
Not alter our Deſign.

V.

'The Man, whom ſelfiſh Hopes inflame,
'Or Vanity allures to Fame,
'May be to Fears betray'd:

'But

'But here, a CHURCH for Succour flies;
'Inſulted LAW expiring lies,
'And loudly calls for Aid.

VI.

'Yes, *Britons*, yes, with ardent Zeal,
'I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
'The wounding Hand to bind:
'See! Tools of arbitrary Sway,
'And Prieſts, like Locuſts, ſcour away
'Before the *Weſtern* Wind.

VII.

'LAW ſhall again her Force reſume,
'RELIGION, clear'd from Clouds of *Rome*,
'With brighter Rays advance;
'The *Britiſh* Fleet ſhall rule the Deep;
'The *Britiſh* Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
'Strike Terror into *France*.

VIII.

'Nor ſhall theſe Promiſes of Fate
'Be limited to my ſhort Date;
'When I from Cares withdraw,
'Still ſhall the *Britiſh* Sceptre ſtand,
'Still flouriſh in a Female Hand,
'And to Mankind give Law.

IX.

'She ſhall Domeſtic Foes unite;
'Monarchs beneath her Flags ſhall fight;
'Whole Armies drag her Chain:

'She

'She ſhall loſt *Italy* reſtore,
'Shall make th' Imperial Eagle ſoar,
'And give a King to *Spain*.

X.

'But know, theſe Promiſes are given,
'Theſe great Rewards impartial Heaven
'Does on theſe Terms decree;
'That, ſtrictly puniſhing Mens Faults,
'You let their Conſciences and Thoughts
'Reſt abſolutely free.

XI.

'Let no falſe Politics confine,
'In narrow Bounds, your vaſt Deſign
'To make Mankind unite;
'Nor think it a ſufficient Cauſe
'To puniſh Men by penal Laws,
'For not believing right.

XII.

'*Rome*, whoſe blind Zeal deſtroys Mankind;
'*Rome*'s Sons ſhall your Compaſſion find,
'Who ne'er Compaſſion knew.
'By nobler Actions theirs condemn:
'For what has been reproach'd in Them,
'Can ne'er be prais'd in You.'

XIII.

Theſe Subjects ſuit not with the Lyre;
Muſe! to what Height doſt Thou aſpire;
Pretending to rehearſe

The

The Thoughts of Gods and godlike Kings?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, to leſſen lofty Things
By mean ignoble Verſe.
1707.

NOTE.

The Reader may find ſome Account of Mr *Walſh*, the Author of this Ode, in the Notes annexed to Mr *Pope*'s Epiſtles, Vol. I. p. 44 and 56, 12mo. He died in 1708. Mr *Pope* gives this Character of him, in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, p. 114. 4to Edition of his Works, 1717.

Such late was *Walſh*, the Muſe's Judge and Friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame, or to commend;
To Failings mild, but zealous for Deſert;
The cleareſt Head, and the ſincereſt Heart.

This Ode may be preferred to the Original, as containing a more excellent Moral. We have a Dialogue by the ſame Hand, perhaps not inferior to *Lucian*, entitled, ÆSCULAPIUS, *or the Hoſpital of Fools*. It firſt appeared in a Collection of Poems, printed for *Pemberton*, 1714, 8vo.

ODE IV.

To CALLIOPE.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

DEſcend, thou ſweeteſt of the tuneful Train,
Calliope! thou [1] Queen of Song,
Deſcend, and gracefully prolong,
In ſolemn Notes, ſome enthuſiaſtic Strain;
Whether the clear harmonious Voice,
Or animated Lyre, be thy propitious Choice.
Hark!

Hark! hear ye not the Muſe? or does a Dream
The lovely, frantic Scene diſplay?
For now I liſten to her Lay;
I catch, enraptur'd, her melodious Theme,
And, fann'd by balmy *Zephyrs*, rove
Where murm'ring Waters roll, along the ſacred Grove.

[2] Me, yet a Boy, when from the Bounds I ſtray'd
Of my *Apulia*'s foſtering ſoil,
This Omen crown'd: As, tir'd with Toil,
Careleſs I ſlumber'd in a Mountain's Shade,
The fabled Birds of *Venus* ſpread
A verdant leafy Wreath around my honour'd Head.

They that in *Bantia* dwell, for Woods renown'd,
Or [3] *Acherontia*, plac'd on high,
Or where *Ferentum*'s Valleys lie,
With [4] Bays and Myrtle, wondering, ſaw me crown'd,
Safe from the Viper and the Bear,
[5] Protected by the Gods, an Infant void of Fear!

Whether I climb the *Sabine* Mountain's Height,
Or over cold *Præneſte* rove,
Or muſe in *Tibur*'s ſloping Grove,
Or in the gentle *Baian* Streams delight,
Yours, I am yours, ye tuneful Choir,
And ſtill your ſacred Bard You graciouſly inſpire.

[6] Fond

[6] Fond of your Sports and Streams, unhurt I fled
From dire *Philippi*'s fatal Plain;
Unhurt [7] I paſs'd the ſtormy Main
Of *Sicily*; and my endanger'd Head,
Unhurt, eſcap'd the dreadful Fall
Of that devoted [8] Tree; by You ſecur'd from all!

By You protected, I could take my Way
Where [9] *Boſphorus*'s Billows foam,
Amidſt th' *Aſſyrian* Deſerts roam,
Or to [10] inhoſpitable *Britain* ſtray;
View [11] *Scythia*, or the *Caſpian* Shore,
And, fearleſs, brave the [12] Race, that quaff their Horſes Gore.

[13] When *Cæſar*, from the Labours of the Field,
His weary'd Legions breathes; a while
Repoſing from their martial Toil;
In the [14] *Pierian* Cave your Counſels yield
New Tranſport to your PUPIL's Heart;
[15] You give, and [16] ſhare Yourſelves the Pleaſures you impart.

We know how all the bold [17] Gigantic Train
To loweſt *Tartarus* were driven
By mighty *Jove*, who [18] over Heaven,
And Earth, and Ocean, ſtretches his Domain:
All Nature owns his righteous Sway;
Him Gods, and mortal Men, and ſhadowy Ghoſts, obey.

Con-

Confiding in their Strength, the horrid Crew
Struck *Jove* himſelf with unknown Fright,
When on *Olympus'* woody Height
The daring [19] Brethren lofty [20] *Pelion* threw:
But what avail'd ev'n *Typhon's* Power,
Or *Mimas*, or [21] *Porphyrion*, threatening, like a Tower?

What, *Rhœtus'* or *Enceladus's* Might,
Whoſe Arm acroſs the warring Field
Up-rooted Trees could ſingly wield,
When fierce *Minerva*, burning for the Fight,
High o'er their Heads her [22] *Ægis* rear'd,
And fiery *Vulcan* here, and *Juno* there appear'd?

He too, whoſe Shoulders [23] ever ſhall ſuſtain
The Quiver and the Bow, who laves
In pure [24] *Caſtalia's* dewy Waves
His [25] flowing Curls, and makes the [26] *Lycian* Plain,
Or *Delian* Mountain, his Abode,
And thence the [27] *Delian* ſtyl'd and *Patarëan* God.

But Force, devoid of Prudence, to the Ground
Self-baffled falls; while, aiding Right,
The Gods increaſe well-temper'd Might;
But juſtly hate, and juſtly ſtill confound
Thoſe Powers, that with perverted Mind
All Miſchief madly brood, to Villainy reſign'd.

See! *Gyas* lifts his hundred Hands on high,
In Witneſs of this ſolemn Truth;
See too [28] *Orion*, impious Youth!
Who dar'd with vile unlawful Love to try
Th' untainted Goddeſs of the Wood;
But ſoon her Virgin Dart drank deep his vital Flood.

They feel their Parent *Earth*'s o'erwhelming Weight;
[29] Their Parent *Earth* laments to ſee
Her huge rebellious Progeny
Driven down, by Lightning, to the Realms of Fate;
While endleſs Flames from *Ætna* riſe,
On the fell Giant caſt, who there tormented lies.

Nor, *Tityus!* will th' avenging Vultur ſpare
Thy growing Liver; in thy Breaſt
For ever plac'd by *Jove*'s Beheſt;
But ſtill thy Fleſh his furious Talons tear;
Nor can [30] *Pirithöus* remove
His thrice a hundred Chains, the Doom of lawleſs Love!

NOTES.

The true Subject of this Ode has not been commonly underſtood. Take it in a few Words: The Deſign of *Horace* is to thank the Muſes, for the Protection they had procured him from *Auguſtus*, and for the Pardon he had obtained of that Prince by their Means. It was compoſed long after the Civil Wars were over. I be-

lieve it was written about the Year of *Rome* 733, or 734. DACIER.

Two Paſſages of this Ode will teach us to fix the true Date of it. *Horace*, in the 27th Line, mentions the Fall of the Tree, by which he was in Danger of being killed. This Accident happened in 733. He adds, at the 39th Line, that *Auguſtus*, tired with Victories, ſolaced himſelf in the Grotto of the Muſes. Now, from the Year 733, I can find no Time to which this can be juſtly applicable, till the Year 744; for in that Year it was that *Auguſtus* finiſhed all the Wars of the Empire, and cloſed the Gates of the Temple of *Janus* for the third and laſt Time. SANADON.

For my Part, I do not ſee why the Lines of *Horace* here referred to, *viz.*

——— *Militiâ ſimul*
Feſſas cohortes * *abdidit oppidis,*
Finire quærentem labores,

ſhould be extended farther than to *Auguſtus*'s putting his Forces into Winter-Quarters, or Quarters of Refreſhment, (when the Campaign was over) as they are interpreted by *Dacier*; and then the Ground of *Sanadon*'s Criticiſm will be entirely removed. D.

1 *Regina Calliope.*] *Horace* ſeems here to have had in View a Paſſage of *Heſiod*, where he ſays, 'that *Calliope* is 'the moſt renowned of all the Muſes, for ſhe is always 'in the Train of Kings.'

2 *Me fabuloſæ—palumbes.*] *Horace*, after having aſked his Friends, whether the Objects which his Imagination repreſented to him were real, or if they were only agreeable Viſions, proceeds to confirm the Truth of them by the Miracles the Muſes had wrought for him when he was but a Boy. He therefore here begins to ſum up all their Favours; and this inſenſibly leads him to mention the Pardon he had obtained by their Means. DACIER.

3 *Celſæ nidum Acherontiæ.*] *Acherontia* was a City near *Venuſia*, on the Borders of *Apulia* and *Lucania*. *Horace* calls it *nidum Acherontiæ, the Neſt of Acherontia*; becauſe it was placed upon Rocks, like *Ithaca*; of which *Cicero* ſays, in his firſt Book *de Oratore*, *Tanta vis patriæ eſt, ut libenter illam in aſperrimis ſaxulis, tanquam nidulum, af-*

* Or *reddidit*, as ſome Copies have it.

fixam,

fixam, ſapientiſſimus vir immortalitati anteponeret. 'So 'ſtrong is the Love of our Country, that the wiſeſt Man 'among the *Greeks* preferred his *Ithaca*, built, like a 'little Neſt, on the Summit of a ſharp Rock, to Im-'mortality.' DACIER.

4 ——— *Ut premerer ſacrâ*
Lauroque, collatâque myrto.]
The Bay was ſacred to *Apollo*. The Bay denoted, that he ſhould be a Poet; and the Myrtle, that he ſhould be a *Lyric* Poet.

5 *Non ſine Dîs animoſus infans.*] It is, perhaps, impoſſible to preſerve the Beauty of this Line in a Tranſlation.

6 *Veſtris amicum fontibus et choris.*] He here acknowledges, that the Muſes preſerved him at the Battle of *Philippi*, when the Army of *Brutus* was defeated. This Paſſage points out the chief Subject of the Ode.

7 *Non Siculâ Palinurus undâ.*] It is uncertain at what Time *Horace* was expoſed to the Danger he here alludes to. *Dacier* thinks it was on his Return from *Greece*, after the Battle of *Philippi*: But *Sanadon* judges, with more Probability, that it happened when he went with *Mæcenas*, on board the Fleet of *Octavius*, to the Coaſt of *Sicily*, againſt the younger *Pompey*, in the Year of *Rome* 716.

8 *Devota non extinxit arbos.*] See Book II. Ode 13, and the 8th Ode of this Book.

9 *Inſanientem Boſphorum.*] See the Notes on the laſt Ode of the ſecond Book.

10 *Britannos hoſpitibus feros.*] The *Britons* ſacrificed Strangers.

11 *Scythicum amnem.*] The Commentators underſtand this of the River *Tanaïs*: But *Dacier* thinks, that *Horace* ſpeaks of the *Hyrcanian*, or *Caſpian* Sea, which is alſo called *Scythicus ſinus*, *the Gulph of Scythia*. The *Latins* uſe the Word *Amnis*, *River*, as the *Greeks* do the Word ποτα μος, to ſignify the Sea.

12 *Lætum equino ſanguine Concanum.*] It is thought that *Horace* here meant ſome People of *Scythia*.

13 *Vos Cæſarem altum, &c.*] Here he applies himſelf more directly to his Subject. After having thanked the

Muſes for the Care they had taken of him, and expreſſed his entire Confidence in them, he explains what he had ſaid before;

Non me Philippis verſa acies retro;

and intimates, that they had procured his Pardon, by humanizing the Heart of *Auguſtus*. *Altus* undoubtedly ſtands here for *Alumnus, Pupil*. I will be bold to ſay, that *altus*, for *nobilis, excelſus*, is not a noble Word.

DACIER.

If the *Ancients* had put a Capital at the Beginning of Subſtantives, as has been the modern Cuſtom, it would have prevented this Ambiguity. D.

14 *Pierio recreatis antro.*] *The Pierian Grotto*; that is, the Grotto of the Muſes. *Pieria* was in *Macedonia*. *Auguſtus* was very learned: He had been well inſtructed in the *Greek* and *Roman* Oratory. His Love of Learning was ſo great, that at his Meals he always diſcourſed on Subjects of Literature, and made all the learned Men, whom he invited to his Table, diſcourſe on Subjects adapted to their Talents. He alſo made ſome Attempts in Poetry. *Suetonius* informs us, that he compoſed a Book in *Hexameter* Verſe, entitled SICILY, in which that Iſland was deſcribed, and a Book of *Epigrams*, which he commonly wrote as he was bathing. DACIER.

15 *Vos lene conſilium datis.*] This is a juſt Encomium on the Muſes; for they ſoften the Mind and the Heart. We ſeldom find a Man cruel, who is a Lover of Learning; and, as *Horace* obſerves in another Place,

Nemo adeo ferus eſt, ut non mitescere poſſit;
Si modo cultura patientem commodet aurem.

Lib. i. Ep. 1.

16. ——— *Et dato*
Gaudetis almæ.]

It is not enough barely to do Good; we muſt alſo take Delight in it: And this is a Character truly Divine.

17 —— *Scimus ut impios*
Titanas.]

It is plain, that by theſe *Titans*, *Horace* means the Troops of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*; and by *Jupiter*, who deſtroys them with Thunder, *Auguſtus*. However, it is to be obſerved, that when he had once named them, he gives a Looſe to his Imagination, and deſcribes the Battle between the Gods and Giants, in ſixteen pompous Lines. DACIER.

This

This Remark ſhows, to what a Height *Horace* carried his Flattery, in thus ſtigmatizing the moſt virtuous of the *Romans*, who had ſacrificed their Lives in the Cauſe of Liberty. D.

18 *Imperio regit Unus æquo.*] The Heathen Theology taught, that there were three Gods, equal in Dignity, each of which governed his own Dominions with an abſolute Authority. They choſe their Provinces by Lot: The Empire of the Sea fell to *Neptune*; and of Hell to *Pluto*. *Jupiter* obtained the vaſt Expanſe of the Sky, the Clouds, and Plains of Air. But *Horace* here diſclaims this abſurd Doctrine: He acknowledges but One God, the ſovereign Lord of the World, which he guides with Equity. He governs the *ſtuggiſh Maſs of Earth*; *terram inertem*: He moderates the *ſtormy Sea*; *mare temperat ventoſum*: He reigns over the *Shades* and *gloomy Realms*; *umbras, regnaque triſtia*: He commands both *Men and Gods*;

Divoſque, mortaleſque turbas:

And, laſtly, he *governs with Equity*, and *Alone*;

Imperio regit Unus æquo.

Thus *Neptune* and *Pluto* are ſubject to him. *Horace*, by rejecting the vulgar Theology, enters into the true Sentiment of *Homer*, who alſo acknowledged One Supreme God, the Maſter of the World, and the King of Men and Gods. DACIER.

St. *Paul* alludes to the Heathen Theology here explained, in that remarkable Text, 1 *Cor.* viii. 5, 6. *For though there be that are called Gods, whether in Heaven or in Earth (as there be Gods many, and Lords many)*; *But to us there is but* ONE GOD, *the* FATHER, *of whom are all Things, and we in him*; *and* ONE LORD Jeſus Chriſt, *by whom are all Things, and we by him.* Which Words are thus juſtly paraphraſed by the learned Mr *Mede*: 'Though there be, in the Opinion of the Heathens, 'Gods *many*, that is, many Celeſtial Sovereign Gods; 'and *Lords many*, that is, many Lords Agents, and Pre'ſidents over earthly Things; yet to us Chriſtians there 'is but ONE SOVEREIGN GOD, the FATHER, of whom 'are all Things, and to whom, as Supreme, we are to 'direct all our Services; and but ONE LORD-AGENT '*Jeſus Chriſt*, by whom are all Things that come from 'the Father to us, and through whom alone we find 'Acceſs unto Him.' D.

19 *Fratreſque.*] *Horace* means *Otus* and *Ephialtes*. *Virgil* alſo calls them *Brothers* in the firſt Georgic:

Et conjuratos cœlum reſcindere fratres.

20 *Pelion impoſuiſſe Olympo.*] *Apollodorus* writes, that they piled *Oſſa* on Mount *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*; but *Virgil*, on the contrary, that they put *Oſſa* on *Pelion*, and *Olympus* upon *Oſſa*:

Ter ſunt conati imponere Pelio Oſſam
Scilicet, atque Oſſæ frondoſum involvere Olympum:
Ter Pater extructos disjecit fulmine montes.
Geor. i. *v.* 281.

Apollodorus followed *Homer*, who ſays, in the eleventh Book of his *Odyſſey*,

Οσσαν ἐπ' Ουλύμπῳ μάμασαν βέμεν, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' Οσσῃ
Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον.

Strabo obſerves, that *Homer* has followed the natural Order; by which he intimates, that *Olympus*, being the greateſt of the three, ought to be the Foundation and Baſe of the other two; and that *Pelion*, the ſmalleſt, ought to be at the Top, and ſerve for a Pyramid!

DACIER.

21 *Minaci Porphyrion ſtatu.*] *Porphyrion* was the largeſt of all the Giants.

22 *Contra ſonantem Palladis ægida.*] See the Shield, or *Ægis*, of *Pallas*, deſcribed in the Notes on the 15th Ode of the firſt Book. *Horace* here follows the Hiſtory of the Battle againſt the Giants, as it is related by *Apollodorus*, who ſays, that *Minerva*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, and *Vulcan*, aſſiſted *Jupiter*.

23 *Nunquam humeris poſiturus arcum.*] *Horace*, by this Phraſe, denotes the Immortality of *Apollo*. For the Word *humeris*, *Shoulders*, ſee the Notes on the 21ſt Ode of the firſt Book.

24 *Rore puro Caſtaliæ.*] *Caſtalia* was a Fountain of Mount *Parnaſſus*.

25 *Crines ſolutos.*] *Apollo* was always painted with long, flowing Hair: For which Reaſon *Horace* ſtyles him *intonſus*, *unſhorn*, Book i. Ode 21.

26 *Qui Lyciæ tenet*
Dumeta.]

Lycia is at the Bottom of *Aſia Minor*, between *Caria* and *Pamphylia*.

27 *Dellus*

27 *Delius et Patarëus Apollo.*] He was called *Patarëan* from *Patara*, one of the chief Cities of *Lycia*.

28 *Tentator Orion Dianæ.*] *Orion* was the Son of the *Earth*, or of *Neptune* and *Euryale*. *Horace* ſays, that *Diana* ſhot him with an Arrow, becauſe he attempted to raviſh her; but *Lucan*, that ſhe killed him with a *Scorpion*. The Conſtellation of *Orion* ſets, when that of the *Scorpion* riſes. *Lucan* ſeems to have accommodated the Fable to this Circumſtance. DACIER.

29 *Injecta monſtris Terra dolet ſuis.*] *Horace* here makes a Perſon of the *Earth*, and ſays, ſhe is grieved at the Overthrow of her Sons, and that ſhe was made the chief Inſtrument of their Puniſhment; becauſe, in this War of the Giants, *Minerva* caſt *Sicily* on *Enceladus*; and *Neptune*, a Part of the Iſland of *Cos* on *Polybétes*: *Othus* was whelmed under *Crete* (from whence the Phraſe *Othii campi*), and *Typhœus* under the Iſle *Arima*, otherwiſe called *Enaria*, or *Prochyta*, oppoſite to *Campania*. The Ancients feigned, that one of theſe Giants was buried under every Place from whence Fires were ſeen to iſſue. DACIER.

30 *Amatorem Pirithöum.*] *Pirithöus* was the Son of *Ixion*. His Friend *Theſeus* accompanied him down to Hell, in order to aſſiſt him to carry away *Proſerpine*, with whom he was paſſionately in Love; but *Pluto*, forewarned of their Deſign, impriſoned, and laid them in Chains. *Theſeus* was afterwards delivered by *Hercules*; but *Pirithöus*, as he was following, was divided from him by an Earthquake. This is the Account given by the Poets: But *Plutarch*, *Ælian*, and *Pauſanias*, relate this Matter differently. Monſieur *de Meſiriac* has largely treated of this Subject, in his Notes on the Epiſtle from *Phyllis* to *Demophoon* in *Ovid*. DACIER.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY, to *Britain*'s favour'd Land
Far dearer than the Muſes fabled Throng,
Propitious guide me with thy friendly Hand,
And while I ſing thy Praiſes, aid my Song!
So ſhall I ſoar above this earthly Sphere,
And ſo ſhall all thy Sons with due Attention hear.

Bear me, O bear me, to each Plain and Flood
Renown'd for Triumphs in thy ſacred Cauſe,
Where in firm Ranks our warlike Barons ſtood,
Th' Avengers of thy violated Laws;
But chief on [1] *Thames*' fam'd Borders let me ſtray,
Then waft me to the *Boyne*, and laſt to Northern [2] *Spey!*

O point the Spot, where, in th' embattled Field,
Ere Slaughter ſwell'd the *Boyne*'s impetuous Tide,
Thy guardian Arm, with providential Shield,
Turn'd, unobſerv'd, the guiltleſs Ball aſide:
'Twas thou, bleſt Nymph, that from th' impending Blow
In that important Hour preſerv'd thy Champion's Brow.

Swift

Swift ran the Rumour through th'*Hibernian* Hoſt
That *William*, dreaded *William*, was no more;
Thence to the Capital and fartheſt Coaſt
It flew, and ev'n to [3] *Gallia*'s diſtant Shore;
Each Slave, each Prieſt, unſeemly Joy betray'd,
And *Rome*'s triumphant Croſs once more in Thought ſurvey'd.

When *Britain*, in luxurious *Charles*'s Reign,
In fatal Union join'd with faithleſs *Gaul*,
The States of harraſs'd *Belgia* to enchain,
Reſolv'd to periſh, or avert her Fall,
The Patriot-Hero, in his youthful Years,
To Conqueſt led by thee, diſpell'd his Country's Fears.

Again, when *Tyranny*, worſt Fiend of *Rome*,
In this deſpairing Iſle terrific roſe,
Soon he diſpers'd that more than *Stygian* Gloom,
And ſoon the Monſter ſunk beneath his Blows:
To Him, to Thee, we owe that Royal Race
Who now with gentle Sway *Britannia*'s Sceptre grace.

What though the *Bourbon* Chiefs, inur'd to Arms,
O'er ravag'd *Flandria*, like a Torrent, ſpread,
Friend to thy Rights, and Votary to thy Charms,
Through Glory's Paths thy Hoſts the Warrior led:

Witneſs thy Plains, O *Stanford*, ſtain'd with Blood,
Witneſs dread *Landen*'s Field, and *Lambro*'s wandering Flood.

From martial Toils, in *Windſor*'s Shades, retir'd,
Our laſt Deliverer, of the *Brunſwick* Race,
Our ſecond *William*, with thy Love inſpir'd,
Delights, fair *Liberty*, thy Deeds to trace;
Diſplay'd in Hiſtory's recording Page,
The Triumphs of thy Sons his peaceful Thoughts engage.

And well we know by whom the Highland Bands
Back to their Friths and native Rocks were driven;
Vain their Attempts to ſeize our cultur'd Lands,
By *France* and *Rome* commiſſion'd, not by Heaven;
Th' almighty Sire, whom Earth and Heaven obey,
Confirms a *Brunſwick*'s Right, approves a *Brunſwick*'s Sway.

Though ſwift they flew o'er half th' unguarded Realm,
And Terror in each loyal Face appear'd,
Tho' all, but *George*, were daunted at the Helm,
When *Charles* on *Derby*'s Plains his Standard rear'd;

Yet

Yet what avail'd this fugitive Succeſs?
What *Perth*'s diſtinguiſh'd Zeal, or *Lovat*'s ſage
Addreſs?

What fierce *Balmerino*'s undaunted Air,
Who with ſtern Smiles the Field of Death
ſurvey'd;
What wiſe *Pitſligo*'s Skill, or *Elcho*'s Care,
Or what ev'n *Mancheſter*'s diſloyal Aid?*
When *Crawford*, wafted from the *Belgian* Shore,
Unſheath'd his dreaded Blade, diſtain'd with *Turkiſh*
Gore;

When *Gueſt* and *Blakeney*, in *Britannia*'s Cauſe
Firm and unſhaken, check'd their rapid Courſe;
And laſt, to reſcue our endanger'd Laws,
When youthful *William*, with reſiſtleſs Force,
Eager purſued them o'er the *Tweed* and *Spey*,
And daſh'd Rebellion's Hopes on fam'd *Culloden*'s
Day.

So periſh all whom *Rome*'s enſnaring Arts,
And *Gallia*'s flattering Promiſes, excite
To rob our Sovereign of his Subjects Hearts,
And quench our pure Religion's Goſpel-
Light!
So all have periſh'd, who, beguil'd by Pride,
Have ſigh'd for Slavery's Yoke, and righteous
Power defy'd.

* The *Mancheſter* Regiment.

What but Ambition, what but Pride, impell'd
Thoſe faithleſs Spirits in the Realms above,
Who once in Glory and in Bliſs excell'd,
Obedient only to the Law of Love,
To fill Heaven's peaceful Regions with Alarms,
"And dare," with impious Rage, "th' Omnipotent to Arms?"

But ſoon, "hurl'd headlong from th' æthereal Sky,"
For ever exil'd from thoſe bleſt Domains,
(As ſings our matchleſs Bard*) "reſerv'd they lie
"In penal Fire and adamantine Chains;"
And there, convinc'd from whence their Sufferings ſpring,
Too late they ſee their Crime, and own th' Eternal King.

1764.

NOTES.

1 In a Meadow, called *Running-mede*, between *Staines* and *Windſor*, King *John* ſigned *Magna Charta*, and *the Charter of Foreſts*, in the Year 1215.

2 The Battle of *Culloden* was fought near the Banks of the *Spey*.

3 On K. *William*'s firſt alighting from his Horſe [after his Wound] a Deſerter had gone over to the Enemy with the News, which was carried quickly into *France*, where it was taken for granted that he could not long outlive ſuch a Wound: So it ran over that Kingdom that he was dead, and upon it there were more public Rejoicings than had been uſual upon the greateſt Victories. BURNET.

4 *Namur* is ſituated on the Conflux of the Rivers *Maeſe* and *Sambre*.

* *Par. Loſt*, B. 1.

ODE

ODE V.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

WE [1] own the ſovereign Power of *Jove*,
Proclaim'd by Thunder from above:
A preſent Deity we know,
While great [2] *Auguſtus* rules below;
For haughty [3] *Parthia* courts his Chain,
And [4] *Britain* ſwells his wide Domain.
Gods! could a *Roman* tamely bend,
[5] Could *Craſſus'* Veteran condeſcend
To ſerve th' inſulting *Mede* for Life,
[6] Match'd with a baſe Barbarian Wife,
[7] Forgetful of the *Roman* Name,
The ſacred Shields, and *Veſta's* Flame,
[8] While *Jove* the *Capitol* retain'd,
And *Rome* without a Rival reign'd!
[9] A Crime ſo fatal to prevent,
Old *Regulus* refus'd Conſent
To ſlaviſh Terms, which he foreſaw
A Curſe on future Times would draw;
And mov'd, the recreant Youths ſhould lie,
Unranſom'd, in Captivity.
'[10] I ſaw, he cry'd, the *Punic* Foes
' Our Standards in their [10] Fanes expoſe;
' [11] Their Gates unfolded, and the Plain,
' [12] Laid waſte by us, now till'd again:

' I ſaw

'I ſaw their Arms, a bloodleſs Prey,
'From our baſe Soldiers torn away,
'And free-born *Romans* coward Hands
'Behind them ty'd in ſervile Bands.
'Say, will they now more brave return,
'And with Increaſe of Courage burn?
'This [13] Ruin adds to Infamy:
'As to the Fleece, in *Tyrian* Dye
'Once dipp'd, no Induſtry nor Art
'Its native Whiteneſs can impart;
'So, when fair Virtue once is ſtain'd,
'Her Gloſs can never be regain'd.
'When, diſentangled from the Snare,
'The Hind her Hunter's Lance ſhall dare,
'That Wretch with martial Rage may glow,
'Who yielded to a faithleſs Foe,
'And, in his Turn, the Battle gain,
'Who, fearing Death, could wear a Chain,
'Nor knew, uniting Peace with Strife,
'Valour his only Chance for Life.
'O *Carthage!* to our endleſs Shame,
'Rais'd on the ruin'd *Roman* Name!'
He ſaid; and, [14] with averted Face,
Declin'd his Conſort's chaſte Embrace,
As now a Slave, and to be lov'd
Unworthy; and his Sons remov'd;
While to the Ground, with Thought intent,
[15] His awful Eyes he ſternly bent,
Till he the wavering Senate's Voice
Had fix'd, to authorize a Choice,

[16] Which

[16] Which He, He only, could have made:
Then, by his Friends in vain delay'd,
Though conſcious of the dreadful Fate,
[17] Projected by Barbarian Hate,
From [18] Relatives, who preſs'd his Stay,
And ſtruggling Crowds, he broke away,
Serene, as when, from Noiſe and Strife,
'And all the buſy Cares of Life,'
He ſought [19] *Venafrum*'s ſweet Receſs,
Th' Abode of Peace and Happineſs!

NOTES.

The Deſign of *Horace*, in this Ode, is to praiſe *Auguſtus* for having humbled the *Parthians* and the *Britons* by the ſole Terror of his Arms; which he does with great Addreſs, ſlightly touching on the latter, and enhancing the Advantage gained by *Auguſtus* over the *Parthians*, by comparing it with the Victory *they* had obtained over *Craſſus* and the *Romans*. *Horace* was then about 47 Years old. DACIER.

1 *Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem*
Regnare.]

This Compariſon of *Auguſtus* to *Jupiter* is elegant. The one convinces the World by his Thunder, that HE reigns in *Heaven*; the other ſhows by his Victories, that he is a God on *Earth*. The following Lines in the 12th Ode of the firſt Book may ſerve as a Comment on this Paſſage:

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem;
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum caſtis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

'Subject to Thee *only*, *He* ſhall govern the wide World 'with Equity: *Thou* ſhalt ſhake *Olympus* with thy dread-'ful Chariot. Thou ſhalt launch thy vengeful Bolts 'againſt polluted Groves.'

It

It may not be improper to remark, that the 12th Ode of the first Book was written but three or four Years before this.

2 *Augustus.*] This single Word destroys the Opinion of those, who thought this Ode was written in the Year of *Rome* [illegible]; for *Octavius Cæsar* did not receive the Surname of *Augustus* till seven Years afterwards, viz. in the Year [illegible].

3 —— *Gravissimæque Persis.*] He means the *Parthians*. See the second Ode of the first Book.

4 —— *Adjectis Britannis*
Imperii.]

Augustus, in Truth, neither conquered the *Britons*, nor the *Parthians*; but the former sent Ambassadors to sue for Peace, who found him at *Rome*; on which Account he was considered as their Conqueror; and the *latter*, of their own Accord, restored the Ensigns they had taken from *Crassus*: Of which Honour, however, *Augustus* was prouder, than of all his Victories. He thanked the Gods by public Sacrifices, and caused Medals to be struck to perpetuate the Memory of it. DACIER.

5 *Milesæ Crassi.*] The only Design of *Horace*, in describing in such lively Colours the Defeat of *Crassus*, and the Cowardice of his Soldiers, is to heighten the Glory of *Augustus*, who, by his Conduct, had retrieved the Glory of the *Roman* Name, which had been covered with Infamy from the Year 700 to the Year 733.

6 *Turpis maritus vixit?*] *Orodes*, King of *Parthia* (the Son of *Phraätes* the Second, and Brother of *Mithridates*) gave *Parthian* Wives to the Soldiers of *Crassus*, whom he had taken Prisoners.

7 *Anciliorum, nominis, et togæ*
Oblitus, æternæque Vestæ]

That is, literally translated, *Forgetful of the* Ancilia, (or sacred Bucklers) *of the* Roman *Name and Gown* (or Habit) *and of eternal* Vesta. *Horace* aggravates the Baseness of the *Roman* Soldiers by this solemn Reflection, and intimates hereby, that they had renounced all the great Privileges, to which they were entitled by those sacred Pledges.

A Buckler was said to have fallen from Heaven at *Rome*, in the Reign of *Numa*; and, at the same Time, a Voice

Voice was heard, declaring, that the City ſhould continue Miſtreſs of the World, while ſhe preſerved it: On which Account *Numa* cauſed eleven more Bucklers to be made, exactly of the ſame Form, that it might be the more difficult to ſteal it. See *Feſtus* on the Word *Mamurii*. The *Romans* were no leſs fond of their Habit, than of their Name. Thus *Virgil* calls them,

Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.

The *Gown-clad* Nation, Sovereign of the World.

By *eternal Veſta*, *Horace* means the Fires, which were perpetually burning in the Temple of *Veſta*.

8 *Incolumi Jove, et urbe Roma?*] By *Jupiter*, *Horace* here means the Temple of *Jupiter*, *i. e.* the *Capitol*. Thus we ſtill ſay St. *Peter*'s, or St. *Paul*'s, to ſignify the Churches of St. *Peter*, or St. *Paul*.

It was an Aggravation of the Baſeneſs of the *Roman* Soldiers, ſo tamely to ſubmit, while the *Capitol* and *Rome* were ſtanding, and, conſequently, thoſe ſacred Pledges of the *Roman* Power ſecure. DACIER.

9 *Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli.*] *Horace* here makes a fine Encomium on *Regulus*: However, we muſt not forget, that he deſigns likewiſe, by this Digreſſion, to praiſe *Auguſtus*, who (according to the Maxims of that illuſtrious *Roman*) had recovered the Enſigns from the *Parthians*, not by any Exchange, or by Treaty, but by the Glory of his Arms, and the Terror of his Name.

10 *Signa — Punicis*
Affixa delubris.]

There is ſcarce any Nation, but what uſed to hang up in its Temples the Enſigns and Spoils, which they gained from their Enemies.

11 *Portaſque non clauſas, et arva*
—— coli.]

To ſhow the great Security of the *Carthaginians*, he mentions theſe two Circumſtances, which commonly attend a profound Peace, *viz. the Gates open*, and *the Fields cultivated*. *Salluſt*, in like Manner, joins them together; *apertæ portæ, repleta arva cultoribus.*

12 ——————*Et arva*
Marte coli populata noſtro.]

Regulus had before, in the very ſame Year, defeated the *Carthaginians* in a Battle, laid waſte their Fields, and

and taken from them above three hundred Towns or Caſtles.

13 —— *Flagitio additis*
Damnum.]

'For the Diſgrace is indelible; and you will likewiſe 'loſe the Money you pay for their Ranſom.' *Horace* has here tranſlated, in three Words, the following Line of *Euripides*, in his *Rheſus*:

Αἰσχρὸν γαρ ἡμῖν, καὶ πρὸς αἰσχύνη κακόν.

'It brings upon us both Diſgrace and Loſs.'

14 *Fertur pudicæ conjugis oſculum*
A ſe removiſſe.]

The Poet here reſumes the Diſcourſe. As *Regulus* knew, that he ſhould never more return from *Carthage*, he juſtly conſidered himſelf as *diminutus capite*, or a Slave for Life; conſequently, his Marriage no more ſubſiſted, ſince the Marriage Contract was valid only between Citizens: He had no Children; for paternal Power was the ſole Right of Citizens: Nor was he any longer a Senator. It was for theſe Reaſons that he puſhed from him his Wife and Children. This alſo will explain to us the following Paſſage in *Eutropius*: *Ille Romam cùm veniſſet, inductus in Senatum, nihil quaſi Romanus egit, dixitque ſe ex illâ die, quâ in poteſtatem Afrorum veniſſet, Romanum eſſe deſiſſe; itaque et uxorem à complexu removit, et Romanis ſuaſit, ne pax cum Pœnis fieret.* 'When he was 'come to *Rome*, and introduced to the Senate, he did 'nothing as a *Roman*; for he ſaid, that from that Day 'on which he had fallen into the Power of the *Carthaginians*, he ceaſed to be a Citizen of *Rome*: He there-'fore refuſed the Careſſes of his Wife, and perſuaded 'the *Romans* not to make Peace with the *Carthaginians*.' DACIER.

—— *Ut capitis minor*]

Diminutione is here to be underſtood.

15 —— *Et virilem*
Torvus humi poſuiſſe vultum.]

Horace here deſcribes *Regulus* waiting, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground (as a Slave, and not a Senator), for the Decree of the Senate: But he himſelf did not vote; for that would have been contrary to the whole Tenor of his Conduct. Thus alſo *Tully* repreſents him, in his 3d Book *de Officiis*, or, *of Moral Duties*: *Sententiam*

tiam in Senatu dicere recuſavit, quod diceret quamdiu jure-jurando hoſtium teneretur, non eſſe ſe Senatorem. 'He refuſed to vote in the Senate; for he ſaid, while he was 'a ſworn Captive to the Enemy, he was no longer a 'Senator.' DACIER.

16 *Concilio nunquam aliàs dato.*] For never did any *Roman* give ſuch rigorous Counſel againſt himſelf. There are two Things to be conſidered in the Conduct of *Regulus*, *viz.* the Advice he gave not to redeem the *Roman* Priſoners, and his own Return to *Carthage*. *Horace* contents himſelf with giving a beautiful Image of his Return, but inſiſts largely on his Counſel. No doubt he had in View the following admirable Remark of *Tully*, in his 3d Book *de Officiis*, Chap. 31. *Sed ex totâ hac laude Reguli, unum illud eſt admiratione dignum, quòd captivos retinendos cenſuerit; nam quòd rediit, nobis nunc mirabile videtur, illis quidem temporibus aliter facere non potuit. Itaque iſta laus non eſt hominis, ſed temporum; nullum enim vinculum, ad aſtringendam fidem, jurejurando majores arctius eſſe voluerunt.* 'But the only Thing 'which deſerves our Admiration, in this applauded 'Conduct of *Regulus*, is his perſuading the Senate not 'to reſtore the Captives. As for his returning to *Car-*'*thage*, it ſeems now, indeed, wonderful to us; but, in 'thoſe Times, he could not do otherwiſe. The Age, 'I think, is rather entitled to that Praiſe, than the 'Man: For our Anceſtors thought nothing more ſa-'cred and inviolable than the Obligation of an Oath.' DACIER.

17 *Atqui ſciebat quæ ſibi barbarus*
Tortor pararet.]

Horace here alſo cloſely follows *Tully*, who ſays, *Neque verò tum ignorabat ſe ad crudeliſſimum hoſtem, et ad exquiſita ſupplicia proficiſci.* 'Nor indeed was he then ignorant, 'that he was going back to a moſt cruel Enemy, and 'to exquiſite Tortures.'

The *Carthaginians* increaſed his Glory by their Barbarity. They cut off his Eyelids, and placed him with his Face to the Sun. After this, they ſhut him up in a Cheſt, ſtuck thick within with Points of Nails, ſo that he could neither ſit nor lean, without exceſſive Torment; and thus they ſuffered him to die with Hunger, Anguiſh, and Want of Sleep. So periſhed one of thoſe brave Men who are moſt highly applauded in

Prophane

Prophane Hiſtory. And if, as is moſt probable, he aimed at no more than making his Memory famous, it muſt be owned he gained his Point. But the Misfortune is, that we cannot well aſcribe *Regulus*'s ſtiff Refuſal, in the propoſed Exchange of Priſoners, either to a Love of his Country, or to Humanity. How many unhappy Men would thereby have been reſcued from Slavery, and ſaved from Death! It was buying Glory at too dear a Rate, to purchaſe it with ſo much Blood, and at the Expence of the Miſery of ſo many of his Fellow-Citizens. CATROU and ROUILLE.

18 *Dimovit obſtantes propinquos.*] *Bentley* has well ſupported this Reading, *propinquos*, by quoting the following Paſſage of *Tully*, in his firſt Book *de Officiis*, which *Horace* has here imitated: *Primum ut venit, captivos reddendos non eſſe, in Senatu cenſuit. Deinde cùm retineretur ab amicis et propinquis, ad ſupplicium redire maluit quàm fidem hoſti datam fallere.* 'As ſoon as he was returned, he 'perſuaded the Senate not to reſtore the *Carthaginian* 'Captives. Afterwards, when his Friends and *Rela*'*tions* would have reteined him, he rather choſe to 'go back to Torture, than to betray the Faith given 'to an Enemy.'

Horace has not here forgot any of the great Circumſtances, which ſeemed proper to heighten the Character of *Regulus*: And this (as *Longinus* obſerves) is an infallible Method of reaching the Sublime. DACIER.

This happened in the Year of *Rome* 503.

19 *Venafranos in agros.*] See the Notes on the 6th Ode of the 2d Book.

ODE

ODE VI.

To the ROMAN PEOPLE,

By WENTWORTH, *Earl of* ROSCOMMON.

I.

THOSE Ills your Anceſtors have done,
Romans! are now become your own;
And they will coſt you dear,
Unleſs you ſoon repair
The falling Temples, which the Gods provoke,
And Statues ſully'd yet with ſacrilegious Smoke.

II.

Propitious Heaven, that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble grateful Piety,
As it rewarded their Reſpect,
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your Neglect.
All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their Command, at their Command they end.

III.

Let *Craſſus'* Ghoſt, and *Labienus*, tell
How twice, by *Jove's* Revenge, our Legions fell;
And, with inſulting Pride,
Shining in *Roman* Spoils, the *Parthian* Victors ride.

IV. The

IV.

The [2] *Dacian* and *Ægyptian* Scum
Had almoſt ruin'd *Rome*;
While our Seditions took their Part,
Fill'd each [3] *Ægyptian* Sail, and wing'd each [4] *Dacian* Dart.

V.

Firſt, theſe [5] flagitious Times,
Pregnant with unknown Crimes,
Conſpire to violate the nuptial Bed:
From which [6] polluted Head,
Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
And through the ſpurious Breed, and guilty Nation, ran.

VI.

Behold a ripe and melting Maid
Bound 'Prentice to the wanton Trade;
[8] *Ionian* Artiſts, at a mighty Price,
Inſtruct her in the Myſteries of Vice;
What Nets to ſpread; where ſubtle Baits to lay;
And, with an early Hand, they form the temper'd Clay.

VII.

Married, their Leſſons ſhe improves
By Practice of adulterous Loves;
And ſcorns the common mean Deſign,
To take Advantage of her Huſband's Wine;

Or

Or ſnatch, in ſome dark Place,
A haſty illegitimate Embrace.
No! the brib'd Huſband knows of all,
And bids her riſe, when Lovers call.

VIII.

Hither a Merchant, from the *Streights*,
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights;
Or City Cannibal repairs,
Who feeds upon the Fleſh of Heirs,
Deep ſunk in Vice! whoſe tributary Flame
Pays the full Price of Luſt, and gilds the ſlighted Shame.

IX.

[9] 'Twas not the Spawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with *Punic* Blood the conquer'd Seas,
And quell'd the ſtern [10] *Æacides*;
Made the proud [11] *Aſian* Monarch feel,
How weak his Gold againſt the *Roman* Steel;
Forc'd e'en dire [12] *Hannibal* to yield,
And won the long-diſputed World, at *Zama*'s fatal Field.

X.

But Soldiers of a [13] ruſtic Mold,
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the ſtubborn Ground,
Or made hewn Woods with weighty Strokes reſound;

And,

And, after the declining Sun,
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Taſk was done,
Home with the weary Team they took their Way,
And drown'd, in friendly Bowls, the Labour of the Day.

XI.

Time ſenſibly all Things impairs;
Our Fathers have been worſe than theirs;
And we than ours: Next Age will ſee
A Race more profligate than we,
(With all the Pains we take) have Skill enough to be.

NOTES.

This Ode is wholly moral. *Horace* ſhows, that the Contempt of Religion, and a general Corruption of Manners, were the ſole Cauſes of all the Calamities, which had oppreſſed *Rome*. It was written after the Defeat of *Antony*, that is to ſay, about the Year of *Rome* 724, or 725. DACIER.

1 *Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas.*] Chriſtians cannot give a better Leſſon to Princes, than this: 'You 'reign, only becauſe you own a God above you, and 'that you hold every thing from him.' *Horace* did not deſign this ſo much for the *Romans* as for *Auguſtus*; of whom he had ſaid, in the 12th Ode of the firſt Book, addreſſing himſelf to *Jupiter*,

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem.

2 *Horace* ſpeaks here of the Army of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, who pretended to conquer *Rome*, as he had obſerved before, in the 37th Ode of the firſt Book:

Dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus et imperio parabat.

It

It is well known, that the *Æthiopians* and *Dacians* made a great Part of *Antony*'s Army.

3 *Antony*'s Navy was compoſed chiefly of *Ægyptian* Galleys.

4 Thoſe *Northern* People, the *Dacians*, were very ſkilful Archers. According to *Strabo*, their Arms were a Sword and Buckler, with a Bow and Quiver.

5 *Fœcunda culpæ ſecula.*] The prevailing Corruption of Manners in *Horace*'s Time cannot be better diſplayed than by the following Epigram of *Catullus*:

Conſule Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, ſolebant
Mœchi. Illi, ah! facto Conſule nunc iterum,
Manſerunt duo; ſed creverunt millia in unum
Singula. Fœcundum ſemen adulterio.

But two Adult'rers here we knew,
When firſt great *Pompey* reign'd;
And, in his ſecond Year, thoſe two
Adult'rers ſtill remain'd.

But, *Cinna*, now we Thouſands ſee,
In our degenerate Clime,
Sprung from theſe two. Adultery
Is a prolific Crime.

By thoſe two Adulterers, *Catullus* meant *Cæſar* and *Mamurra*. Soon after *Horace* had written this Ode, *Auguſtus* publiſhed the *Julian* Law *De adulteriis*, *Concerning Adulteries*. DACIER.

6 It is very remarkable, that *Horace* aſcribes the Civil Wars, and all the Misfortunes of *Rome*, to Adultery. Herein he follows the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, who taught, that nothing is ſo apt to entail Calamities on a Nation, as the Corruption of Families by a ſpurious Iſſue. DACIER.

7 *Matura virgo.*] He ſays *matura virgo*, becauſe the old *Romans* thought it an immodeſt thing for a marriageable young Woman to learn to dance: That Diverſion was only allowed to Girls.

8 *Motus doceri gaudet Iönicos.*] The *Iönic* Dances were very laſcivious; for the *Iönians* were the moſt voluptuous People in the World.

9 *Non bis juventus orta parentibus.*] He here proves what he had advanced in the former Part of this Ode, and ſhows how widely the *Romans* of his Time (corrupted

rupted by Adulteries) differed from thoſe old *Romans*, who had dyed the Seas with the Blood of the *Carthaginians*, and conquered *Pyrrhus*, *Antiochus*, and *Hannibal*.

10 *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, was one of the Deſcendants of *Achilles*, the Grandſon of *Æacus*; and is thence called by the Tranſlator, *Æacides*. He overcame the Conſul *Lævinus*, near *Heraclea*; but ſoon after was himſelf defeated by *Fabricius* and *Curius*. After he returned into *Greece*, a Woman (whoſe Son he was about to kill) ſlew him with a Tile, aimed at him from the Roof of a Houſe in *Argos*, which he had juſt taken from *Antigonus*, in the Year of *Rome* 480. He was eſteemed the greateſt General of the Age in which he lived.

11 *Ingentem Antiochum.*] *Anticchus*, ſurnamed the *Great*, King of *Syria*. He was ſubdued at Sea by *Æmilius Regulus*, defeated on Land by *L. Scipio*, and, at laſt, ſlain by his own People in the Year of *Rome* 567.

12 *Hannibalemque dirum.*] For an Account of *Hanniba.*, ſee the Notes on the 12th Ode of the ſecond Book.

13 *Sed ruſticorum maſcula militum*
Proles.]

The *Roman* Armies were compoſed of Men who dwelt in the Country, whom, for the moſt part, they enliſted from the *Marſi*, *Apulia*, and the Lands of the *Samnites*. There is, on this Subject, a fine Paſſage of *Varro*, at the Beginning of his Book on *Huſbandry*: *Viri magni, noſtri majores, &c.* 'Thoſe great Men, our Anceſtors, preferred the *Romans* of the Country to the *Romans* of the City; and, indeed, not without Reaſon: For as even in the Country it is obſerved, that they who are employed in Houſes are more idle than ſuch as work in the Fields; in like manner, they thought the Inhabitants of the City more ſlothful, than the Inhabitants of the Country.' DACIER.

14 *Ætas parentum.*] *Horace* has here, with great Addreſs, compriſed the Characters of four Generations in three ſhort Verſes. As his Deſcription of the three firſt is exactly conformable to Hiſtory, he alſo proved a Prophet in the fourth. This might be eaſily ſhown, by comparing the Reign of *Tiberius* with that of *Auguſtus*. DACIER.

See the Remark on the following Imitation.

The

The Reader will find ſome curious Particulars relating to the Life of the Tranſlator of this Ode, in Mr. *Fenton*'s Obſervations on *Waller*'s Poems, p. 133. 1736. 12mo.

Mr. *Pope* ſays of him, in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*,

Such was *Roſcommon*, not more learn'd than good,
With Manners generous as his noble Blood;
To him the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
And every Author's Merit but his own.

He died in 1684.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Dr. ROBERT LOWTH, *Prebendary of* Durham.

To the PEOPLE *of* GREAT BRITAIN.

I.

BRITON! the Thunder of the Wrath divine,
Due to thy Fathers Crimes, and long withheld from thine,
Shall burſt with tenfold Rage on thy devoted Head;
Unleſs, with conſcious Terrors aw'd,
By meek, heart-ſtruck Repentance led,
Suppliant thou fall before th' offended God:
If haply yet thou may'ſt avert his Ire,
And ſtay his Arm, out-ſtretch'd to launch th' avenging Fire.

II.

Did not High GOD of old ordain,
When to thy Graſp he gave the Sceptre of the Main,
That Empire, in this favour'd Land,
Fix'd on Religion's ſolid Baſe ſhould ſtand?
When from thy ſtruggling Neck He broke
Th' inglorious, galling, Papal Yoke,
Humbled the Pride of haughty *Spain*,
And freed thee by a Woman-Hero's Hand;
He then confirm'd the ſtrong Decree:
"*Briton*, be virtuous, and be free;
"Be Truth, be Sanctity, thy Guide:
"Be humble: fear thy GOD; and fear thou none
"beſide."

III.

Oft has th'offended Power his riſing Anger ſhown:
Led on by His avenging Hand,
Rebellion triumphs in the Land:
Twice have her barbarous Sons our war-train'd Hoſts o'erthrown.
They fell a cheap inglorious Prey;
Th' ambitious Victor's Boaſt was half ſuppreſt,
While Heaven-bred Fear, and wild Diſmay,
Unmann'd the Warrior's Heart, and reign'd in every Breaſt.

IV.

Her Arms to foreign Lands *Britannia* bore;
Her Arms, auſpicious now no more!

With

With frequent Conqueſt where the Sires were crown'd,
The Sons ill-fated fell, and bit the hoſtile Ground:
The tame, war-trading *Belgian* fled,
While in his Cauſe the *Briton* bled:
The *Gaul* ſtood wondering at his own Succeſs;
Oft did his hardieſt Bands their wonted Fears confeſs,
Struck with Diſmay, and meditating Flight:
While the brave Foe ſtill urg'd th'unequal Fight,
While WILLIAM, with his Father's Ardor fir'd,
Through all th' undaunted Hoſt the generous Flame inſpir'd.

V.

But heavier far the Weight of Shame,
That ſunk *Britannia*'s Naval Fame:
In vain ſhe ſpreads her once victorious Sails;
Or Fear, or Raſhneſs, in her Chiefs prevails;
And wildly *theſe* prevent, *thoſe* baſely ſhun the Fight:
Content with humble Praiſe, the Foe
Avoids the long-impending Blow;
Improves the kind Eſcape, and triumphs in his Flight!

VI.

The monſtrous Age, which ſtill increaſing Years debaſe,
Which teems with unknown Crimes, and genders new Diſgrace,

Firſt, unreſtrain'd by Honour, Faith, or Shame,
Confounding every ſacred Name,
The hallow'd nuptial Bed with lawleſs Luſt profan'd:
Deriv'd from this polluted Source,
The dire Corruption held its Courſe
Through the whole canker'd Race, and tainted all the Land.

VII.

The ripening Maid is vers'd in every dangerous Art,
That ill adorns the Form, while it corrupts the Heart;
Practis'd to dreſs, to dance, to play,
In wanton Maſk to lead the Way,
To move the pliant Limbs, to roll the luring Eye;
With Folly's gayeſt Partizans to vye
In empty Noiſe, and vain Expence;
To celebrate, with flaunting Air,
The Midnight Revels of the Fair;
Studious of every Praiſe, but Virtue, Truth, and Senſe.

VIII.

Thus leſſon'd in Intrigue, her early Thought improves,
Nor meditates in vain forbidden Loves:
Soon the gay Nymph, as Nature leads, ſhall rove
Free and at large amid th' *Idalian* Grove;
Or, haply jealous of the Voice of Fame,
Maſk'd in the Matron's ſober Name,

With

With many a well-diſſembled Wile,
The kind, convenient Huſband's Care beguile:
More deeply vers'd in *Venus'* myſtic Lore,
Yet for ſuch meaner Arts too lofty and ſublime,
The proud, high-born, *Patrician* Whore
Bears unabaſh'd her Front, and glories in her Crime.

IX.

Hither, from City, and from Court,
The Votaries of Love reſort;
The Rich, the Great, the Gay, and the Severe;
The penſion'd Architect of Laws;
The Patriot, loud in Virtue's Cauſe;
Proud of imputed Worth, the Peer:
Regardleſs of his Faith, his Country, or his Name,
He pawns his Honour and Eſtate,
Nor reckons, at how dear a Rate
He purchaſes Diſeaſe, and Servitude, and Shame.

X.

Not from ſuch daſtard Sires, to every Virtue loſt,
Sprung the brave Youth, which *Britain* once could boaſt;
Who curb'd the *Gaul*'s uſurping Sway,
Who ſwept unnumber'd Hoſts away,
On *Agincourt* and *Creſſy*'s glorious Plain;
Who dy'd the Seas with *Spaniſh* Blood,
Their vainly-vaunted Fleets ſubdu'd,
And ſpread the mighty Wreck o'er all the vanquiſh'd Main.

XI.

No;—'twas a generous Race, by Worth tranſmiſſive known:
In their bold Breaſts their Fathers Spirit glow'd;
In their pure Veins their Mothers Virtue flow'd;
They made hereditary Praiſe their own.
The Sire his emulous Offspring led
The rougher Paths of Fame to tread;
The Matron train'd their ſpotleſs Youth,
In Honour, Sanctity, and Truth:
Form'd by th'united Parents Care,
The Sons, though bold, were wiſe; the Daughters chaſte, though fair.

XII.

How Time, all-waſting, ev'n the worſt impairs,
And each foul Age to Dregs ſtill fouler runs!
Our Sires, more vicious ev'n than theirs,
Left us, ſtill more degenerate Heirs,
To ſpawn a baſer Brood of Monſter-breeding Sons!

1746.

NOTE.

It is obſervable, that in the laſt Stanza of this excellent Imitation, the Author has improved on his Original by introducing a Generation more, by the happy Uſe of the Compound Epithet *Monſter-breeding*. D.

ODE

ODE VII.

To ASTERIE.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſenior.*

SAY, why does fair *Aſterie* mourn?
Why doubt her Lover's wiſh'd Return?
The vernal Gales her *Gyges* ſhall reſtore,
And kindly waft the longing Youth,
Of conſtant and unſhaken Truth,
With a rich Cargo from *Bithynia*'s Shore.

At *Oricum*, by Southern Gales
Detain'd, his Doom he now bewails,
Nor through long freezing Nights can cloſe his Eyes:
While ſtormy Winds confine him there,
Impatient the Reſtraint to bear,
He lengthens out the ling'ring Hours with Sighs.

Mean while, his Hoſteſs ſtrives to move,
And tempt him to licentious Love;
Her Envoy ſhows, how his obliging Dame
Is prey'd upon by ſecret Fire;
Deſcribes her pining with Deſire,
And tries each Art alluring Wit can frame;

Relates how [1] *Sthenobœa*'s Tears
Provok'd believing *Prœtus*' Fears;
How, ſtung by fatal Jealouſy, ſhe ſtrove
The * Son of *Glaucus* to deſtroy,
(Raſh to refuſe the proffer'd Joy!)
And Vengeance vow'd for her affronted Love:

How [2] *Peleus*, on the Brink of Fate,
Felt the dire Force of female Hate,
Whilſt from *Hippolyté*, too chaſte, he fled:
[3] With various Tales he plies the Youth,
To wake his Fears, or taint his Truth,
And win him to deſpairing *Chloë*'s Bed.

In vain!—He, faithful, hears no more
Than Rocks, when Seas and Tempeſts roar;
Nor owns the Conqueſt of her wily Eyes—
But thou, my Fair, perform thy Part,
Nor let *Enipeus*' ſubtle Art
Thy ſoft unguarded Soul by Stealth ſurprize.

What though no Youth, in *Mars*'s Field,
Such Proofs of manly Strength can yield,
To curb the Courſer; and, with nervous Arms,
The rapid *Tyber* to divide,
And ſtem the Torrent of the Tide;
With Caution view thy Neighbour's dangerous
Charms!

* *Bellerophon.*

At

At [4] Night's Approach, thy Door be barr'd;
Nor from thy Window once regard
His plaintive Flute with tender pitying Eye:
And though he vows, and mourns his Pains,
Oft calls thee cruel, and complains,
Yet ſtill be cruel, and his Suit deny!

NOTES.

Horace addreſſes this Ode to a Lady. It ſeems, at firſt, as if his Deſign was to comfort her for the Abſence of her Huſband, or of her Lover, whoſe Return was prevented by contrary Winds: But we find, at the End of the Ode, that this is only an Artifice, which he employs to admoniſh her to be conſtant to *Gyges*, and to withſtand the Sollicitations of her Neighbour *Enipeus*, as *Gyges* was proof againſt the Tenderneſs of his Hoſteſs *Chloë*. DACIER.

1 *Ut Prætum mulier perfida credulum.*] *Homer* calls the Wife of *Prætus*, *Antéa*: but the Tragic Writers, *Sthenobœa*. Being unable to prevail on *Bellerophon* to gratify her Paſſion, and fearing leſt he ſhould diſcover her criminal Love to her Huſband, ſhe firſt accuſed him. This Story is related at large in the 6th Book of the *Iliad*, and in the 2d Book of *Apollodorus*.

2 *Narrat pene datum Pelea Tartaro.*] *Peleus*, the Father of *Achilles*, was accuſed by *Hippolyté*, in the ſame Manner as *Bellerophon* had been by *Antéa*. *Pindar* relates this Story in his 5th *Nemean* Ode, and *Apollodorus* in his 3d Book.

3 *Peccare docentes hiſtorias.*] *Horace* prettily feigns, that this Confidant of *Chloë* makes uſe of two Means to prevail upon *Gyges* to comply with her Wiſhes: 1. He threatens him with the Fate of *Bellerophon* and *Peleus*, who were expoſed to great Dangers, for reſiſting the Sollicitations of the Ladies who entertained them. 2. He propoſes the Examples of thoſe, who had not been ſo hard-hearted. This is what *Horace* calls *peccare docentes hiſtorias*, *Stories teaching to tranſgreſs*. Such are the

Stories of *Paris* and *Helen*, and of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*. *Peccare* is here the proper Word. DACIER.

4 *Primâ nocte.*] The *Romans* made uſe of the Words *primus* and *poſtremus*, to ſignify the Beginning and the End of one and the ſame thing. *Virgil* has ſaid, in like manner, *primus menſis, the Beginning of the Month*; *prima urbs, the Entry or Skirts of the City*. Thus *primâ nocte* here ſignifies, *in the Beginning*, or, *at the Approach, of Night*. DACIER.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By another Hand.

To Mrs. ——— ———.

WEEP not, O peerleſs Wife! in vain,
Your Dear, whom diſtant Lands detain,
Your kind, your conſtant Spouſy;
Bleſs'd with the forfeit Wealth of *Spain*,
Kind Gales will give him us again,
And from Affliction rouſe ye.

Still, though remote, his Love is true,
Sole Empreſs of his Heart are you,
No other She can win him;
For you he waſtes cold Nights, I know,
In Tears, and toſſing to and fro,
As if old *Nick* was in him.

The Toilet-Damſel, where he lives,
Tells him how ſore her Lady grieves,
At his unkind diſdaining;

Says,

Says, ill-tim'd Virtue never thrives,
Decries the homely Love of Wives,
And deafs him with complaining.

She ſets before his Eyes by rote,
How prudiſh *Joſeph* loſt his Coat,
And far'd yet worſe, refuſing;
Nor is poor *Peleus'* Caſe forgot,
Who (troth!) had well nigh gone to pot,
For proffer'd Love miſuſing.

With Tales encouraging to Sin,
She thus eternally puts in;
He ſighs for you, and hears 'em;
Yet never ſhe his Heart could win,
Firm as a Rock he yet has been,
And Dangers, he ne'er fears 'em.

You, in Return, his Wife ſo fair,
Of Neighbour *Tinſel* ſhould beware,
That conſtant, civil Teaſer;
A Wife like you, oblig'd ſo far,
Your abſent *Harry*'s only Care,
No foreign Vows ſhould pleaſe her.

His 'broider'd Coat, his clouded Cane,
His Air in taking *Spaniſh* plain,
His moſt prodigious Breeding;
Full many a Dame theſe Arts have ta'en,
Forgetful of her abſent Swain,
For want of timely heeding.

Shut

Shut then the Door, at early Night,
Nor give a Look, nor ſhow a Light,
Though forty *Kits* are ſqueaking:
Here, to be cruel ſtill is right;
Ev'n though he raves, and ſwears downright
His very Heart is breaking.

ODE VIII.

To MÆCENAS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

IN [1] *Greek* and *Roman* Writings ſkill'd,
You wonder what theſe [2] Vaſes, fill'd
With Incenſe, mean; and why my Head
[3] Flowers on this [4] Feſtival adorn;
And why on verdant Turf I burn
Theſe [5] Coals, a Stranger to the genial Bed?

To *Bacchus'* Guardian Power, [6] the Blood
Of a white Goat I grateful vow'd,
When [7] juſt eſcap'd the falling Oak:
And now, as Years renew the Feaſt,
Of all my Caſks will pierce the beſt,
Since [8] *Tullus* rul'd, improv'd with mellowing Smoke.

A hundred Glaſſes to a Friend
Sav'd from ſuch Peril, ſhould commend
Your

Your Love, *Mæcenas!*—To our Joys,
Prolong'd by [9] watchful Lamps [10] till Light,
Devote we this auſpicious Night
Of ſocial Mirth, but [11] free from Jars and Noiſe.

Awhile forget [12] your Civil Cares;
Diſcard each Thought of State-Affairs;
The [13] *Dacian* Chief is overthrown;
The [14] *Medes* conſpire againſt their Lords,
Frantic they fight, nor wait our Swords,
But fall in Crowds, the Victims of their own.

To *Rome*, our [15] old *Cantabrian* Foes,
And [16] *Scythians* yield, with [17] looſen'd Bows.
Let Sages future Fate foretell,
And o'er the public Safety watch,
While we the preſent Moment ſnatch,
And, high in Spirits, bid our Cares farewell.

NOTES.

Sanadon fixes the Date of this Ode to the Year of *Rome* 735, after the ſubduing of the *Cantabrians*, mentioned by *Horace* in the 22d Verſe, which happened in 734.

1 *Docte ſermones utriuſque linguæ.*] *Dacier* ſuppoſes theſe Words to mean the *Greek* and *Roman* Languages; and ſays, 'that this was paying *Mæcenas* a great Compliment; for, though *Latin* was the native Language of the *Romans*, they were very careful to ſtudy it; and there were public Schools at *Rome* for That, as well as for the *Greek*.' What he adds concerning *France*, may be juſtly applied to *England*; *viz.* 'We ſhould be glad if *We* had Schools for the ſame Purpoſe; for our native Language is not ſo eaſy to be underſtood as ſome imagine;'

'imagine:' And on this Account it were to be wiſhed, that a proper Uſe were made of ſome excellent Obſervations on that Subject in Mr. *Sheridan*'s Treatiſe on *Britiſh* Education. *Dacier* thinks his Conſtruction of theſe Words ſo very clear, that he is ſurpriſed how any one can doubt the Truth of it.

On the other hand, *Bentley* and *Sanadon* underſtand, by the Word *ſermones*, the *Learning* and *Philoſophy* of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, as *Horace* elſewhere uſes the Phraſe *Socratici ſermones* to the ſame Purpoſe: And this is the only Senſe, which has any Relation to the Subject. The Surpriſe of *Mæcenas* aroſe from his exact Knowledge of the *Feſtivals* and *Ceremonies* of the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

2 *Acerra thuris plena.*] It has been doubted, whether *acerra* ſignifies a little Altar, or a Vaſe. But it appears by the ancient Marbles, that it was a Vaſe, in which Incenſe uſed to be burned. It was alſo placed at the Feet of the Deceaſed, while they were laid out at the Gate; as the Holy-water Pot is now uſed.

He ſays, the Vaſe was *plena thuris, full of Frankincenſe*, to intimate the Ardor of his Devotion. Thus *Virgil*, in the 5th *Æneid*:

—— *Et plenâ ſupplex veneratur acerrâ.* DACIER.

3 *Quid velint flores.*] *Horace* conforms himſelf to the Ceremonies of the Day; for the Women then offered Flowers to *Juno*, and wore alſo flowery Chaplets. Thus *Ovid*, in his 3d Book *de Faſtis*;

Ferte Deæ flores; gaudet florentibus herbis
Hæc Dea; de tenero cingite flore caput.

4 *Martiis Calendis.*] *The Calends of March*, i. e. the firſt of *March*. The firſt Day of *March* was held as a Feſtival by the *Roman* Ladies, becauſe on that Day the *Sabines*, who had been ſtolen by the *Romans*, made a Reconciliation between their Huſbands and their Fathers, when the two Armies were juſt going to engage; and becauſe on the ſame Day they dedicated a Temple to *Juno* on Mount *Eſquiline*. They therefore kept it with a great deal of Pomp. In the firſt place, they ſacrificed to *Juno* in that Temple, and offered Flowers to her. All the reſt of the Day they ſtayed at home, richly adorned, and there expected the Preſents which their Friends and Huſbands ſent them, as it were by way of Acknow-

Acknowledgement for this happy Mediation. The *Calends* of *March* were therefore called *Matronalia, et matronales Feriæ.* While the Wives offered their Sacrifices to *Juno*, the Huſbands did the ſame to *Janus*; and this was the Ground of the Ode. But, for the right underſtanding of it, it muſt be ſuppoſed, that *Mæcenas*, having been to viſit *Horace* the ſame Day, and finding him buſy in preparing a Sacrifice, expreſſed ſome Surpriſe to ſee an unmarried Man ſo employed. *Horace* from thence takes Occaſion to addreſs this Ode to him, and invite him to the Sacrifice, as they uſed to treat their beſt Friends. DACIER.

5 —— *Poſtisque carbo in*
Cæſpite vivo.]
This ſhows, that the Turf ſerved for an Altar; or, perhaps, the Altar was only covered with it. *Vivo cæſpite, living Turf*; i. e. *green Turf.*

6 —— *Et album*
Libero caprum.]
Horace here ſays, that on the Day in which he had like to have been killed, he vowed a *white Goat* to *Bacchus*: And yet, in the 17th Ode of the ſecond Book, he promiſed a *Lamb* to *Faunus* on the ſame Occaſion. It is eaſy to ſolve this Difficulty. It has been obſerved, in the Notes on the 17th Ode, that there was a great Reſemblance between *Faunus* and *Bacchus*, the tutelary Gods of the Poets, or, rather, that *Faunus* and *Bacchus* were only different Names of one and the ſame God, to whom different Victims were offered, according to the Name by which he was addreſſed. When he was called *Faunus*, a *Lamb* was offered to him; when *Bacchus*, a *Goat*.

For the moſt part, thoſe Animals, which the Gods abhorred, were ſacrificed to them. For Example, *Bacchus* hated the Goat, becauſe it crops the Vines: For which Reaſon it was offered to him as a Victim. It was neceſſary it ſhould be white, becauſe white Victims were offered to the Celeſtial, and black to the Infernal Gods. DACIER.

7 *Prope funeratus.*] See the 13th and 17th Odes of the ſecond Book. The 13th Ode was written firſt; then this; and the 17th after theſe two.

8 *Conſule Tullo.*] *Lucius Volcatius Tullus* was Conſul with *Auguſtus*, in the Year of *Rome* 720. But, without Doubt,

Doubt, *Horace* does not here ſpeak of that Conſulſhip: For that Wine would have been made but nine Years; and, conſequently, would not have been very old. Mr. *Le Fevre* has very well obſerved, that *Horace* here means the *L. Volcatius Tullus*, who was Conſul with *Marcus Lepidus* a Year before the Birth of *Horace*, in the Year of *Rome* 687. *Horace* might with Reaſon boaſt of this Wine as very old, ſince it had been made forty-three Years. DACIER.

Sanadon (in Oppoſition to the foregoing Note of *Dacier*) underſtands this of the ſecond Conſulſhip of the latter *Tullus*, which happened in the Year of *Rome* 721. Wines (ſays he) above twenty Years old were thought very bad by the *Romans*, as *Pliny* relates: Beſides, when they had been ripened in the Smoke, they could not be kept long, according to *Columella*.

8 *Vigiles lucernas.*] The *Romans* never made Entertainments but at Night. They had no Candles, nor Wax Tapers, but only Lamps. Thus *Virgil*:

—— *Dependent lychni laquearibus aureis*
Incenſi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.

From gilded Roofs, depending Lamps diſplay
Nocturnal Beams, that emulate the Day.
DRYDEN.

Dacier has tranſlated *vigiles lucernas, à la clarté de ces flambeaux, by the Luſtre of thoſe Tapers.* He ſays, the Word *Lamp* cannot be borne in an Ode in the *French* Language, and leaſt of all at an Entertainment.

Milton, in his Deſcription of the *Pandæmonium* of *Satan*, has not barely imitated, but very much improved upon the fore-cited Lines of *Virgil*, in a Manner perfectly antique:

The Roof was fretted Gold: From whoſe high Arch,
Pendent by ſubtle Magic, many a Row
Of ſtarry Lamps and blazing Creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded Light
As from a Sky.

10 *Perfer in lucem.*] It was uſual with the *Romans*, on theſe ſolemn Occaſions, to paſs the whole Night in carouſing. Thus *Propertius*, Book iv. Elegy 6.

Sic noctem paterâ, ſic ducam carmine, donec
Injiciat radios in mea vina dies.

11 — *Procul*

11 —— *Procul omnis eſto*
Clamor et ira.]
Sanadon has well obſerved, that *eſto* is here uſed for *erit*. The Poet intimates to *Mæcenas*, that this little Revel ſhould paſs without that Noiſe, and thoſe *Bacchanalian* Tranſports, for which his Patron had no Reliſh. *Horace* has elſewhere uſed *abſtineto* for *abſtinebis*. *Dacier* has miſtaken the Senſe of this Paſſage. He fancies, 'that *Horace* adviſes *Mæcenas* not to put himſelf into a 'Paſſion, nor to chaſtiſe nor rebuke any one for neglecting his Orders, while he was regaling himſelf at 'his Houſe.' The Reflection he makes on Dr. *Bentley*'s Interpretation of a Paſſage in this Ode, may here be juſtly retorted: *N'eſt pas là un beau ſens?* D.

12 *Mæcenas* was then Governor of *Rome*, whoſe Buſineſs it was to ſuppreſs Tumults, to regulate Markets, to give Orders about the Publick Spectacles, and, in a Word, to have an Eye on every thing that paſſed in the City, and in the Suburbs.

13 *Occidit Daci Cotiſonis agmen.*] *Horace* here calls *Cotiſon* a *Dacian*, and *Suëtonius* calls him King of the *Getes*. Each of theſe Names compriſed thoſe two People. *Cotiſon* had taken Part with *Antony* againſt *Auguſtus*.

14 *Medus infeſtus ſibi luctuoſis*
Diſſidet armis.]
Horace here ſpeaks of the Civil Wars of the *Medes*, or *Parthians*, who had driven out their King *Phraätes*: And though *Phraätes* was at that Time replaced on the Throne, yet thoſe Diſorders were not yet appeaſed. *Strabo* expreſsly ſays, that when *Phraätes* ſurrendered to *Auguſtus* the *Roman* Standards and Priſoners, he put into his Hands his four Sons, with his two Daughters-in-law, and four Grand-children, becauſe he was afraid of Seditions, and diſtruſted the Fidelity of his Subjects.

15 *Vetus hoſtis*] For the *Romans* had waged War in *Spain* above *two hundred Years* before they ſubdued the *Cantabrians*. *Strabo* obſerves hereupon very judiciouſly, that the *Spaniards* had protracted the War ſo long, by not oppoſing the *Romans* all at once, but ſome Provinces after others, and in ſmall Bodies, like Troops of Highwaymen: Whereas the *Gauls*, who were of a more impetuous Genius, were much ſooner conquered, though attacked later; For as they encountered the *Romans* with great

great Armies, they alſo loſt the greateſt Part of their Forces in a ſingle Battle. DACIER.

The ſame Difference in the Genius of the *French* and *Spaniards*, which *Strabo* remarks, is ſtill obſervable in thoſe two Nations, *viz.* the former quick and impetuous, the latter ſlow and phlegmatic. The different Tempers of different Nations ſeem, therefore, to be in a great meaſure owing to the Difference of the Climates, where they are born and educated, as has been well obſerved by the Author of an ingenious Poem, entitled, *The Nature of Man.* D.

16 The *Scythians* here mentioned are the ſame People whom he calls *Geloni*, *Gelons*, in the 9th Ode of the ſecond Book.

17 *Laxo arcu.*] It was the Cuſtom of the *Parthians*, *Scythians*, and all the *Northern* Nations, to hold their Bows unſtrung, when they offered Propoſals of Peace, to ſignify they were ready to retire; as we are informed by *Appian* and *Plutarch*.

ODE IX.

A Dialogue between HORACE *and* LYDIA.

By Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,
Late Lord Biſhop of Rocheſter.

HORACE.

WHILST I was fond, and You were kind
Nor any dearer Youth, reclin'd
On your ſoft Boſom, ſought to reſt,
Not *Perſia*'s Monarch was ſo bleſt.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

Whilſt you ador'd no other Face,
Nor lov'd me in the ſecond Place,
Your *Lydia*'s celebrated Fame
Outſhone the *Roman Ilia*'s Name.

HORACE.

Me, *Chloë* now poſſeſſes whole;
Her Voice and Lyre command my Soul:
Nor would I Death itſelf decline,
[2] Could I redeem her Life with mine.

LYDIA.

For Me young lovely *Calaïs* burns,
And Warmth for Warmth my Heart returns.
[3] Twice would I Life for Him reſign,
Could his be ranſom'd thus with mine.

HORACE.

What if the God, whoſe Bands we broke,
Again ſhould tame us to the Yoke;
What if my *Chloë* ceaſe to reign,
And *Lydia* her loſt Power regain!

LYDIA.

Though *Phoſphor* be leſs fair than He;
[4] Thou wilder than the raging Sea;
Lighter than Down; yet gladly I
With Thee would live, with Thee would die.

NOTES.

NOTES.

This Ode is a Maſter-piece in its Kind. *Horace* has had the Addreſs to blend the native Simplicity of ruſtic Dialogue with the eaſy Gallantry of the Court. We know not exactly at what Time it was written: It is however certain, that it muſt have been before the 25th, and after the 8th, the 13th, and the 23d Odes of the firſt Book.

The learned *Scaliger* was infinitely fond of this Ode, and of the 3d Ode of the fourth Book, as appears by his own remarkable Words in the ſixth Book of his *Poetics*: *Omnes Horatii Odæ tantæ ſunt venuſtatis, &c.* 'All the 'Odes of *Horace* are ſo beautiful, that they have ef-'fectually diſcouraged me, and all Perſons of common 'Prudence, from any Attempts of the ſame Kind. But 'I have taken Notice of two in particular, than which 'I do not think Ambroſia or Nectar can be ſweeter. 'One of them is the 3d of the fourth Book, *Quem tu, 'Melpomene, ſemel, &c.* and the other the 9th of the 'third Book, *Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.* * I had rather 'have written Odes like theſe than many of *Pindar*'s, 'or even than to be King of all *Arragon*.'

1 The *Greeks* and *Romans* inviolably obſerved two Laws in theſe Dialogues; *viz.* 1. He who ſpoke laſt was to anſwer in the ſame Sort of Verſe, and with the ſame Number of Lines: 2. He was obliged flatly to contradict, or to improve upon, what the former had ſaid. *Horace* has obſerved both theſe Rules. See alſo *Virgil*'s 3d and 7th *Eclogues*.

2 This is ſpoken according to the Superſtition of the Ancients, who imagined, that the Life of one Perſon might be redeemed by the Death of another. The Story of *Alceſtis*, who died to prolong the Life of her Huſband *Admetus*, is well known. Hence aroſe thoſe frequent *Devotements* for the Lives of Princes; which are ſtill practiſed in ſome Countries. DACIER.

* The Prelate, whoſe elegant Tranſlation we have here adopted, was probably of the ſame Opinion, ſince he has tranſlated theſe two Odes, and, as far as we know, theſe two only.

3 — *Improbo*

3 ——— *Improbo*
Iracundior Adriâ.]
Horace has elſewhere ſaid, that he was paſſionate, but eaſy to be reconciled:

Iraſci celerem, tamen ut placabilis eſſem.

4 *Tu levior cortice.*] The Tranſlator has improved on the Original, by changing *Cork* for *Down.*

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By another Hand.

AMYNTAS.

CÆLIA, when I alone was bleſt
In full Poſſeſſion of thy Breaſt,
Nor other happy Youth had Part
Of that, ah! too inconſtant Heart;
Made by thy Love both rich and great,
I envy'd not the Regal State.

CÆLIA.

Amyntas, when thy laſting Lays
Were only fill'd with *Cælia*'s Praiſe,
When yet no Rival's hated Name
Diſgrac'd thy Paſſion, and my Fame;
Than *Venus*' ſelf more Joy I knew,
Were all the Tales of Poets true.

AMYNTAS.

Bound in *Lucinda*'s pleaſing Chains,
O'er every Senſe the Fair-one reigns;

Her

Her heavenly Voice, with ſweet Surpriſe,
Extends the Conqueſt of her Eyes:
My Life I gladly would reſign,
Hers to prolong, more dear than mine.

CÆLIA.

In every Motion of my Breaſt,
The Power of *Thyrſis* is confeſs'd:
I feel, with Joy, the warm Deſires;
An equal Flame *his* Boſom fires:
Repeated Deaths I would ſuſtain,
Might thoſe preſerve the lovely Swain.

AMYNTAS.

What if our mutual Loves return,
And we with wonted Ardor burn;
If the kind God his gentle Yoke,
Impoſes, never to be broke;
And, from *Lucinda*'s Bonds ſet free,
I give my deſtin'd Heart to Thee?

CÆLIA.

Though the dear Youth is kind and fair,
And conſtant as the Turtles are;
Thou, boiſterous as the *Northern* Wind,
And light as Cork, to Change inclin'd:
With thee my bliſsful Days I'd ſpend,
And in thy Arms my Life would end!

ODE

ODE X.

To LYCÉ.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

DID *Lycé* drink at *Tanais'* Head,
And ſhare a ſavage *Scythian's* Bed,
She could not, with unpitying Eyes,
Behold her Lover on the Floor,
Extended near her freezing Door,
And pierc'd by Winds that blow from *Northern* Skies.

Hark! on the Gate how loud they beat:
[1] The Trees, that ſhade thy beauteous Seat,
With the tumultuous Noiſe reſound!
Fierce drives the Storm; while Æther clear
Glazes the Snow with Froſt ſevere;
And Spangles glitter on the glaſſy Ground!

Oh! then thy proud Diſdain remove,
Ungrateful to the Queen of Love,
Leſt my fond Paſſion ebb again:
Sprung from a *Tuſcan* Father, [2] Thou
Art no *Penelope*, I know,
To let thy plaintive Wooers ſigh in vain.

If Vows and Gifts are all too weak;
And the [3] dead Paleneſs of my Cheek
Fails thy obdurate Breaſt to move;
If, though thy Conſort ſcorns thy Charms,
And takes a Songſtreſs to his Arms,
Thou wilt not liſten to my worthier Love;

Nor *Cupid*'s feeble Darts can reach
Thy Heart, obdurate as the Beech,
And fierce as Snakes on *Libya*'s Shore;
Yet know, though now my Sides can bear
The pelting Rain, and nipping Air,
[4] The Time will come, when they can bear no more!

NOTES.

We have hitherto only ſeen a Fragment of one of thoſe Songs, which the Gallants uſed to ſing at the Gates of the Courteſans, when they were ſhut out; and that is in the 25th Ode of the firſt Book. But we have here an entire Ode, which *Horace* ſings at the Gate of *Lycé*. What renders it the more valuable, is, that it is the only *Latin* Song, of this Kind, now extant: And in *Greek* we have but three whole ones; *viz.* two in *Theocritus*, and one in *Ariſtophanes*. It is true, indeed, that theſe are ſufficient to give us a clear Idea of this Cuſtom. It is to be remembered, that the Voice and Flute were both employed on theſe Occaſions.

DACIER.

1 ——— *Quo nemus*
Inter pulchra ſitum tecta remugiat.]
It is inferred from this Paſſage, that *Lycé* was a Perſon of conſiderable Fortune, ſince ſhe lived in ſo magnificent a Houſe.

2 *Non*

2 *Non te Penelopen, difficilem procis,*
Tyrrhenus genuit parens.]
Horace here tells *Lycé*, that, being deſcended from a *Tuſcan* Father, Nature did not deſign her for a *Penelopé*: For the *Tuſcans* were addicted to Pleaſure, and very luxurious. It was a common Proverb, by way of Reflection on a Lady's Chaſtity, to ſay, She is no *Penelopé*; in like Manner as we now ſay, Such a one is no *Lucretia*, or no *Veſtal*. Thus alſo *Ovid*, in his firſt Book *de Arte Amandi*;

Penelopen ipſam, perſtes modo, impore vinces.

DACIER.

3 A pale Complection was always eſteemed one of the Marks of Love. Thus *Ovid*:

Palleat omnis amans; color eſt hic aptus amanti.

4 What *Horace* here threatens, was afterwards verified by the Event; for he ſatyrized her in the 13th Ode of the fourth Book.

ODE XI.

To MERCURY.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE *ſen.*

[1]HERMES! (by whom [2]*Amphion*'s Song
Inſpir'd, drew docile Stones along)
And thou, [3]ſweet HARP, who canſt controul
[4]With ſeven harmonious Strings th' according Soul;

Once [5]mute, but [6]grateful now at Feaſts,
To chear the Gods, and godlike Gueſts,
Teach me ſuch Numbers, as may pierce
My [7]*Lydé*'s Ears; though, to my Vows averſe,

She [8] ſports along the verdant Plain,
Like a fleet Filly; ſhuns the Rein;
Fears to be touch'd; nor yet will prove,
Wild and untry'd, the pleaſing Pains of Love!

[9] Thou, Tygers and attentive Woods,
Canſt charm, and ſtop the rapid Floods:
The Porter of th' Infernal Hall,
Fierce *Cerberus*, obeys thy ſoothing Call;

[10] Though all around his dreadful Head,
A hundred hiſſing Snakes are ſpread;
His Mouth though fiery Vapour fills,
And from his triple Tongue black Gore diſtills!

Thy Notes [11] *Ixion*'s Pains beguil'd;
[12] *Tityus* awhile, reluctant, ſmil'd;
Dry was the [13] *Danaids* Urn; thy Strain
Reliev'd the Labours of the Virgin-Train.

‘ [14] The Streams through leaky Veſſels ſpilt,
‘ The Torment equal to their Guilt,
‘ Fair *Lydé*, hear! Revenge, though ſlow,
‘ O'ertakes the Guilty in the Realms below.

‘ Juſt Pains thoſe Siſters ſuffer there,
‘ Who with diſloyal Hand could dare,
‘ Ev'n at the ſilent Hour of Reſt,
‘ (What could they more?) to pierce each Huſ-
‘ band's Breaſt!

‘ Of

‘ Of all the Virgins, One alone
‘ Worthy the Bridal [15] Torch was known,
‘ Who, [16] glorioufly deceitful, brav'd
‘ Her perjur'd Father, and her Conſort ſav'd:

“ Awake! ſhe cry'd; Awake! Ariſe!
“ Leſt Sleep eternal ſeal thy Eyes:
“ Ariſe! and, Oh! elude in Time
“ My Sire's and Siſters unexampled Crime.

“ As on the Lamb the Tygreſs feeds,
“ So by his Bride each Bridegroom bleeds;
“ But I, more merciful, the Blow
“ Nor ſtrike, nor keep thee for a fiercer Foe.

“ [17] Me let my Father load with Chains,
“ Or baniſh to *Numidia*'s Plains,
“ For ſaving thus my wretched Mate,
“ To tread, with doubtful Feet, the Maze of Fate.

“ With happy Omens quit my Bed,
“ By favouring Night and *Venus* led;
“ Then, grateful, on [18] my Tomb rehearſe
“ My pious Love in ſoftly-plaintive Verſe.”

NOTES.

This Ode has two Parts: The firſt conſiſts of ſix Stanzas, and contains the Invocation, and the Praiſes of the Harp. The ſecond Part has ſeven Stanzas, which recite the Song, that *Mercury* dictates to *Horace*.

1 See the Notes on the 10th Ode of the firſt Book.

2 *Amphion*, by the Charms of his Oratory, prevailed on a ſavage People to build Towns, and to live peaceably under the ſame Laws. On this Account the Poets feigned, that the Stones, obſequious to his Notes, ranged themſelves in Order, and built the Walls of *Thebes*, a City of *Bœotia*.

3 *Horace* here addreſſes himſelf to his Harp, as he had before done in the 32d Ode of the firſt Book.

4 —— *Reſonare ſeptem*
Callida nervis.]

The Ancients had the *Tetrachord*, which was a Harp with four Strings, and they had a Harp with ſeven Strings, which was a Sort of double *Tetrachord*, becauſe the Middle String ſerved for the three low and the three high Strings. Theſe ſeven Strings made the ſeven different Tones of Muſic; that is to ſay, the ſeven Intervals that are in an *Octave*. Thus *Virgil*, ſpeaking of *Orpheus*,

Obloquitur numeris ſeptem diſcrimina vocum;
Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectine pulſat eburno.
Æneid vi. *v.* 646 & 647.

His flying Fingers, and his Ivory Quill,
Strike ſeven diſtinguiſh'd Notes. DRYDEN.

5 *Nec loquax olim, neque grata.*] That is, whilſt it was a mere Shell, and not yet wrought into a Harp by *Mercury*.

6 The Harp was made uſe of at all Feaſts and Feſtivals.

7 This was the ſame *Lydê*, to whom the 28th Ode of this Book is addreſſed. We there ſee, that ſhe profited by the Leſſon *Horace* here taught her, and was not always obdurate.

8 *Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,*
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi.]

Theſe two Lines are an Imitation of *Anacreon*, Ode 63,

Νυν δὲ λειμωνάς τε βοσκιὰς,
Κεφάτι σκιρτῶσα παιζεις.

9 *Tu potes.*] The Poet addreſſes himſelf to the *Harp*, and not to *Mercury*. It was the Harp tuned by *Orpheus* that wrought the Miracles here referred to.

10 —— *Centum*
Muniant angues caput.]

For

For this Reaſon *Horace* calls *Cerberus, bellua centiceps*, in the 13th Ode of the ſecond Book.

11 *Ixion* was fixed upon a Wheel in Hell, for attempting to raviſh *Juno*.

12 *Tityus* was ſlain by *Apollo*, for endeavouring to violate *Latona*. Two Vulturs prey upon his Liver in Hell. The Ancients would repreſent by this Fable the Torments ariſing from the Paſſions, which have their Seat in the Liver.

13 See the Story of the *Danaïdes* in the Notes on the 14th Ode of the ſecond Book.

14 The Air, or Song, with which *Mercury* is ſuppoſed to inſpire *Horace*, in Anſwer to his Invocation, begins here.

15 —— *Face nuptiali*
Digna.] As the Bride was conducted at Night to her Huſband's Houſe, Torches were carried before her.

16 —— *Perjurum fuit in parentem,*
Splendide mendax.]
This beautiful Expreſſion may ſerve as one Inſtance of that *curioſa felicitas*, which *Petronius* admired in *Horace*, and is, perhaps, impoſſible to be preſerved in a Tranſlation.

It is remarkable, that *Horace* here tranſfers the Guilt of Perjury from the Daughter, who broke a wicked Oath, to the Father, who had obliged her to take it.

17 *Me pater ſævis oneret catenis.*] This was what actually happened to her; for her Father ſhut her up in a cloſe Priſon, as *Apollodorus* relates: And thus alſo ſhe writes to *Lynceus* in *Ovid*:

Clauſa domo teneor, gravibuſque coërcita vinclis.

I'm cloſe confin'd, and bound with heavy Chains.

18 In *Ovid* ſhe writes her own Epitaph, *viz.*

Exul Hypermneſtra, pretium pietatis iniquum,
Quam mortem fratri depulit, ipſa tulit.

Here *Hypermneſtra* lies, who died
For ſparing *Lynceus'* Life, a baniſh'd Bride!

ODE XII.

To NEOBULE.

WRETCHED the Girl, forbid to prove
Th' alternate Joys of Wine and Love,
And doom'd an [1] Uncle's Threats to fear,
Too rugged for a tender Ear.
The winged Boy, in wanton Play,
Thy Work and Baſket ſteals away:
Thy Web and *Pallas'* curious Toils
Are now become fair *Hebrus'* Spoils;
A Youth more ſkilful, on the Plain,
Than [2] *Glaucus'* Son, to guide the Rein:
Admir'd he ſhines with manly Grace,
Both in the *Cæſtus* and the Race;
With plyant Shoulders can divide
The foaming *Tyber's* rapid Tide;
Along the Lawn purſue the Doe,
And pierce her with unerring Bow;
[3] Or nimbly with his Spear ſurpriſe
The Boar, that cloſe in Covert lies!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Horace addreſſed this Ode to *Neobulé*, to confirm her againſt the ill Temper of an Uncle, and at the ſame Time to juſtify the Love ſhe cheriſhed for *Hebrus*, who was a handſome Youth, well ſkilled in the Exerciſes of the Chace, and other manly Sports.

1 *Metuentes patruæ verbera linguæ.*] Among the *Romans*, Uncles had very great Authority over their Nephews and Nieces; and, as they were ſeldom ſo indulgent as Parents, their moroſe Temper paſſed into a Proverb, and the Word *Patruus*, *Uncle*, was uſed to ſignify a *Cenſor* *. Thus *Horace*, in the third Satire of the ſecond Book;

——— *Ne ſis Patruus mihi* ———

Do not chide me, as if you were my Uncle. Perhaps, therefore, he has here uſed the Words *verbera patruæ linguæ*, for all kind of Cenſors. But it ſeems more probable, that they are to be taken literally, and that *Neobulé* had an Uncle, whom *Horace* here mentions. DACIER.

2 *Bellerophon*, the Son of *Glaucus*, mounted on the Horſe *Pegaſus*, defeated *Chimæra*, who was a Monſter with the Head of a Lion breathing Flames, the Body of a Goat, and the Tail of a Dragon or Serpent. What gave Occaſion to this Fiction, it is ſaid, was this: *Bellerophon* was a good Sailor, and, in a ſwift Ship, called *Pegaſus*, purſued a Pyrate in the Ship *Chimæra*, on whoſe Head was the Image of a *Lion*, in the Middle a *Goat*, and on the Stern a *Dragon*. Other Accounts are alſo given of the Riſe of this Fable.

3 *Celer excipere aprum.*] The Word *excipere* is, properly, applied to thoſe who lie in wait for any one; and *Horace* here uſes it for *opprimere*, to *ſurpriſe*, or *attack unawares*.

* In the ſame Senſe *Duegna* is now uſed among the *Spaniards*.

ODE XIII.

To the Nymph preſiding over the Blanduſian *Fountain.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

I.

NYMPH of the Spring, whoſe Waves ſurpaſs
The Clearneſs of tranſparent Glaſs,
And well deſerve each Rite divine,
The [1] flowery Garland, and the luſcious Wine!

II.

To-morrow's riſing Sun ſhall ſee
A beauteous Victim given to thee;
A Kid, with budding Horns prepar'd
The *Venus* of his Heart to guard:
In vain.—For ſoon his crimſon Blood
Shall ſtain the Cryſtal of thy ſpotleſs Flood.

I.

Not *Phœbus* with his ſultry Beam,
When *Sirius* reigns, can pierce thy Stream:
The Oxen, looſen'd from the Share,
And panting Sheep, to Thee for Shade repair.

II. Among

II.

Among the Springs of nobleſt Fame
Shalt Thou be rank'd, while I proclaim
The ſpreading Oak, whoſe awful Brow
O'erhangs the hollow Rock below;
From which, with gently-babbling Tide,
[2] Thy limpid Waters, fair *Blanduſia*, glide.

NOTES.

They who will carefully examine the Turn, and inimitable Simplicity of the Deſcription, which *Horace* here gives of the Fountain of *Blanduſia*, (which roſe in *Sabinia*, near *Horace*'s Country Seat,) will find it one of the prettieſt Pieces extant in its kind. What renders it ſtill more valuable, is, that it furniſhes us with a very curious Example of the Ceremonies obſerved by the *Romans*, when they ſacrificed to Fountains. DACIER.

1 *Dulci digne mero, non ſine floribus,*] The Ancients, when they made Libations, filled a Cup to the Brim, and covered it with a Chaplet of Flowers. For which Reaſon *Tibullus* ſays,

Coronatus ſtabit et ipſe calix.

Thus alſo *Virgil*:

Crateres magnos ſtatuunt, et vina coronant.

And it is this *vinum coronatum*, as *Statius* calls it, which *Horace* here means by *merum, non ſine floribus.*

2 The Springs of Rivers were ſacred, and had their Divinities; on which Account, Groves were dedicated to them, Chapels conſecrated, and Altars raiſed. Thus *Horace*, in the firſt Ode of the firſt Book:

Ad aquæ lene caput ſacræ,

'At the gentle Source of a ſacred Stream.' For this Reaſon *Homer* (in the ſeventeenth Book of the *Odyſſey*), deſcribing a Fountain near *Ithaca*, ſays, there was an Altar cloſe by it. The Reader will not be diſpleaſed to

ſee his Deſcription of it, which is not very different from this of *Horace*.

——Κατὰ δέ ψυχρὸν ῥεέθρων
Ὑψόθεν ἐκ πέτρης· &c.

Where, from the Rock, with liquid Lapſe diſtills
A limpid Fount ——————
Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there
In ſculptur'd Stone immortalis'd their Care,
In Marble Urns receiv'd it from above,
And ſhaded with a green ſurrounding Grove;
Where ſilver Alders, in high Arches twin'd,
Drink the cool Stream, and tremble to the Wind.
Beneath (ſequeſter'd to the Nymphs), is ſeen
A moſſy Altar, deep embower'd in Green;
Where conſtant Vows by Travellers are paid,
And holy Horrors ſolemniſe the Shade. POPE.

In *Ovid*'s third Book *de Faſtis*, *Numa* offers a Sacrifice to a Fountain, in all reſpects like this, only he gives a Sheep, whereas *Horace* here promiſes a Kid:

——————*Fonti rex Numa mactat ovem,*
Plenaque odorati diſponit pocula Bacchi.

We have here a Victim, Wine, and Crowns; for *plena pocula odorati Bacchi, full Cups of fragrant Wine*, is the ſame thing as *pocula floribus coronata, Cups of Wine crowned with Flowers*, or (in *Horace*'s Words) *merum cum floribus*. This Paſſage of *Ovid* ought, therefore, to be tranſlated thus: 'King *Numa* ſacrifices a Sheep to this 'Fountain, and places on its Banks full Cups of Wine 'crowned with Flowers.' We are alſo taught here one Particular, which is not expreſſed in *Horace*, namely, that after having offered up a Sheep or a Kid, and poured out a little Wine to make Libations, the Cups, with the Wine in them, were placed on the Margin of the Fountain, to invite the Gods of thoſe Streams to come and drink of it. DACIER.

The

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To the PEN, *employed in writing Sermons.*

O Thou! whoſe Nip the trivial Strain
Of amorous Bard ſhall ne'er profane,
To-morrow ſhall the Pulpit ſee
A beauteous Proſpect drawn by Thee;
And Honey from the ſacred Rock,
Inſtill'd by Thee, ſhall chear my rural Flock.

What though, in thoughtleſs Sports and Play,
They now beguile the jocund Day,
Soon ſhalt Thou fill each vacant Mind
With Pleaſures of a nobler kind,
And, calm'd by thy perſuaſive Lore,
Their truant Paſſions ſhall rebell no more.

Thou art the friendly Crook, that leads
My fainting Sheep to dewy Meads:
By thy bleſt Guidance they repair
To fertile Fields, and balmy Air;
And, ſafe from Wolves, with Tranſport ſtray
Through Groves, where Streams of living Waters play.

Thy deathleſs Praiſes ſhall inſpire
Some Poet with a Preacher's Fire;

While

While I thoſe fluttering Feathers ſing,
That tremble o'er the ſilver Spring;
From whence, with ſwift, but ſilent Tide,
O'er ſnow-white Leaves thy ſable Waters glide.

Sundrich, Kent, 1754.

ODE XIV.

On the Return of AUGUSTUS *from* Spain.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

CÆSAR, like *Hercules*, in *Spain*,
Who, late we boaſted, won with Blood
The Laurel Wreath, now [1] comes again
Victorious to his high Abode.

Let [2] Her, to whom auſpicious Fate
Th' Imperial Diadem has given,
Go forth to meet her matchleſs Mate,
And pay her pious Vows to Heaven.

The Band let good [3] *Octavia* lead
Of all the noble Wives of *Rome*,
And with due Gratitude proceed
To welcome our Deliverer home.

And [4] You, whoſe Sons eſcap'd the Sword,
In Hymns to Heaven your Voice employ;

But

But let no inauſpicious Word
Eſcape to damp the Public Joy.

No gloomy Cares ſhall overſpread
And cloud this glorious Feſtival;
Nor [5] War, nor Tumults, will I dread,
While *Cæſar* rules the conquer'd Ball.

[6] Go, Boy, fetch Oil; and Crowns prepare;
And broach the Caſks, that 'ſcap'd the Hands,
(If any ſuch remaining are)
[7] Of *Spartacus*'s vagrant Bands.

With eſſenc'd Hair, in Fillets tied,
Let not at home *Neæra* ſtay:
Go, bring my Songſtreſs—If deny'd,
Or ſhould ſhe linger, haſte away.

[8] Grey Locks impetuous Heat reclaim:
When [9] bold with Youth, in *Plancus*' Year,
A Trifle would my Blood inflame,
Nor [10] could I then ſuch Treatment bear.

NOTES.

Monſieur *Le Fevre* rightly obſerves, that this Ode was written in the Year of *Rome* 729, under the tenth Conſulſhip of *Auguſtus*, who then returned from *Spain*, where he had been four Years waging War againſt the *Cantabrians*; for he ſet out on that Expedition in his ſeventh Conſulſhip, in the Year 726, and did not return to *Rome* till the Year 729, in his tenth Conſulſhip, after a long Sickneſs, of which he had like to have died. *Suetonius* writes, that he received his eighth and his ninth Conſulſhip

ſulſhip at *Tarragona: Octavum et nonum conſulatum Tarracone iniit.* But he does not ſay, that he there received the tenth; which has been aſſerted without Foundation, in Defiance of hiſtorical Truth; for he ſet out from *Spain*, on his Return, at the End of his ninth Conſulſhip, and arrived at *Rome* at the Beginning of the Year 729, as appears by a Paſſage in *Dion*, Book 53. *Horace* therefore wrote this Ode on the Return of *Auguſtus*, juſt about the Time of his Arrival. He had before written the 35th Ode of the firſt Book,

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,

on his Departure for this Expedition. DACIER.

1 —— *Hiſpanâ repetit Penates*
Victor ab orâ.]

The Word *repetit*, *returns*, in the preſent Tenſe, ſhows that *Horace* wrote this Ode on the News of *Auguſtus*'s Approach, and before he had made his public Entry into *Rome*.——By *Penates*, his *Houſhold Gods*, he denotes *Auguſtus*'s *Palace*.——He was thought to have put an End to the War with the *Cantabrians*; but they revolted ſeveral Times after his Departure, and were not entirely quelled till the Year of *Rome* 734, or 735, when they were ſubdued by *Agrippa*.

2 *Unico gaudens mulier marito*
Prodeat.]

Horace here points out *Livia*, the Wife of *Auguſtus*, without naming her. Though ſhe was one of the moſt beautiful Women in the World, her Wiſdom ſtill ſurpaſſed her Beauty. *Dion* relates, that ſome naked Men having one Day met her (whether by Chance, or by Deſign, is uncertain), the Senate would have condemned them to Death; but ſhe interceded for them, and procured their Pardon, ſaying, 'that to a virtuous Woman a 'naked Man was no more than a Statue.'

The Line above-quoted (the literal Tranſlation of which is, *Let the Wife delighting in her Huſband alone*, or *in one Huſband, go forth*) has very much perplexed the Critics: 'For,' ſay they, 'it can ſcarce be imagined, 'that a Man of *Horace*'s Politeneſs would compliment '*Livia* at the Expence of all the other *Roman* Ladies; 'which yet he plainly does, if this be the true Read-'ing, and the true Conſtruction of this Paſſage.' Mr. *Cuningham* therefore, for *unico*, reads *unicè gaudens*, *entirely*

tirely rejoicing; which is, at leaſt, a very plauſible Correction, and adopted by *Sanadon*.

Dacier ſeems to think, that the Word *unicus* may ſignify here *peerleſs*, or *unparelleled*. If this can be juſtified, it undoubtedly gives a rational Meaning, and is followed by the Tranſlator, as moſt agreeable to Common Senſe.

3 *Soror clari ducis.*] *Octavia* was the Siſter of *Auguſtus*, and, at that Time, the Widow of *Marc Antony*.

4 *Matres virginum, juvenumque nuper*
Soſpitum.]

He here addreſſes himſelf to the Mothers of thoſe young *Romans*, who followed *Auguſtus* into *Spain*, and had eſcaped all the Dangers of that bloody War.

5 ——— *Ego nec tumultum,*
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæſare terras]

By *tumultus*, *Horace* means *Civil Wars*. This Phraſe cannot be better explained, than by a parallel Paſſage in the 15th Ode of the fourth Book:

Cuſtode rerum Cæſare, non furor
Civilis, nec vis eximit otium.

Furor Civilis is what he here calls *Tumultus*; and *Vis*, in both theſe Paſſages ſignifies *foreign Wars*.

Tenente Cæſare terras, and *Cuſtode rerum Cæſare*, have juſt the ſame Senſe; for the Word *tenere* ſignifies here *cuſtodire*, to *protect*, or *defend*.

6 The four firſt Stanzas of this Ode (here tranſlated in five) are grave and ſolemn; the three laſt ſportful and gay.

7 *Spartacum ſi qua potuit vagantem*
Fallere teſta.]

Sixteen or ſeventeen Years after the *Marſian* War, the *Romans* were engaged in the War of *Spartacus*, who, putting himſelf at the Head of a ſmall Number of Gladiators at *Capua*, which was daily increaſed by Slaves reſorting to him from all Parts, ravaged all *Italy*. See *Florus*, Book iii. Chap. 20. The Addreſs of *Horace* here deſerves to be remarked; who, while he ſeems only to be ſportfully treating of old Wine, gives a lively Deſcription of the Calamities of this War, to enhance thereby

thereby the Bleſſings the *Romans* enjoyed under the mild Reign of *Auguſtus*. *Si quâ* ratione; as in *Virgil*,

——— *Si quâ fata aſpera rumpas.*

The Word *vagans* is very expreſſive of the wide Havock made by thoſe Gladiators, who ſpread themſelves to the fartheſt Part of the Country of the *Brutii*, where they were cut to Pieces by *Licinius Craſſus*. DACIER.

8 *Albeſcens capillus.*] *Horace* was then 42 Years old.

9 ——— *Calidus juventâ,*
Conſule Planco.]

Horace was born under the Conſulſhip of *L. Manlius Torquatus*, in the Year of *Rome* 689; and the *L. Munatius Plancus*, here mentioned, was Conſul in the Year 711: So that *Horace* was then but in his 23d Year.

10 *Non ego hoc ferrem.*] *Ferrem* is here put for *tuliſſem*: This Change of the Tenſe is frequent in good Authors. DACIER.

ODE XV.

To CHLORIS.

THOU Wife of *Ibycus* the Poor,
At length to Scandal bar the Door;
Advancing near thy funeral Flame,
Set Bounds to thy notorious Shame:
Sport not among the Virgin-Train,
Nor ſparkling Stars with Vapours ſtain.
What ſuits the Daughter in her Prime,
In wrinkled Age is deem'd a Crime.
For ſhe, with *Bacchanalian* Rage,
In midnight Frolics may engage,

And,

And, like a Kid, with better Grace,
In wanton Sport her *Nothus* chaſe.
The Wool, near fair [2] *Luceria* ſhorn,
Will more than Harps thy Hands adorn.
The purple Roſe is now too weak
To hide the Paleneſs of thy Cheek.
Since Age and Riot ill agree,
Think on thy own Mortality!
For Revels will not Thee become,
Grown old, and bending to the Tomb.

NOTES.

This Ode is entirely ſatirical. *Horace* wrote it againſt *Chloris*, the Mother of *Pholoë*. It is uncertain at what Time it was made. However, it ſeems probable, that it was written after the 23d Ode of the *firſt*, and the 5th Ode of the *ſecond* Book.

1 *Uxor pauperis Ibyci.*] When the Courtezans began to grow old, it was uſual with them (that they might more ſafely proſecute their infamous Commerce) to marry ſuch poor Men as this *Ibycus*, who were rather their Slaves than Huſbands. Thus this firſt Verſe is very ſatirical, and *Horace* deſcribes her Trade barely by calling her *the Wife of poor* Ibycus. DACIER.

In like manner a Lady of Quality, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, married a Footman, to ſkreen herſelf from her Creditors. The Conſequence was, *he* was thrown into the *Fleet*, and *ſhe* retired into *Holland*.

2 *Luceria* was an ancient and conſiderable City of *Daunian Apulia*: The Paſture-Grounds about it were excellent, *Strabo* ſays, that the Wool of that Country was finer and more ſoft than the Wool of *Tarentum*, but not ſo white.

ODE

ODE XVI.

To MÆCENAS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

[1]WITHIN [2]a brazen Tower immur'd,
Strong Gates and watchful Dogs ſecur'd
From [3]nightly Lovers *Danaë*;
But all the Father's fruitleſs Cares,
His jealous Doubts, and anxious Fears,
[4]*Venus* and *Jove* in ſecret ſmil'd to ſee:
They knew no Gates ſo ſtrong, no Dogs ſo bold,
As to exclude a God transform'd to Gold.

When Gold appears, what Guards deny
A ready Paſſage? Warriors fly,
Rocks open, at the Touch of Gold.
Nor *Jove* ſo ſure a Bolt can boaſt:
The [5]*Grecian* Sage by Gold was loſt,
And all his Family betray'd, or ſold:
[6]*Philip* by Gold unbarr'd the ſtrongeſt Gates;
By Gold he conquer'd all the rival States.

Rough Captains, boiſterous as the Seas,
All-powerful Preſents can appeaſe.
Wealth ever is purſu'd by Care.

[7]O Glory

[7] O Glory of th' *Equeſtrian* Name,
Mæcenas! Diffidence and Shame
Allow me not aloft my Head to rear.
The more each Man ſhall to himſelf deny,
The more the Gods ſhall all his Wants ſupply.

I, to no wild Deſires a Slave,
Join with the few, that nothing crave,
And ſcorn to haunt the rich Man's Door:
Of what my humble Fields afford,
By juſter Claim, the ſplendid Lord,
Than if, amidſt exhauſtleſs Plenty, poor,
My ample Garners held whate'er the Swains
Induſtrious reap on rich *Apulia*'s Plains.

What though, in ermin'd Purple gay,
The [8] Conſul wide extends his Sway
O'er ſultry *Afric*'s fruitful Soil;
He knows not that a [9] purling Rill,
A ſhady Grove, a Field that ſtill
With ſure Increaſe repays the Tiller's Toil,
Such heart-felt Joys to Me, contented, yield,
As muſt from Him for ever be conceal'd.

What though no *Gallic* Flocks for Me
Are fed, nor the [10] *Calabrian* Bee
Diſtills her honey'd Sweets; nor Caſks
Of [11] *Formian* Wine my Cellars ſtore;
Yet *Horace* knows not Want; and more
You freely will beſtow, if more he aſks;
But,

But, unambitious, he alone deſires
What a ſmall decent Competence requires.

My Tax more chearfully I pay,
Than if I held unbounded Sway,
And ſubject Provinces poſſeſs'd:
He that, repining, covets more,
Is ever wanting, ever poor:
For thoſe alone I deem completely bleſs'd,
To whom, indulgent to their Wiſhes, Heaven
[12] ENOUGH, but with no laviſh Hand, has given.

NOTES.

This Ode is of a mixed Character, partly ſatirical, partly moral. *Horace* at firſt inveighs againſt Avarice, and deſcribes the ill Effect that Riches are apt to produce. But this is not his chief Deſign; for from hence he takes Occaſion to thank *Mæcenas* for the ſmall Houſe he had given him; and ſhows how much Reaſon he had to be better ſatisfied with it, than if he had given him a Province or a Kingdom. DACIER.

1 *Incluſam Danaën, &c.*] *Acriſius*, King of *Argos*, having been warned by the Oracle, that he ſhould be killed by his Grandſon, locked up his Daughter in a ſtrong Tower, well guarded, where no Man was allowed to converſe with her: But all theſe Precautions were ineffectual. *Prætus*, the Brother of *Acriſius*, found means to get Acceſs to her: And ſhe gladly allowed the Careſſes of her Uncle, to be delivered from the Tyranny of her Father. From this Commerce *Perſeus* was born; and, as *Prætus* had bribed the Guards, it was pretended, that *Jupiter*, deſcending in a Shower of Gold, or, as *Pindar* ſays, in a Snow of Gold, had fallen into the Lap of *Danaë*, and that *Perſeus* was her Son by *Jupiter*. DACIER.

2 *Turris aënea.*] *A brazen Tower*, to ſignify a very ſtrong Tower. Thus, in the 3d Ode of this Book, *Horace*

race uſes *murus aëneus*, for a ſtrong Wall; and *Virgil*, in the 6th *Æneid*, ſpeaking of Hell, ſays,

——— *Cyclopum educta caminis*
Mœnia conſpicio.

'I ſee the Walls, forged in the Furnace of the *Cyclops*.'

Propertius calls this Tower *ferratam domum, an Iron Houſe*. DACIER.

3 *Nocturnis ab adulteris.*] *Horace* uſes the Words *mœchus*, and *adulter*, for a *Gallant*. See the 25th, the 33d, and the 36th Odes of the firſt Book.

4 *Jupiter et Venus.*] *Venus* and *Jupiter* ſmiled at all the Precautions of *Acriſius*. This is a Circumſtance by no means to be omitted in the Picture of this Story. The Ancients had Pictures of it, as appears from the *Eunuch* of *Terence*.

5 ——— *Concidit auguris*
Argivi domus.]

He means *Amphiaräus*, who had married *Eriphyle*, the Siſter of *Adraſtus*, King of *Argos*. He was a Prophet, and, foreſeeing he was to die in the *Theban* War, refuſed to follow *Adraſtus* and *Polynices* thither, concealing himſelf from them. But *Polynices*, having bribed *Eriphyle* with a golden Bracelet ſet with Jewels, ſhe betrayed him. For which Reaſon, on his Departure, he charged his Son *Alcmæon* to kill his Mother, as ſoon as he ſhould hear of his Death. The very Day of his Arrival at *Thebes*, the Earth opening, he was ſwallowed up alive in his Chariot: On Advice of which, *Alcmæon* killed his Mother; and was afterwards ſlain himſelf by his Uncles, in Revenge of her Death. *Amphilochus*, the Brother of *Alcmæon*, was alſo killed before *Thebes*. Thus the Avarice of this Woman was the ſole Cauſe of the Deſtruction of all the Family. DACIER.

6 *Vir Macedo.*] Among the *Roman* Authors, *The Man of Macedon*, ſignifies *Philip*; and *juvenis Macedo*, *Alexander*, his Son. Thus, in *Juvenal*, *Pellæo juveni* is uſed for *Alexander*. Mr. *Pope* has dignified the former of theſe Phraſes in *Engliſh*, by his amiable Character of *The Man of Roſs*, who, in the Eye of right Reaſon, was much more worthy of Applauſe than *The Man of Macedon*. D.

Ib. King

Ib. King *Philip*, having received this Anſwer from the Oracle,

Αργυρέαις λόγχαισι μαχȣ, καὶ παντα κρατήσεις,

Fight with Silver Weapons, and thou ſhalt conquer all Things; had a juſt Senſe of the Meaning of it, and frequently prevailed on the Governors of Cities, by large Sums of Money, to open the Gates to him. A Spy informing him one Day, that a Caſtle, which he was going to attack, was ſtrongly fortified, and ſeemed to be impregnable, he briſkly anſwered, 'What! do you think we 'ſhall not find a Way into it for a Mule loaded with 'Gold?' DACIER.

7 *Mæcenas, equitum decus.*] *Horace* calls *Mæcenas, the Glory of the Knights*, on account of the great Qualities which diſtinguiſhed him from others; and becauſe, though he was the Favourite of *Auguſtus*, he was contented with that Title, and only uſed his Intereſt to procure thoſe Honours for his Friends, which he himſelf declined.

8 *Horace* here means the *Proconſul* of *Africa*; and chuſes this Inſtance, becauſe *Africa* was the largeſt and be[illegible]*man* Province: On which Account it is ſtyled by *Ci*[illegible] *Omnium provinciarum arx, The Tower of all the P*[illegible]*s.*

9 [illegible]*ræ rivus aquæ, &c.*] He here ſums up the chief Ingredients of his Happineſs. See alſo the 6th Satire of the 2d Book.

10 He ſpeaks of the Honey of *Tarentum* in *Calabria*; which he alſo compares to the Honey of *Hymettus*, in the 6th Ode of the ſecond Book.

11 *Nec Læſtrigoniâ Bacchus in amphorâ*
Langueſcit mihi.]

The *Læſtrigons* were an ancient People of *Sicily*, who, removing from thence, ſettled at *Formia*, a City of *Campania*, between *Cajeta* and *Minturnæ*; for which Reaſon it was called *Læſtrigonia*. *Horace*, therefore, by *Læſtrigonia amphora* means the *Formian* Wine, which was eſteemed one of the beſt Sort in *Italy*. He had before celebrated it in the 20th Ode of the firſt Book.

12 ——— *Quod ſatis eſt.*] *Horace* has made uſe of the ſame Phraſe in the firſt Ode of this Book, and alſo in one

one of his Epiſtles. The Senſe of it is not to be confined to the Neceſſaries of Life; it rather means what we call *a Competence* in *Engliſh*; as it is juſtly explained by *Seneca*, *Primò, habere quod neceſſe eſt: ſecundò, quod ſatis eſt.* 'The firſt Point is to gain the *Neceſſaries* of 'Life; the ſecond, a *Competence*.'

Mr. *Waller*, in his Paraphraſe on the Lord's Prayer, has tranſlated this Paſſage of *Horace verbatim*;

Give us enough, but with a ſparing Hand.

We are told by Mr. *Rowe*, in his Life of *Shakeſpeare*, that Mr. *Hales* of *Eton*, being in Company with ſeveral learned Men, where the Converſation happened to turn on *Shakeſpeare*'s Writings, and his Want of Learning; after others had delivered their Opinions, he ſaid, 'That if Mr. *Shakeſpeare* had not read the Ancients, he 'had likewiſe not ſtolen any thing from them; and that 'whoever would produce any one Topic finely treated 'by any of them, he would undertake to ſhow ſome-'thing upon the ſame Subject, at leaſt as well written 'by *Shakeſpeare*.'

As one Inſtance of this kind, I will here produce a few Lines from a Speech in *Shakeſpeare* on the Power of Gold, to be compared with *Horace*'s Verſes:

——— This, this, ye Gods!
Will lug your Prieſts and Servants from your Sides;
Pluck ſtout Mens Pillows from below their Heads.
This yellow Slave will knit and break Religions;
Make the hoar Leproſy ador'd; place Thieves,
And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,
With Senators on the Bench: This is it,
That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
She, whom the Spittle-houſe and ulcerous Sores
Would caſt the Gorge at, *this* embalms, and ſpices
To the *April* Day again.

SHAKESPEARE, *Vol.* v. Timon *of* Athens, *Act* iv.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. SAMUEL SAY.

Danaë, inclos'd in Towers of Braſs,
Strong Iron Gates, and opening Dogs,
Wakeful, had well ſecur'd by Day,
Had well ſecur'd by Night;
If *Jove* and *Venus* had not mock'd
The jealous Sire.—So Fables tell—
Vain Iron! Vain Braſs! transform'd to Gold,
He won the greedy Maid.
When Gold appears, the Guards retire,
The Floods divide, the Rocks are rent;
Not Thunder flings the fiery Bolt
With ſuch reſiſtleſs Power.
Subjects their Kings, and Prieſts their Gods,
Exchange for Gold. The Gownman Right
And Wrong confounds; for Gold he pleads;
For Gold betrays the Cauſe.
Touch'd by thy ſtronger Force, tow'rds Thee
The Compaſs veers, almighty Gold!
Before thee Wiſdom, Valour, Senſe,
And Virtue are no more.
[1] Care follows cloſe, where Gold precedes:
Sweet Innocence, Contentment, Peace,
No more ſhall bleſs the Day; no more
Soft Slumbers bleſs the Night.
[2] This *Horace* ſaw, wiſe Bard! and durſt
Refuſe the glittering Bribe; to ſhare

With

With *Cæſar* all the World; to ſhare
The World, and ſhare the Toil.
'Tempt me no more, *Mæcenas*, tempt
'No more thy *Flaccus* to aſpire
'To Wealth and Power; he fears the Helm
'Becauſe he fears the Storm.
'What we deny ourſelves, juſt Heaven
'Reſtores with Intereſt. Naked, ſee!
'Naked thy humble Friend deſerts
'The Party of the Great.
'Glad Fugitive — he longs to reach
'The Camp of the contented Few,
'Whoſe little is enough — ENOUGH —
'That ſweeter Word for All!'
O decent Pride! O truly Lord
Of his Poſſeſſions, who ſtill bears
A Soul above them! richer far
Than all *Apulia*'s Stores,
Heap'd in the crowded Barn, could make
The Mind, that covets without End,
And, drinking, thirſts for more! O Wretch,
In utmoſt Plenty, poor!
A ſilver Stream, a ſilent Grove,
A Summer's Eve, a ſmall Eſtate,
Still faithful to its Lord: A Life
Retir'd from Noiſe or Care,
Steals through the World, with Joys unknown
To the profaner Mind; with Joys
Unknown to crowded Courts; to Peers
And ſcepter'd Kings unknown!

Though no proud Palace loads the Ground,
Or towers into the Sky; no Car,
With gilded Trappings gay, behind
Beſtuck with pamper'd Slaves,
Moves ſlow in State; nor coſtly Wines
Tokay, *Champaign*, or *Burgundy*,
Nor high *Ragouts* deceive the Taſte,
And propagate Diſeaſe!
Yet fair CONTENT my Cottage chears;
Lettuce and Peaſe my Garden yields:
Plain Food, ſoft Ale, and homebrew'd Wines,
Still crown my healthful Board.
Though fragrant Fields, or ſpreading Lawns,
Where the Sheep graze, and Oxen low,
Or ſtalks the Stag, with Head erect,
I ſometimes muſing rove:
Pleas'd with his Load, ſometimes my Pad
Smooth ambles to the neighbouring Gate,
Which opens friendly to receive
The not unwelcome Gueſt.
Happy! who knows himſelf, and knows
To judge of Happineſs; to whom
Wiſe Heaven, with kind but frugal Hand,
Has each juſt Want ſupplied.

1720.

NOTE.

A ſmall Collection of Poems, with two Critical Eſſays in Proſe, *viz.* the firſt on the *Harmony*, *Variety*, and *Power* of *Numbers*, whether in *Proſe* or *Verſe*; the ſecond on the *Numbers* of PARADISE LOST; written by the learned

learned Author of this Ode, appeared in the Year 1745, in a ſmall Volume in 4to.

Theſe Eſſays have been much admired by ſome Perſons of Taſte and Judgment. But as this Book was only printed by Subſcription among the little Circle of his Friends and Acquaintance, it has fallen into few Hands.

This Ode may be produced as an Inſtance, that Rhime is not wanting, where Verſe is written with Eaſe and Elegance.

1 *Care follows cloſe, where Gold precedes*, &c.] This Sentiment is ſtrongly enforced and expanded by a modern Claſſic. 'When the Deſire of Wealth takes hold 'of the Mind, let us look round, and ſee how it ope-'rates upon thoſe, whoſe Induſtry or Fortune has ob-'tained it. When we find them oppreſſed with their 'own Abundance, luxurious without Pleaſure, idle 'without Eaſe, impatient and querulous in themſelves, 'and deſpiſed, or hated, by the reſt of Mankind, we 'ſhall ſoon be convinced, that if the real Wants of this 'Condition are ſatisfied, there remains little to be 'ſought with Sollicitude, or deſired with Ardour.'

The RAMBLER, No. 58.

2 *This* Horace *ſaw*, &c.] This alludes to *Horace*'s declining the Place of Secretary of State, which was offered him by *Auguſtus*.

ODE XVII.

To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

ÆLIUS,[1] whoſe noble [2] Lineage ſprings
From a long Race of ancient Kings,
(From [3] Him the *Lamia*'s Blood roll'd down,
Who greatly fill'd the *Formian* Throne,

Where the ſlow Streams of *Liris* rove
In Silence through *Marica*'s Grove)
To-morrow from the [4] Eaſt ſhall roar
Bleak Storms, and ſpread with Weeds the Shore;
With Leaves the Ground; unleſs in vain
[5] Croaks the old Crow, preſaging Rain.
Haſte then to ſtore thy Billets dry;
[6] To-morrow let a Porker die;
With this and Wine thy Genius chear,
Nor to thy Slaves be too ſevere;
But let thy Houſhold, free from Care,
With Thee the ſocial Banquet ſhare.

NOTES.

1 This is the ſame *Lamia* mentioned in the 26th Ode of the firſt Book, and in the 4th Epiſtle.

2 *Horace* follows *Homer*, who, in the 10th Book of the *Odyſſey*, ſpeaks of *Lamus*, as King of the *Leſtrigons*.

No one contemns the Honour of a Deſcent from a long Race of worthy Anceſtors, but ſuch as have no Pretenſion to that Honour themſelves.

'The Pride of Anceſtry, and the Deſire of continuing 'our Lineage, when they tend to an Incitement of vir-'tuous and noble Actions, are undoubtedly laudable.'

The CONNOISSEUR, No. 102.

3 *Quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt*
Denominatos; et nepotum
Per memores genus omne faſtos,
Auctore ab illo ducis originem, &c.]

Daniel Heinſius reads *ducit* inſtead of *ducis*; and obſerves, that *genus* is the Nominative Caſe. *Bentley* has put the Juſtneſs of this Correction paſt Diſpute; he ſhows alſo, that the Parentheſis muſt be placed after *Tyrannus*. *Sanadon* ſtrikes out theſe four Lines, and joins the firſt Verſe with the fifth. He offers ſeveral plauſible Reaſons for this Correction; but as he does not pretend to have the

the Authority of any Manuſcript, or ancient Copy, this ſeems to be treating *Horace* in the ſame *cavalier* Manner as *Bentley* treated *Milton*.

4 *Demiſſa tempeſtas ab Euro.*] He ſays, this Tempeſt ſhall be cauſed by the *Eaſt South-Eaſt* Wind; becauſe it is very ſtormy, and brings into *Italy* all the Rain, with which it is loaded in its long Paſſage over the *Mediterranean* Sea. DACIER.

5 —— *Aquæ niſi fallit augur,*
Annoſa cornix.]

In like manner he calls the Crow, in the 27th Ode of this Book, *divinam imbrium imminentium, prophetic of impending Showers*. The Crow preſages Rain, when ſhe caws, and walks alone on the Sea Shore, or on the Banks of Rivers and Pools. Thus *Virgil*, in the firſt *Georgic*:

Tum cornix raucâ pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et ſola in ſiccâ ſecum ſpatiatur arenâ.

The Crow with clamorous Cries the Shower demands,
And ſingle ſtalks along the deſert Sands. DRYDEN.

Pliny makes the ſame Obſervation, in the 35th Chapter of his 18th Book: *Et cum terreſtres volucres contra aquas clangores dabunt perfundentes ſeſe, ſed maxime cornix.* 'It 'is a Sign of Rain, when Land-Fowl, and eſpecially 'Crows, are clamorous near Waters, and waſh them-'ſelves.' DACIER.

6 ——— *Cras Genium mero*
Curabis, et porco bimeſtri,
Cum famulis operum ſolutis.]

'To-morrow thou ſhalt chear thy Genius with Wine, 'and a Porket two Months old, in the Company of thy 'Servants, diſcharged from Labour.' This ſhows that *Horace* does not ſpeak here of the Sacrifice, which uſed to be offered to the *Genius* on Birth-Days; for, on thoſe Occaſions, no Blood was ſpilt; they gave only thick Milk, Cakes, Wine, Flowers, and Incenſe. Becauſe a Pig was offered to the *Lares*, *Lambinus* thinks it may be inferred, that one was alſo offered to the *Genius*. But he is miſtaken: The Oblations to the *Genius*, and to the *Lares*, were different.

It muſt be remembered that *Horace* wrote this Ode to *Lamia*, then in the Country, at his *Villa* near *Formia*:

And the Sum of it is no more than this: That ſince the next Day was likely to be wet, and unfit for his Slaves to work, he ſhould improve the Occaſion to his own and their Entertainment. DACIER.

ODE XVIII.

To FAUNUS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

FAUNUS,[1] ſtill fond to chaſe the Train
Of Nymphs who fly thee; gracious rove
[2] Along my Bounds and ſunny Plain;
[3] Nor from my Flock in Wrath remove,

If, every Year, a Kid reſign
His Blood; if the full Bowl, the [4] Friend
Of *Venus*, pour its copious Wine;
And Steams from [5] thy old Shrine aſcend —

In Paſtures all the Cattle ſport,
Soon as returns thy [6] hallow'd Day;
To Meads the vacant Hinds reſort,
And, [7] round th' unharneſs'd Oxen, play.

[8] The Lamb from Wolves no longer flies;
[9] For Thee the Wood its Honours ſheds;
His Spade no more the Delver plies,
But thrice the Ground in Gambols treads.

NOTES.

NOTES.

This Ode was written by *Horace* at his Country-Houſe in *Sabinia*, and ſung at the Feſtival of *Faunus*. It is divided into two equal Parts, as has been obſerved by *Bentley* and *Sanadon*. The firſt Part contains the Prayer of the Poet; the latter deſcribes the Bleſſings beſtowed by the God, and the Rejoicings of the Village. It is abſurd to make all the Sequel of the Ode depend on the *Si* of the fifth Verſe, as *Dacier* has done. The Flocks ſporting in the Meadows, and the Lambs ſafely grazing in the midſt of Wolves, are Effects of the God's Benevolence, but cannot be Motives to aſk it, nor Means to obtain it.

1 *Faunus* is the ſame as *Pan*. He was a very amorous Deity, and on that Account was called *Inuus*, *Incubus*.

2 *Per meos fines et aprica rura.*] *Horace* calls his Houſe in *Sabinia*, *aprica rura*, *ſunny Fields*, becauſe it lay open to the riſing and ſetting Sun: It was ſheltered on the *North* and on the *South* by high Hills. See the 16th Epiſtle of the firſt Book. DACIER.

3 *Lenis incedas.*] *Pan* was a very choleric God. He is thus deſcribed in the firſt *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*:

Shepherd! I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground!
'Tis now high Noon, and *Pan* will hear the Sound;
Weary'd with Sport, he there lies down to reſt,
And is a fretful God.

Horace therefore begs him to paſs through his Grounds in good Temper. Beſides, when a God forſook a Country, a City, or a Houſe, it was uſual to beg him not to go away in Wrath, nor to leave any Marks of his Diſpleaſure and Hatred in the Places which he left. DACIER.

Ib. —— *Abeaſque parvis*
Æquus alumnis!]

To underſtand this Paſſage right, it muſt be remembered, the Ancients fancied that many of theſe Gods paſſed the Winter in one place, and the Summer in another. Thus *Faunus* was ſuppoſed to come into *Italy* on the 13th of *February*, and to return into *Arcadia* on the 5th of *December*. A Sacrifice was offered to him both on his

Arrival, and at his Departure. See the 4th and the 17th Odes of the firſt Book. It is on this Account that *Horace* makes uſe of the Word *abeas* here.

By *alumnis*, *Horace* means the young ones of his Flock; who then ſtood much in Need of the Favour of *Faunus*, on account of the approaching Winter, which is always dangerous to young Cattle. DACIER.

4 —— *Veneris ſodali.*] He calls the Cup, *the Companion*, or *Friend of* Venus, becauſe *Bacchus* and *Venus* agree well together. *Horace* does not uſe it as an idle Epithet, but with Deſign; becauſe it could not but be agreeable to an amorous God.

5 *Vetus ara.*] *Faunus* was one of the oldeſt Gods that was worſhipped in *Italy*. His Altar and his Oracles were famous there before the Time of *Evander*.

6 *Cum tibi Nonæ redeunt Decembres.*] The *Nones* of *December* were the 5th Day of that Month: This was one of the Feſtivals of *Faunus*, as it is rightly marked in the *Calendar*.

7 On Feſtivals they let all the Cattle reſt, that were uſed in Huſbandry. The ſame thing was enjoined the *Jews* by the Law of *Moſes*.

8 *Feſtus in pratis vacat otioſo*
Cum bove pagus.]

Dr. *Bentley* tells us, that moſt of the old Copies read *pardus* for *pagus*. Obſerve, ſays he, and ſmile at the Wit of the Monks. Becauſe they read, in the next Line, of *the Wolf walking harmleſs among Lambs*, the good Men changed *pagus* into *pardus*, from *Iſaiah*, Chap. xi. *v.* 6. *The* WOLF *alſo ſhall dwell with the* LAMB, *and the* LEOPARD *ſhall lie down with the Kid: And the Calf, and the young Lion, and the Fatling, together; and a little Child ſhall lead them.* It is not to be doubted, ſays he, but that Reading was derived from this ſacred Original: And, when it had once got Poſſeſſion, the Conceit pleaſed ſo much, that it ran almoſt through all the Copies. But (as he juſtly aſks) what has the *Leopard* to do in *Italy*, which is a Native only of *Africa* and *Aſia*? And what have *feſtus* and *vacans* to do with the *Leopard*? Are *Leopards* uſed in tilling the Fields? The Reading of ſome of the oldeſt Copies, *Feſtus pagus*, is undoubtedly right. Thus *Ovid*, Faſt. i. 667.

Villice,

Villice, da requiem terræ, ſemente peracta:
Da requiem terram qui coluere, viris.
Pagus agat feſtum: pagum luſtrate, coloni:
Et date paganis annua liba focis.

9 *Sparſit agreſtes tibi ſylva frondes.*] In *Italy* the Leaves fall from the Trees in *December*; and *Horace* artfully improves this Circumſtance, as if the Trees themſelves, ſtruck with the Preſence of *Faunus*, ſtrewed their Leaves for him, and ſpread, as it were, a Carpet under his Feet. DACIER.

ODE XIX.

To TELEPHUS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

WITH needleſs Search the Years you trace
From [1] *Inachus* to [2] *Codrus'* Fate;
And [3] *Æacus*'s glorious Race,
And the fam'd Siege of [4] ſacred *Troy* relate:

But when a chearful Fire ſhall blaze,
Or how a [5] *Chian* Caſk will ſell,
Who treats to-night, or merits Praiſe
For tempering the Bath, you ſpare to tell.

To *Midnight*, to the *riſing Moon*,
And to [7] *Murena* quaff the Wine,
[8] Augur elect! 'Tis beſt to crown
The Feaſt with Goblets [9] *three*, at moſt with *nine*.

He, that th' unequal Muſes loves,
A Bard exalted by each Bowl,
With Glaſſes *nine* his Flame improves;
The naked [10] *Graces*, loth to heat the Soul,

And fearing Strife, but *three* allow ——
I joy to rave — Let not the Lute
In Silence hang; the Hautboy blow,
And mellowly inſpire the [11] *Phrygian* Flute.

I hate a Niggard — Roſes ſpread:
Let ancient [12] *Lycus* hear the Noiſe,
And ſhe, ill ſuited to his Bed;
Let *Lycus* hear, repining at our Joys.

[13] Thee, [14] *Telephus*, with ſpreading Hair,
Beauteous as *Heſper*'s ſparkling Ray,
Ripe [15] *Chloë* ſeeks: With love-ſick Care,
And lingering Flames, I doat on *Glycera*.

NOTES.

When *Licinius Muréna* was initiated Augur, *Telephus*, being in Company with *Horace*, ran out into long Diſcourſes on the old *Grecian* Hiſtory; but *Horace* interrupts him by ſinging this Ode, and admoniſhes him to turn his Thoughts to Subjects more ſuitable to the preſent Occaſion. This Ode was written after the 13th, the 23d, and the 33d of the firſt Book, and before the 10th of the ſecond, and the 11th of the fourth Book. *Horace* might then be about 43. DACIER.

1 *Inachus* founded the Kingdom of *Argos* in the Year of the World 2093, in the Time of the Patriarch *Abraham*; and *Codrus*, who was the laſt King of *Athens*, devoted

voted himſelf for his Country in the Year of the World 2882, about the Time of *Saul*, 100 or 110 Years after the War of *Troy*: By which we ſee, that from *Inachus* to *Codrus* there were 789 Years, or thereabouts.

DACIER.

2 The *Athenians* waged War with the *Dorians*; and *Codrus* having learned, that the *Dorians* were told by the Oracle they could not conquer, if they killed the King of *Athens*, he diſguiſed himſelf in the Habit of a Wood-man, and went into the Enemies Camp with a Hedging-hook in his Hand, and a Bundle of Sticks on his Back, where, provoking and wounding a Soldier, he purpoſely ſuffered himſelf to be killed, in order to ſave his Country. DACIER.

3 *Æacus* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Ægina*, and the Father of *Peleus* and *Telamon*.

4 *Sacro ſub Ilio.*] *Horace*, like *Homer*, calls *Troy*, *ſacred*, both becauſe the Walls were built by the Gods, and becauſe it contained a great Number of Temples: For which Reaſon *Virgil* calls it *the Houſe of the Gods*:

O patria, ô Divûm domus Ilium.

5 The *Chian* was eſteemed one of the beſt *Greek* Wines. *Horace* ſpeaks of it in other Places.

6 This Ode ſeems to have been indited at Table. *Horace* here, in an enthuſiaſtic Rapture, and without waiting for *Telephus*'s Reply, calls for Wine, to ſignify it was Time to celebrate this Feſtival, *&c.* This Ode has that free and eaſy Turn, which Men, who know the World, and have a good Genius, commonly give to every thing they ſay. DACIER.

Ib. *Da Lunæ properè novæ*] *Poculum* is underſtood. *Give me a Cup to the New Moon*; that is, *Give me a Cup, that I may drink to the New Moon.* Thus, in the 8th Ode of this Book, *Horace* ſays;

Sume, Mæcenas, cyathos amici
Soſpitis centum,

to ſignify, *Drink a hundred Cups to the Health of your Friend*, &c. He drinks to the New Moon, becauſe *Mæcenas* was made Augur at that Time.

Ib. *Da noctis mediæ.*] He drinks to Midnight, to intimate that the Banquet ſhould continue till that Time.

7 This

7 This is the ſame *Licinius Muréna*, who afterwards conſpired againſt *Auguſtus*. See the Notes on the 10th Ode of the ſecond Book.

8 The College of Augurs was inſtituted at *Rome* by *Numa*. There were at firſt but four, all Patricians. But this Honour being afterwards communicated to the People by the *Ogulnian* Law, five more were added to them; and *Sylla* added ſix: So that the College at laſt conſiſted of fifteen. They were held in high Repute, and their Office was one of the moſt important; ſince it was in their Power to fruſtrate all the Reſolutions both of the Senate and of the People. On this Account, the chief Men of *Rome*, even they who had been Conſuls, and had triumphed, ſollicited for this Prieſthood with great Zeal. The Augurs had this peculiar Privilege, that if any one of them was convicted of a Crime, he could not be deprived of his Prieſthood, without being deprived of his Life at the ſame Time. It may perhaps be thought ſtrange, that, in an Age when the Science of Augury was very much decried, and the Vanity of its Pretenſions well underſtood, this College ſhould, nevertheleſs, ſtill retain its Luſtre. But who does not know the Force of Cuſtoms, and eſpecially of Cuſtoms ſupported by Religion? DACIER.

9 *Tribus aut novem cyathis.*] The Ancients thought unequal Numbers fortunate in all things, and eſpecially at their Feaſts, where they drank three, five, ſeven, or nine Glaſſes, *&c.*

10 ——— *Gratia*
Nudis junctæ ſororibus]
As in the 7th Ode of the fourth Book,
Gratia cum Nymphis, geminiſque ſororibus.
The *Graces* were the three Daughters of *Jupiter*, or of the Sun, *Aglaia*, *Euphroſyne*, and *Thalia*.

'Of all the Gods and Goddeſſes in the old Mythology, they were the moſt worthy of Regard: They preſided over Acts of Benevolence and Gratitude; they 'were the Diſpenſers of Liberality, Eloquence, and 'Wiſdom: An amiable Carriage, a Gaiety of Temper, an eaſy Behaviour, and thoſe Qualities which 'engage Mankind to one another in the Tyes of Love 'and Friendſhip, were all their Gift; and that winning 'Addreſs, which every body feels, and no body can de-

'ſcribe;

'ſcribe; which alone ſometimes ſupplies the Place of 'Merit, and without which Merit itſelf is not beloved.'

Thus Mr. *Maſſieu* expreſſes himſelf, in his Diſſertation on this Subject.

Pindar has addreſſed an elegant Ode to the GRACES, which is as elegantly tranſlated by Mr. *Hughes*. See his Poems, printed for *J. Tonſon*, 1735, Volume II. p. 154. D.

11 ——— *Cur Berecynthiæ*
Ceſſant flamina tibiæ?]

There were two Mountains called *Berecynthia*, one of which was in *Crete*, and the other in *Phrygia*, near the River *Marſyas*. *Horace* means the laſt. The *Berecynthian* or *Phrygian* Flute was employed in the Feaſts of *Cybelé*. *Horace* demands it rather than any other, becauſe it was the moſt proper for joyous Occaſions, where Religion was concerned, as it was here, on account of *Muréna*'s ſacred Function. DACIER.

12 This *Lycus* is no-where elſe named by *Horace*.

13 The Thought in theſe laſt four Lines aroſe from the Love of *Lycus* to his Neighbour: But *Horace* does not connect them with what goes before. Such unexpected Tranſitions are beautiful, eſpecially in Drinking-Songs.

14 This is the ſame *Telephus* mentioned in the 13th Ode of the firſt, and in the 11th Ode of the fourth Book.

15 *Horace* himſelf had been in Love with *Chloë*. See the 23d Ode of the firſt Book, where he alſo calls her *tempeſtivam*; which ſhows that the ſaid 23d Ode was written a little before this.

ODE

ODE XX.

To PYRRHUS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

HOW from the Lioneſs you bear
Her darling Cubs, raſh Boy! beware;
Or You ſhall ſoon, by coward Flight,
Decline the Danger of the Fight:

When, fierce to ſeize her lovely Prey,
Through Crowds of Youths ſhe cleaves her Way,
A furious Battle ſhall enſue,
To fix the Prize with Her or You:

You aim the Shaft; while, dreadful, *She*
Sharpens her Fangs; and, careleſs, he,
The Combat's Arbiter, is ſaid
With naked Foot the Wreath to tread;

[a] Diſplaying with a graceful Air,
To the ſoft Breeze, his ſcented Hair,
Adown his Shoulders looſely ſpread,
Like [2] *Nireus*, or like *Ganymed!*

NOTES.

NOTES.

1 *Horace* here repreſents *Nearchus*, the Judge and the Prize of the Combat, ſo perfectly indifferent about the Event of it, that, without troubling himſelf with their Diſputes, he is wholly taken up in fanning his Neck and fragrant Hair. He has taken great Part of this Thought from the *Trachiniæ* of *Sophocles*, who thus deſcribes the Combat of *Hercules* and *Acheloüs* for *Dejanira*: 'They then furiouſly ruſhed to the Field of Battle, to 'contend for *Dejanira*. *Venus*, who preſides over Love, 'ſat ſole Judge of the Fight, with her Wand in her 'Hand.' As *Sophocles* here gave *Venus* a Wand, *Horace* gives *Nearchus* a Branch of a Palm, which he ſo little values, that he treads it under his Feet.

2 *Nireus* was the moſt beautiful among the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*.

To give ſome Idea, how far a Perſon, who only underſtands *French*, can judge of the Beauties of *Horace*, as a Poet, from *Dacier*, I will here preſent the Reader with his Tranſlation of this Ode, cloſely traced in *Engliſh*.

'*Pyrrhus*, you do not ſee to what Danger you expoſe 'yourſelf, by taking young *Nearchus* from his Miſtreſs. 'It is to take her young ones from a Lioneſs: And, 'like a baſe Raviſher, you will ſoon ſhun the Combat, 'when this Lady ſhall, in a Rage, break through the 'Crowd of her Lovers, to run after her *Nearchus*, and 'to ſnatch him from you. But whilſt *You* prepare your 'Arrows to defend Him, and *She* collects all her Force 'to run after You, and to tear him from you, it is 'ſaid, that this Boy, the Umpire and the Prize of the 'Combat, is ſo little affected by the Efforts which both 'of you make, that he hath put under his naked Feet 'the Palm, which he held in his Hand; and that, de'licately fanning his Shoulders, on which we ſee his 'perfumed Ringlets waving, he appears as beautiful as '*Nireus*, or as the young *Trojan*, whom *Jupiter* ſnatched 'from Mount *Ida*.'

ODE

ODE XXI.

To his CASK.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

Inſcribed to GEORGE JEFFREYS, *Eſq;*

WITH [1] Me [2] coæval, in the Year
Of *Manlius*, whether Plaints thou bear
Or Mirth; or Brawls and frantic Love;
Or, [3] ſacred Caſk! to ſoothing Slumbers move:

[4] Whatever Frame thou ſhalt inſtill,
[5] Deſcend; obedient to the Will
Of my [6] *Corvinus*, and produce,
Reſerv'd for ſuch a Friend, thy mellow Juice.

Though with [7] *Socratic* Learning fraught,
No *Cynic* He, to ſcorn thy Draught:
With Wine, as round it chearly flow'd,
'Tis ſaid, old *Cato*'s rigid Virtue glow'd.

[9] Thou, with thy gentle Torture, oft
Doſt melt the rigid to the ſoft;
And, ſportive, ſtrip from grave Diſguiſe
The Cares, and ſecret Counſels of the Wiſe.

Thou

Thou canſt to anxious Minds reſtore
Spirit and Hope; and give the Poor
A Heart, that neither knows to fear
The wrathful Tyrant's Plume, or Soldier's Spear.

Bacchus, and [10]Beauty's Queen (if kind),
And [11]Hand in Hand the *Graces* join'd,
And theſe fair [12]Lamps, ſhall court thy Stay,
[13]Till riſing *Phœbus* chaſe the Stars away.

1754.

NOTES.

Meſſala Corvinus had, one Day, invited himſelf to ſup with *Horace*; which gave Occaſion to this Ode. *Sanadon* fixes the Date of it to the Year of *Rome* 722, which preceded That, wherein *Meſſala* was Conſul with *Octavius*. The Wars of *Sicily*, ſays he, had too much engaged him before that Time.

1 *Nata mecum Conſule Manlio.*] *Horace* means, that this Caſk was made under the Conſulſhip of *L. Manlius Torquatus* and *L. Aurelius Cotta*, in the Year of *Rome* 688. *Nata* for *facta*: For the Ancients uſed the Word *born* for *made*; as in the 27th Ode of the firſt Book,

Natis in uſum lætitiæ ſcyphis. DACIER.

Dacier is here miſtaken, as *Sanadon* juſtly obſerves. *Nata* ſtands for *impleta*; and the Poet intimates, that the Wine contained in the Caſk was made under the Conſulſhip of *Manlius*. It ſignified little in what Year the Caſk was made, provided the Wine was good: Beſides, it cannot be ſaid of an empty Caſk, that it ſoftens a ſavage Breaſt, chaſes Sorrow, extorts Secrets, *&c.* as *Horace* here ſpeaks. To which it may be added, that the Example alleged by *Dacier*,

Natis in uſum lætitiæ ſcyphis,

is againſt him; for it is plain, that *Cups are made for Joy*, only with relation to the Wine, with which they are

are filled. An empty Cup is no way proper for that Purpoſe.

2 *Horace* was then about 34.

3 *O pia teſta.*] The Critics ſeem puzzled for a Reaſon why *Horace* gives the Epithet of *pious*, or *ſacred*, to his Caſk: Perhaps becauſe it was deſtined to a holy Purpoſe, *viz.* to entertain his Friend.

4 *Quocunque nomine.*] *To whatever Purpoſe employed.* Thus theſe Words are interpreted by *Bentley* and *Sanadon*. To conſtrue them (as moſt Commentators do) *under whatever Conſul*, is plainly to make *Horace* contradict himſelf; ſince he had before told us, in the firſt Verſe, that the Wine was made under the Conſulſhip of *Manlius*. *Maſſicum lectum* does not ſignify *du vin cueilli* (as *Dacier* tranſlates it), *gathered Wine*, (which he himſelf owns to be a very bold Phraſe), but *du vin choiſi*, *du meilleur vin*, *choice Wine*, *the beſt Wine*, as *Sanadon* obſerves.

5 *Deſcende.*] The *Romans* kept their Wines in Store-Rooms at the Top of the Houſe, to ripen them by the Smoke. DACIER.

It were to be wiſhed (ſays M. *Le Clerc*), that M. *Dacier* had here cited his Authors; for no one can believe that Wine was kept above twenty Years (he might have ſaid above thirty) in Garrets, to be ripened by the Smoke: That, perhaps, might have been a good Method to make Vinegar of it, but by no means to make it more delicate. He, therefore, would have done better to have ſaid, that the *Romans* hung up their Jars of Wine on the Walls of their Vaults, or Cellars, as appears by the 23d or 24th Chapters of *Cato*'s Book, *De Re Ruſtica*. M. *Dacier* ſhould always have referred us to his Authors, at leaſt when he aſſerts any thing remarkable. We live in an Age that is extremely diſtruſtful; becauſe it has been found, that ſome Critics as confidently advance things, for which they have no manner of Proof, as thoſe for which they have the beſt. *Bibliotheque Univerſelle, Tome* x. *p.* 280.

6 *Corvino jubente.*] *Publius Valerius Meſſala Corvinus*, (the Perſon here meant) was Conſul in the Year of *Rome* 723, and the ſame who is ſo much celebrated by *Tibullus*. But all the Praiſes given him by that Poet are leſs

leſs to his Honour than the following Encomium of *Cicero*, in his 15th Epiſtle to *Brutus*: *Cave putes probitate, conſtantiâ, curâ, ſtudio Reipublicæ, quidquam illi eſſe ſimile: ut eloquentia, quâ mirabiliter excellit, vix in eo locum ad laudandum habere videatur; quanquam in hac ipſâ, ſapientiæ plus apparet, ita gravi judicio, multâque arte ſe exercuit in veriſſimo genere dicendi. Tanta autem induſtria eſt, tantumque evigilat in ſtudio, ut non maxima ingenio, quod in eo ſummum eſt, gratia habenda videatur.* This amiable Character is alſo an Honour to *Horace*; for we may judge of the Merit of Men by that of their Friends. See the Character of *Meſſala* more at large in Dr. *Middleton*'s Life of *Cicero*, Vol. II. p. 475. 4to Edit.

Ib. The Word *jubente* proves that *Corvinus* had invited himſelf to ſup with *Horace*.

7 —— *Quanquam Socraticis madet*
Sermonibus.]

Philoſophy is juſtly compared to a River, which waters the Mind, and renders it fruitful. The Ancients have often employed the Word *madere* in the ſame Senſe: But it is the more happily introduced here, becauſe the Subject is Drinking. There is an Alluſion of the like kind in Mr. *Pope*, which is carried on with peculiar Propriety and Beauty:

A little Learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the *Pierian* Spring:
There ſhallow Draughts intoxicate the Brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Ib. By *Socratici ſermones*, he means the *Academic* Philoſophy, which opened the Mind, and formed the Judgment, more than any other. On which account *Horace* elſewhere puts it for the Baſe and Foundation of good Senſe and Reaſon. *Meſſala* was both a deep Philoſopher, and an accompliſhed Orator.

8 *Narratur et priſci Catonis*
Sæpe mero caluiſſe virtus.]

Horace means *Cato* the *Cenſor*, who was called *Priſcus*, (the *Ancient*) before he had the Name of *Cato*: For though he was the moſt ſober Man in that Age, inſomuch that he only drank Water in the Camp, and at home the ſame Wine as his Slaves; yet he was wont in his latter Years, and eſpecially in the Country, to enjoy

enjoy himſelf with his Friends (whom he often invited to Supper), and even to extoll the Pleaſures of good Cheer: And this was Ground enough for *Horace* to ſay of him, that he ſometimes *warmed his Virtue with Wine.*

9 *Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves.*] Theſe Words are thus explained by the Editor *in uſum Delphini*: 'By 'Thee, the Tempers of Men are gently tortured, and 'tried of what Kind they are; the Severe are made 'more mild, the Cruel ſoftened, *&c.*' *Plato*, in his Book of LAWS, ſays, 'That Wine is a Rack, neither 'coſtly nor dangerous, to try the Affections of Men.' *Dacier* thinks, that *Horace* here alludes to the battering Rams and other Machines made uſe of in beſieging Cities: But the former Interpretation ſeems the moſt eaſy and natural.

13 —— *Et, ſi læta aderit, Venus.*] *Venus, if chearful*; that is, ſays *Dacier*, *ſi elle eſt de belle humeur*, gay and affable; becauſe the Pleaſure of theſe jovial Meetings was often interrupted by Quarrels occaſioned by Love. It appears from hence, that Women were to be of the Party.

11 *Segneſque nodum ſolvere Gratiæ.*] *The* GRACES, *ſlow to break their Knot*; that is, who never break it, or are inſeparable; for they always hold one another by the Hand, and are ſo painted. What *Horace* here ſays amounts to no more than this: That Love without Strife, and ſincere Friendſhip, ſhould heighten the Joys of Wine and good Cheer.

12 *Lucernæ.*] See the Remarks on the 8th Ode of this Book.

13 *Dum rediens fugat aſtra Phœbus.*] On ſuch joyful Occaſions they continued drinking till the Morning.

This Ode is omitted by Mr. *Creech*.

ODE,

ODE XXII.

To DIANA.

OF [1] Woods and Mountains Guardian-Maid,
[2] Thrice call'd, propitious to redeem,
And give to pregnant Dames thy Aid,
Thou [3] triple Goddeſs with a triple Name!

Accept the Pine that ſhades my Seat,
Which, ever as the Year rolls round,
I with the flowing Blood will greet
[4] Of a young Boar, that aims a ſidelong Wound,

NOTES.

This Ode ſeems to be a Thankſgiving to *Diana*, for the timely Aid ſhe gave one of his Miſtreſſes.

1 *Montium cuſtos nemorumque.*] Mountains, Woods, and Rivers were the Province or Portion of *Diana*: For which Reaſon *Horace* calls her here the *Guardian of Mountains.*

2 *Ter vocata.*] On account of her three Names: Beſides, the Number Three was myſterious and ſacred; a Superſtition of great Antiquity: But Man is by Nature a ſuperſtitious Animal. *Earl of* CORKE.

3 *Diva triformis.*] Having, as it were, a threefold Deity; and ſtyled in Heaven *Luna*, or the *Moon*, on Earth *Diana*, and *Proſerpine* in Hell. Hence this Diſtich;

Terret,

Terret, luſtrat, agit, Proſerpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, ſuperna, feras, ſceptro, fulgore, ſagittâ.

4 *Verris obliquum meditantis ictum.*] This is happily expreſſed; for the Tuſks of a Boar are placed in ſuch a Manner, that he can only bite obliquely, or ſideways.

ODE XXIII.

To PHIDYLE.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

IF, each new Moon, my ruſtic Maid
Is ſeen with Hands [1] to Heaven diſplay'd,
Why ſhould ſhe ſeek more Gifts than theſe,
Th' offended *Lares* to appeaſe?
New Fruits and Incenſe let her pay,
And at their Shrine a [2] Porket ſlay.
Then ſhall the *South* her Vineyard ſpare;
Her Corn be ſafe from [3] blighting Air;
Nor ſhall her [4] Kids and Lambkins die,
When ſickly Autumn taints the Sky.
Let the devoted Steer, that feeds
Luxuriant in fair *Alba*'s Meads,
Or [5] *Algidus*, embrown'd with Wood,
The ſacred Axes ſtain with Blood.
In You, my *Phidylé*, 'twere vain
To ſtrive by Bribes your Gods to gain;
You need but deck their humble Brows
With Roſemary Sprigs and Myrtle Boughs.

[6] Before

[6] Before their Altar if you ſtand,
And touch it with unblemiſh'd Hand,
Your Salt and Barley will become
More grateful than a Hecatomb.

NOTES.

Phidylé is ſuppoſed to have been *Horace*'s Houſekeeper in the Country, and to have begged Leave to offer larger Sacrifices to the *Lares*. The Anſwer which the Poet makes her in this Ode, may be produced as one Inſtance (among many) of the excellent Morality taught by the Philoſophers.

1 —— *Supinas ſi tuleris manus.*] This was the common Geſture of thoſe who prayed. If they addreſſed themſelves to the heavenly Gods, they lifted their Hands in ſuch a Manner, that the Palm was turned towards Heaven; in which Poſture the Hand is reverſed: This is properly the Meaning of *Supina*. Thus *Virgil*:

Dicitur ——————
Multa Jovem manibus ſupplex oraſſe ſupinis.
Æneid. iv. 204, 205.

For this is the ſame thing, which he has ſaid elſewhere;

—— *Duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas.*

But when they addreſſed themſelves to the infernal Gods, the Palm was turned towards the Earth.

2 *Avidâque porcâ.*] A Pig was the Victim commonly offered to the *Lares*.

At nobis ærata, Lares, depellite tela:
Hoſtiaque à plenâ ruſtica porcus harâ.
TIBULLUS, L. I. Eleg. 11.

3 *Rubiginem.*] *Rubigo* ſignifies that Blight upon Corn, which we call *the Smut*, and is ſo tranſlated by Mr. *Creech*. But it ſeems too low a Word for Poetry.

4 *Dulces alumni.*] The young ones of the Flock; as in the 18th Ode of this Book, *Dulces*, *tender*. Mr. *Creech* has tranſlated it, *her darling Children*, viz. of *Phidylé*.

5 *Quæ nivali pascitur Algido.*] In the 21ſt Ode of the firſt Book he calls it *gelido Algido*. See the Note there. We learn from hence, that Victims for the public Sacrifices were taken from the Herds fattened on Mount *Algidus*, or in the Paſtures of *Alba*.

6 *Immunis aram ſi tetigit manus,*
Non ſumptuoſa blandior hoſtia,
Mollibit averſos Penates
Farre pio, et ſaliente micâ.]

Bentley here reads *mollivit: Sanadon, mollîrit.* They both agree, that there is not a ſingle Inſtance of any Writer in that Age, who made the future Tenſe of the fourth Conjugation end in *ibo*. *Dacier* and *Bentley* contend, that *immunis* ſignifies here only *empty*, and that it is never taken for *pure* or *innocent*, when it ſtands by itſelf. *Sanadon*, on the contrary, maintains, that it ſignifies *innocent*; and proves that it may be ſo taken from *Pliny*, Book xvii. Chap. xxxvii. *Caprificus omnibus immunis eſt, quæ adhuc diximus*, where *vitiis* muſt be underſtood; and from his xxvith Book, Chap. ii. *Oculis tantum immunibus*; *mali* or *malo* being underſtood. Beſides, a Hand which makes an Offering with *Bread-corn* or *Barley (farre)*, with *Salt (ſaliente micâ)*, and with a *Hog (porcâ)* cannot be ſaid to be *empty*.

Theſe great Critics are no leſs divided about the Manner of conſtruing theſe Lines. *Dacier* ſays, the Words are to be placed thus: *Et ſi manus* tua *immunis tetigit aram, mollibit iniquos penates farre pio et ſaliente micâ, non blandior* futura cum *ſumptuoſâ hoſtiâ*. *Sanadon* thus: *Si* tua *manus aram immunis* (ſceleris *or* vitii) *tetigit, non blandior molliverit averſos penates* cum *ſumptuoſâ hoſtiâ*, quam cum *farre pio et ſaliente micâ*. *Bentley* thinks they are both in the wrong: *Hoſtia*, according to him, is the Nominative Caſe, and this the Order of the Words: *Sumptuoſa hoſtia non mollivit penates blandior farre pio, ſive, blandius quam far*. The ſhort Syllable in *ſumptuoſa*, he ſays, is produced, or lengthened, becauſe the next Word, *blandior*, begins with two Conſonants; as was frequently practiſed by *Catullus*; and by *Martial* in the following Line;

Quid gladium demens Romana *ſtringis in ora?*

And that *blandior* is to be joined with *hoſtia*, and not with *manus*, *Ovid* alone will evince (ſays he), in a Paſſage where he imitates our Author:

Sæpe

Sæpe Deos aliquis peccando fecit iniquos:
Et pro peccatis hoſtia blanda fuit.

Ib. The *Prophets*, *Philoſophers* and *Poets*, unanimouſly inculcate the ſame important Leſſon, which *Horace* here ſuggeſts in this Ode, *viz. That Virtue is the moſt acceptable Sacrifice to the Deity.* Out of a Multitude of Paſſages, which might be produced to this Purpoſe, it may be uſeful to quote a few remarkable ones.

Samuel ſays to *Saul*, when he had diſobeyed the Voice of the Lord, *Hath the Lord as great Delight in Burnt-Offerings and Sacrifices, as in obeying the Voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than Sacrifice; and to hearken, than the Fat of Rams.* 1 Sam. xv. 22.

Will I eat the Fleſh of Bulls, or drink the Blood of Goats? Offer unto God Thankſgiving, and pay thy Vows unto the Moſt High.—Whoſo offereth Praiſe, glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his Converſation aright, will I ſhow the Salvation of God. Pſalm L. 13, 14, 23.

He that killeth an Ox, is as if he ſlew a Man: He that ſacrificeth a Lamb, as if he cut off a Dog's Neck: He that offereth an Oblation, as if he offered Swine's Blood: He that burneth Incenſe, as if he bleſſed an Idol. Iſaiah lxvi. 3.

I deſired Mercy, and not Sacrifice; and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings. Hoſea vi. 6.

I ſhall conclude my Quotations from the *Prophets* with a Paſſage in *Micah*, (Chap. vi. ver. 6, &c.) than which nothing was ever written more rational, or more elegant: *Wherewith ſhall I come before the Lord, and bow myſelf before the high God? Shall I come before him with Burnt-Offerings, with Calves of a Year old? Will the Lord be pleaſed with thouſands of Rams, or with ten thouſands of Rivers of Oyl? Shall I give my Firſt-born for my Tranſgreſſion, the Fruit of my Body for the Sin of my Soul?—He hath ſhowed thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to* DO JUSTLY, *and to* LOVE MERCY, *and to* WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD?

To theſe let me add a Sentence from a modern Rabbi, *Iſaac Netto*, in his excellent Sermon, preached in the *Jews* Synagogue, on the Faſt-Day, *February* 6, 1756.

'Brethren, it is not Ceremony alone, which conſti-
'tutes Religion, without an Obſervance of its Precepts:
'It is not merely external Appearance, which is re-
'quired: This is not enough; the Heart is neceſſary,
'and is alone acceptable to God.' P. 11.

These Passages seem the more worthy of Notice, as they proceed from the *Prophets* and *Teachers* of a People, who labour under a Load of external Ordinances.

The *Philosophers* argue in the same Strain: *Seneca*, having mentioned some Ceremonies by which Men were wont to express their Devotion, says, *Humana ambitio istis capitur officiis, Deum colit qui novit.* Epist. 95. 'Human Ambition is delighted with such Observances; 'but he only can truly worship God, who knows him. 'The first Step (says he) towards divine Worship, is to 'believe the Being of a God, and then to demean our-'selves to him suitably to the Greatness of his Maje-'sty.' *Vis Deos propitiare, bonus esto; satis illos coluit, quisquis imitatus est.* 'Would you render the Gods pro-'pitious to you, be virtuous: He only does truly wor-'ship them, who labours to be like them.' So *Tully: Cultus autem Deorum est optimus, idemque castissimus, atque sanctissimus, plenissimusque pietatis, ut eos semper purâ, integrâ, incorruptâ mente et voce veneremur.* De Natura Deorum, Lib. 2.

To show the sentiments of the *Poets* on this Subject, I shall only appeal to our Author, and two more.

Menander (as quoted by *Eusebius*) says, 'That Men 'do in vain endeavour to make the Gods propitious 'by their costly Sacrifices: But if they hope to enjoy 'the Divine Favour, let them love and adore God in 'their Hearts, be just and holy in their Conversations.' *Preparatio Evangelica, Lib.* xiii. *Cap.* 13.

I shall conclude with some admirable Lines of *Persius*, at the End of his second Satire:

Quin damus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago:
Compositum jus, fasque animo; sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto:
Hæc credo, ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.

But let us for the Gods a Gift prepare,
Which the great Man's great Chargers cannot bear;
A Soul, where Laws, both Human and Divine,
In Practice more than Speculation shine:
A genuine Virtue of a vigorous Kind,
Pure in the last Recesses of the Mind:
When with such Offerings to the Gods I come,
A Cake, thus given, is worth a Hecatomb.

DRYDEN.

It

It is hoped, that the Importance of the Subject will be thought a ſufficient Apology for the Length of this Note. It ſeems the more neceſſary at this Time, when there are ſome Sects among us, who think to honour the Chriſtian Religion by declaiming againſt Morality; whereas it was the chief Office and Employment of its gracious Founder to recommend and enforce the Practice of every moral Duty by ſtronger Motives than Reaſon alone could have ſuggeſted.

The two *French* Critics, *Dacier* and *Sanadon*, would perſuade us, that this Ode is entirely *ironical*. They think it is the ſole Intent of the Poet to divert himſelf at the Expence of his honeſt Houſe-keeper; and that he plays upon her Superſtition and Credulity to ſerve his own Intereſt. '*Phidylé*,' ſays *Sanadon*, 'might perhaps think her Maſter was in earneſt; but I believe 'he had a *mental Reſervation*.' This may ſeem natural to a *Jeſuit*, but will ſcarce be thought ſo by any one elſe: *Horace*, I am perſuaded, would have bluſhed at ſuch an Imputation. *Sanadon* too diſcovers *Humour* and *Pleaſantry* in this Ode. His Conſtruction puts one in Mind of an odd Fellow, who, on hearing that ſolemn Speech in *Hamlet*, *To be, or not to be*, burſt out into a loud Laugh, and vowed, *there was a great deal of Drollery in it.* His Taſte, in this Particular, is not to be envied.

ODE XXIV.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

THOUGH *India*'s Stores your Wealth excell'd,
And rich *Arabia*, [1] yet unquell'd;
[2] Though *Tuſcan* and *Apulian* Seas
Were ſhaded by your ample Palaces;

 [3] When

[3] When Fate, with adamantine Hand,
Shall urge th' inflexible Demand,
In vain you would redeem from Dread
Your Heart, in vain from Snares of Death your Head.
Better the ſavage *Scythian* lives,
Who in a Wain his Houſhold drives;
Better the *Gete*, whoſe fruitful Grounds
No Fence divides, unmark'd by jealous Bounds;
One Year he tills the mellow Soil,
And reſts the next from all his Toil:
No [4] Step-dames treacherouſly prepare
The baneful Cup for hapleſs Orphans there:
No [5] portion'd Wife controuls her Spouſe,
And gives Gallants her plighted Vows:
The Suitors there alone require
[6] For Dower, a Race of Probity entire,
And Chaſtity with native Charms,
Which baſhful flies a Stranger's Arms:
They juſtly Breach of Vows diſdain,
Or Death, their Doom, wipes off th' opprobrious Stain.
Oh! who will quell our Civil Rage,
And Slaughter's impious Courſe aſſwage?
Would he in breathing Marble ſtand,
Engrav'd, *The Father of a reſcu'd Land*,
Let him licentious Vice reclaim,
Content alone with future Fame.
[7] Virtue, while flaſhing on our Eyes,
Envious, we hate; yet, when departed, prize.

But

But what can theſe Complaints import,
If Juſtice ſhrinks in cutting ſhort
The Growth of Vice; for what avails
The wiſeſt Law, if moral Virtue fails?
If nor the ſultry Southern Coaſts,
Nor Northern Climes, congeal'd with Froſts,
Nor all the Horrors of the Main,
From dangerous Searches for the hidden Gain,
The greedy Merchant can deter,
Or fright the daring Mariner?
What will not Want's falſe Shame enjoin,
Quitting the narrow Tract of Virtue's Line?—
[8] Then to the Capitol convey,
[9] While ſhouting Thouſands crowd the Way,
Your [10] Gems and [11] fatal Gold, or throw
Into the Sea [12] thoſe Springs of every Woe!
If with Remorſe your Crimes you view,
Each lawleſs Appetite ſubdue;
And [13] ſtrengthen the too tender Mind
With generous Studies of a manly Kind.
Our noble Youths, [14] untaught to lead
Th' impetuous Chace, and [15] guide the Steed,
Are ſkill'd to make the [16] *Trochus* fly,
And nimbly caſt the [17] Law-forbidden Die.
Yet fond this worthleſs Son to raiſe,
The perjur'd Sire his Friend betrays:
In vain his wicked Coffers fill;
Something, I know not what, is wanting ſtill.

NOTES.

Horace in this Ode inveighs againſt the reigning Vices of the Age. It appears by the firſt Verſe, in which he ſpeaks of *Arabia*, as having then never been attacked by the *Romans*, (*intactis theſauris Arabum*) that this was written before the 29th Ode of the firſt Book, and conſequently before his 41ſt Year: But by the 25th and 26th Verſes,

(O quiſquis volet impias
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam)

it is alſo evident that it was written before the End of the Civil Wars; ſo that he could not then be 37 Years old. DACIER.

1 *Intactis opulentior*
Theſauris Arabum, & divitis Indiæ.]
This Ode was written before *Ælius Gallus* (not *Ælius Largus*, as *Dion* by Miſtake calls him) had led an Army againſt the *Arabians*, which happened under the tenth Conſulſhip of *Auguſtus*. *Propertius* alſo ſpeaks of *Arabia*, as untouched till then, Book ii. Elegy 10.

India quin, Auguſte, tuo dat colla triumpho,
Et domus intactæ te tremit Arabiæ.

The preſent Biſhop of *Briſtol* has judiciouſly obſerved, that 'the Prophecy that ISHMAEL *ſhould dwell in the* 'Preſence of all his Brethren (*Gen.* xvi. 12.) has been re-'markably fulfilled in his Deſcendants, the *Iſhmaelites*, 'or *Arabians*; as they ſtill ſubſiſt a diſtinct People, hav-'ing from firſt to laſt maintained their Independency 'againſt the *Egyptians*, *Aſſyrians*, *Perſians*, *Grecians*, *Ro-'mans* and *Turks*; and that, in their preſent Manners 'and Cuſtoms, they nearly reſemble their great An-'ceſtor, who was *a wild Man, an Archer, a Dweller in* 'Tents, &c.' See Dr. *Newton's Diſſertations on the Prophecies*, Vol. I.

Arabia was famous for its Riches many Ages before *Auguſtus*: Thus, in the 72d *Pſalm*, it is ſaid, *And unto him ſhall be given of the Gold of* Arabia.

By *India*, *Horace* means the Country on both Sides of the *Ganges*: It is very well deſcribed by *Strabo*, in his 15th Book. It abounds with Gold, Silver, and precious ſtones.

2 *Cæmentis*

2 *Cæmentis licet occupes*
Tyrrhenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum.]
Moſt Editions read *mare Ponticum*; but this is evidently a Miſtake; for how could a *Roman* build, at the ſame Time, on the Shores of the *Tuſcan* and of the *Pontic* Seas? By *mare Apulicum*, *Horace* means *mare Superum*; and by *mare Tyrrhenum*, *mare Inferum*; or, in other Words, the *Adriatic* and *Tuſcan* Seas. DACIER.

3 *Si figit adamantinos*
Summis verticibus dura Neceſſitas
Clavos, non animum metu,
Non Mortis laqueis expedies caput.]
'If (*or* When) ſevere Neceſſity ſhall fix her adaman-'tine Spikes in the lofty Towers [*of theſe Palaces*], You 'will not be able to diſentangle your Heart from the 'Fear, nor your Head from the Nets, of Death.'

Horace has given us, in the 35th Ode of his firſt Book, a Picture of *Neceſſity* or *Fate*, holding in her Hands Nails, which he there calls *trabales*, *(beamy*, or *beam-like)* on account of their Bulk; and he here calls them *adamantine*, on account of their Hardneſs. He borrowed this Phraſe from *Pindar*, who uſes the Word *adamas* in the ſame Senſe, in his 4th *Pythian* Ode.

Adamas ſignifies a *Diamond*, that Sort of Iron which we call *Steel*, and a *Loadſtone*.

Horace here deſcribes *Death* armed with a Net, which he throws over the Head of the Perſon attacked. Without Doubt, this Thought aroſe from the Gladiator, called *Retiarius*, who, with a Net in his Hand, ſtrove to entangle the Head of his Enemy; and ſung, as he aimed at him, *Non te peto, piſcem peto: quid me fugis, Galle?* For he uſed to be matched againſt the *Myrmillo*, or *Secutor*, who bore the Figure of a Fiſh on his Helmet.
DACIER.

The Reader may ſee a more particular Account of this Kind of Combat in *Kennet*'s *Roman* Antiquities, Book v. Chap. 4. See alſo *Juvenal*, Satire 8.

4 *Privignis mulier temperat innocens.*] The Hatred of Mothers-in-law to their Foſter-Children paſſed into a Proverb; on which the following ſevere Epigram of *Callimachus* is founded:

Στήλην μητρυιῆς, μικρὸν λίθον, ἐστεφε Κυρος, &c.

A Youth, who thought his Father's Wife
Had loſt her Malice with her Life,
Officious with a Chaplet grac'd
The Statue on her Tomb-ſtone plac'd;
When, ſudden, falling on his Head,
With the dire Blow it ſtruck him dead.
Be warn'd from hence, each Foſter-Son,
Your Step-dame's Sepulchre to ſhun!

J. D.

5 *Nec dotata regit virum*
Conjux.]

Thus *Plautus*:

Nam quæ indotata eſt, in poteſtate eſt viri:
Dotatæ mactant et malo et damno viros.

Th' unportion'd Wife obeys her Huſband's Will;
The portion'd is his Loſs, and cruel Scourge.

6 *Dos eſt magna, parentium*
Virtus.]

Heſiod complains, that, in his Time, Men were very careful to have Horſes and Dogs of a good Breed; but did not ſcruple to marry the Daughters of corrupt and vicious Parents, provided they were rich.

DACIER.

We have had Inſtances, in our Days, of ſome who have gone greater Lengths than this, and (though not tempted by Neceſſity) have married Fools and Lunatics for the ſake of large Fortunes.

—— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
Auri ſacra fames?

7 *Virtutem incolumem odimus.*] The ſame Thought occurs in the Epiſtle to *Auguſtus*:

Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: Extinctus amabitur idem.

Ib. *Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.*] It is to be obſerved here, that *invidi* agrees both with *odimus* and *quærimus*. If it ſhould be aſked, how *Envy* can tempt us *to bewail and praiſe the Dead?* the Anſwer is, *in order to upbraid the Living.*

This Thought is happily illuſtrated in a Copy of Verſes, written by Mr. *Tickell*, in the Year 1726, to the Memory of Earl *Cadogan*:

From

From his cold Coarſe though every Friend be fled,
Lo! ENVY waits, that Lover of the Dead;
To blaſt the Living, gives the Dead their Due,
And Wreaths, herſelf had tainted, trims anew.

8 *Vel nos in Capitolium.*] *Horace*, after having ſhown the Cauſe of all their Calamities, namely, AVARICE and the Fear of POVERTY, proceeds to point out the Remedy proper to cure theſe Evils; and counſels the *Romans* to conſecrate all their Gold and Jewels, to *Jupiter*. It was a very common thing to dedicate Gold in the Temples, and was practiſed by private Perſons, by the Senate, and even by the Emperors. Thus *Suetonius* relates of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, that, at one Time, he gave to the Treaſury of *Jupiter Capitolinus*'s Temple ſixteen Thouſand Pound Weight of Gold, and in Gems and Pearls to the Value of fifty Millions of *Seſterces*. See *Suetonius* in the Life of *Octavius Cæſar*, Chap. 31.

	£.
16,000 Pound Weight of Gold amounts to	600,000
50,000,000 of *Seſterces* (computing the *Denarius* at 9*d.* which was its true Value in the Reign of *Auguſtus*) amounts to	446,432
	1,046,432

It is to be obſerved too, that this was at a Time, when the intrinſic Value of Gold and Silver was probably much greater than now, and the latter particularly near twice as much. D.

9 *Quo clamor vocat et turba faventium.*] Theſe Gifts were made with much Pomp and Solemnity: The People commonly attended thoſe, who offered them, to the Temple with great Acclamations.

10 *Gemmas et lapides.*] The *Romans* diſtinguiſhed *gemma* from *lapis*: By the former they meant *Diamonds* and all *tranſparent Jewels*; by the latter, *opaque Stones*. Even the Lawyers obſerved this Diſtinction: But the *Greeks* called both Sorts indifferently λίθους, *Stones*. DACIER.

11 *Aurum et inutile.*] *Inutile* ſignifies here *pernicious, fatal, deſtructive*: As in *Cicero*, and in *Livy*, *civis inutilis* denotes a Citizen born for the Ruin of the Commonwealth.

12 *Summi materiam mali,*
Mittamus.]
Thus *Juſtin*, in his third Book: *Lycurgus aurum argentumque, velut omnium ſcelerum materiam, ſuſtulit.* 'Lycurgus forbad the Uſe of Gold and Silver, as the Source 'of all Wickedneſs.'

13 —— *Et teneræ nimis*
Mentes aſperioribus
Formandæ ſtudiis.]
Bentley obſerves, that the true Reading here is *firmandæ*, as appears from the Word *nimis*: 'The more tender 'the Mind, the more apt to be formed and moulded 'into any Shape; but, if it be *too tender*, it wants to 'be *ſtrengthened*.' This Senſe is alſo confirmed by the Word *aſperioribus*. Thus alſo *Horace*, in the 4th Ode of the fourth Book:

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

Dacier rejects this Reading, and yet (ſuch is the Force of Truth) he has actually followed it in his own Tranſlation: *Il faut inſpirer à nos jeunes gens des inclinations plus mâles et plus nobles; il faut les endurcir à des exercices plus pénibles.*

14 *Venarique timet.*] Hunting was in high Eſteem among the *Romans*: They looked upon it as the moſt natural Image of War.

15 *Neſcit equo-hærere.*] To remedy this Evil, *Auguſtus* ordered frequent Tournaments to be held by all young Perſons of Quality. A beautiful Deſcription of this Sport may be ſeen in the fifth *Æneid*.

16 *Seu Græco jubeas trocho*] This was a Sport derived from the *Greeks*, as *Horace* here obſerves: It has been often thought the ſame as the *Turbo*, or Top; or elſe of the like Nature with our Billiards: But both theſe Opinions are now exploded. The *Trochus* was a Hoop of Iron, five or ſix Feet in Diameter; the Inſide of which was ſet with Iron Rings. The Boys and young Men uſed to whirl this along, as our Children do the wooden Hoop, directing it with a Rod of Iron having a wooden Handle; which Rod the *Greeks* called ῥαβδὸς, and the *Romans*, *radius*. There was need of great Dexterity to guide the Hoop right. In the mean time the

the Rings, by the clattering which they made, not only gave the People Notice to keep out of the Way, but contributed very much to the Boy's Diverſion. We muſt take care not to think this only a childiſh Exerciſe, ſince we find *Horace* ranking it with other manly Sports:

Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis;
Indoctuſve pilæ, diſcive, trochive, quieſcit.

De Arte Poet.
DACIER.

17 —— *Vetitâ legibus aleâ.*] All Games of Chance, and eſpecially with Dice, were forbidden the *Romans* by ſeveral Laws, under ſevere Penalties, except in *December*, during the Feſtival of the *Saturnalia*. Whoever was detected in playing, was ſent to Priſon, or to the Mines. *Suetonius* obſerves, that *Auguſtus* was ſo fond of this Game, that he not only played in the *Saturnalia*, and on every Feſtival, but indeed every Day. If therefore the Ancients had been as malicious in their Applications as the Moderns are, they might have cenſured this Line as a Reflection on *Auguſtus* himſelf. This ſedentary Diverſion was, at firſt, thought fit only for aged Men; but, when a general Corruption of Manners prevailed, it was practiſed alſo by Youths and Boys, as is obſerved by *Juvenal*, in his 14th Satire:

Si damnoſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit et hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo.

If Gaming does an aged Sire entice,
Then my young Maſter ſwiftly learns the Vice,
And ſhakes, in Hanging-ſleeves, the little Box and Dice.
DRYDEN.

The

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

COULD you *Golconda*'s Treaſures gain,
Or wreſt *Potoſi*'s Mines from *Spain*,
Did your majeſtic Manſion ſtand
In *Richmond*'s Vale, the Work of *Jones*'s Hand,
Degenerate *Briton!* when the Dart
Of Death is levell'd at your Heart,
Not all your Power, not all your Wealth,
Can ward the dreaded Stroke, or purchaſe Health.
Happier the *Mohawk*, who for Food
Truſts to the Foreſt, or the Flood;
Far happier, with his Spear and Bow,
The ſkin-clad *Laplander*, in Realms of Snow,
In Winter, doom'd to endleſs Night,
In Summer, bleſt with endleſs Light;
No Daughter's * impious Arts prepare
Deſtructive Powders for her Father there;
No Niece * there ſhares *his* guilty Bed
Who ſlits her Uncle's vital Thread:
There, all the Produce of their Plains,
Herds of Rein-Deer alone the Huſband gains,
With Chaſtity, a ſpotleſs Name,
Which Slander never can defame;
Adultery, Murder, Theft, are Crimes
Unknown, unheard of in thoſe virtuous Climes.

* See the Tryals of Miſs *Blandy* at *Oxford*, and of Miſs *Jefferies* at *Chelmsford*, both in the Year 1752.

Oh!

Oh! who will Luxury, the Bane
Of every proſperous State reſtrain?
Whoe'er in lively Tints would glow
On *Iſis'* Banks, or grace the Shrines of *Stowe*;
Whoe'er, the Favourite of the Nine,
Would *Miniſter* and *Patriot* join,
Should by Example, Law, and Force,
Check (while he can) Corruption's rapid Courſe.
To thoſe whom living we neglect,
When dead, we Monuments erect:
Thus many a Bard who wanted Bread
On Marble Pillows reſts his laurell'd Head.
What can avert th' impending Storm,
Unleſs the Great themſelves reform?
Or how can Vice be quell'd, if they
Who Statutes make, thoſe Statutes diſobey?
If from th' ideal Paths of Wealth,
Of Place and Power, nor Fame, nor Health,
Nor ſocial Bliſs, though ſought by all,
Can Courtiers, Sages, Citizens, recall?
Strange! that a *Borough's* venal Charms
Should tempt the wiſeſt to her Arms!—
But Oh! reflect, alarming Thought!
That they who buy, may in their Turn be bought.
Ere all your Gold be made the Price
Of Riot, Infamy, and Vice,
Your Guineas to the Bank convey,
A welcome Gift, the Nation's Debt to pay!
If of your own contagious Crimes
Convinc'd, you wiſh for better Times,

Inſpire,

Inſpire, ye Great, with Virtue's Love
Your liſping Babes, and bid your Sons improve!
Our Youths, on fam'd *Newmarket*'s Plain,
Are taught betimes the Steed to rein;
Unſkill'd in Science and in Arts,
Hoyle in their Heads, and *Arthur*'s in their Hearts.
To aggrandize this worthleſs Race,
The Sire for Titles or a Place
His Conſcience ſells; but from his Bed
Sleep flies indignant to yon happier Shed.

ODE XXV.

To BACCHUS.

By another Hand.

WHITHER, *Bacchus*, wouldſt thou bear me?
To what Grott or hallow'd Grove?
Say, what ſacred Cave ſhall hear me
Sing great *Cæſar*, Son of *Jove?*

Where, enraptur'd, ſhall I raiſe him
To the Synod of the Sky?
In unrivall'd Songs I'll praiſe him,
High as mortal Strains may fly.

Full of thy inſpiring Potion,
Glowing with a new-born Fire;

All

All my Soul, in wild Commotion,
Louder Notes ſhall wake my Lyre.

Thus amaz'd, on airy Mountains,
[2] Rous'd from Reſt, thy Votaries glow,
Viewing [3] *Hebrus'* fabled Fountains,
[4] *Rhodopé* o'erwhelm'd with Snow.

[5] How its ſolemn Proſpects pleaſe me,
Wandering through the ſilent Grove!
What ecſtatic Tranſports ſeize me,
[6] While o'er craggy Rocks I rove!

Hear me, *Bacchus!* Power victorious
O'er the fierce lymphatic Train;
Nothing groveling, nor inglorious,
Shall my ſacred Song profane.

Though th' advent'rous Theme alarm thee,
Still, my Muſe, be blithe and gay;
Let the Thought of Danger warm thee;
[7] Vine-crown'd *Bacchus* leads the Way.

NOTES.

According to *Sanadon*, this Ode was not written till after the Conſecration of *Auguſtus*: And he ſeems to think That to be the Subject of it. If this be true, ſays he, the Date of it muſt be fixed in the Year of *Rome* 725.

1 *Quæ in nemora aut quos agor in ſpecus,*
Velox mente nova?]

Bentley ſays, that the beſt MSS. and old Copies, read *Quæ nemora*; and he obſerves, that, when two Members

of

of a Sentence are both governed by the ſame Prepoſition, it may be more elegantly omitted in the former of them, than in the latter. Thus *Virgil*:

Quas ego te terras, *et quanta* per æquora *vectum*
Accipio. Æneid. vi. *v.* 692.

And *Statius*:

Stat medius campis etiam nunc cuſpide ſiccâ
Bellipotens; *jam* hos *clypeum, jam vertit* ad illos.
Theb. viii. *v.* 314.

2 *Exſomnis.*] All the Critics (except *Dacier*) ſeem agreed to diſcard this innocent Word, without knowing what to give us inſtead of it. *Bentley* has diſplayed a great deal of Reading to ſhow, 1ſt, That *exſomnis* is always uſed in the ſame Senſe as *inſomnis*, or *pervigil* (*ſleepleſs*, or *vigilant*); and, 2dly, to prove that Senſe of it to be improper in this Place. Allowing the firſt Point; let us conſider the Reaſons he offers for rejecting that Senſe of it. 'No Perſon (ſays he) can be 'ſaid to be *ſleepleſs*, who does not paſs the Day and 'Night, or at leaſt the whole Night, without Sleep.' Agreed. 'But (ſays he) the *Orgies*, here mentioned, 'were celebrated in the Day-time; and therefore this 'Prieſteſs could not be ſtyled *exſomnis*.' On the contrary, it is well known, that theſe Rites were frequently held in the Night: It may therefore be juſtly expected, that he ſhould prove this Aſſertion. Accordingly, he thus attempts it: 'This is plain from the 'Words immediately following, where ſhe (the Prieſteſs) 'is ſaid *proſpicere*, to *behold* the River *Hebrus*, *Thrace* 'white with Snow, and *Rhodopé*; which it was impoſſi'ble for her to do but in open Day.' This is ſo far from being true, that much ſmaller Objects than Rivers and Mountains may be ſeen by Moon-light, or even by the Rays of the Stars; eſpecially when joined to the Light reflected from the Snow: And it may be proved from the allowed Senſe of *exſomnis*, (which Word is warranted by all the Manuſcripts and old Copies) that theſe *Orgies* were kept in the Night-time. This is alſo confirmed by the general Cuſtom. Beſides, *Horace* ſpeaks of the Prieſteſs as actually in her enthuſiaſtic Fit, and not as juſt awakened in a calm State from a profound Sleep, as *Dacier* interprets *exſomnis*. In that Senſe, the *Simile* will loſe its true Strength and Beauty.

Bentley

Bentley (without the Authority of any Copy) reads *Edonis (Thracian)* for *Exſomnis*; but is doubtful whether it ſhould be joined with *Evias* or *jugis*; yet neither of them ſeems elegant: *e. g.* The *Thracian* Prieſteſs—beholding *Thrace*; or, the Prieſteſs on the *Thracian* Hills beholding *Thrace*: And *Sanadon* reads *E ſomnis*: But there ſeems to be no Occaſion for either of them. D.

3 The *Hebrus* is a River of *Thrace*: It riſes from Mount *Rhodopé*, not far from *Adrianople*, and falls into the *Ægéan* Sea, againſt the Iſle of *Samothrace*, rolling over golden Sands.

4 *Rhodopé.*] This Mountain was the common *Rendezvous* of the *Thracian Bacchanals.*

5 *Ut mihi.*] *Cruquius* and *Bentley* for *ut* read *ac*, (though *ac* is uſed juſt before, *ac pede Barbaro*) and connect this Line with the foregoing Sentence in this Manner: *Non ſecus ſtupet* (miratur) *Evias, ac ego nunc miror.* On which *Dacier* remarks; 'They who can reliſh ſuch an 'Interpretation, are very far from feeling the Enthu'ſiaſm of this fine Verſe, which depends upon the Par'ticle of Admiration, *ut.*'

6 *Ripas et vacuum nemus*
Mirari libet.]

All the Manuſcripts and old Editions give *ripas* here. *Muret*, it is ſaid, firſt introduced *rupes*; which many have ſince followed. *Bentley* ſays, there is no Inſtance where *ripas* is uſed abſolutely, without the mention of a *River* or *Waters*. He therefore reads *rivos*, inſtead of *rupes*. *Rivos* and *nemus*, it is certain, agree very well together. Thus our Author:

——————— *Ego laudo ruris amœni*
Rivos, *et muſco circumlita ſaxa*, nemuſque.
Ep. i. *v.* 10.

He adds, that *rivos* and *ripas* have been frequently confounded by the Tranſcribers and Printers. This Reading ſeems the more proper, as *Bacchus* is here ſtyled *potens Naïadum*, King of the *Naïades*, or of the *Water-Nymphs*. If the Word *rivos* ſhould be preferred, the Tranſlation ought to run thus:

While near limpid Streams I rove.

7 *Cin-*

7 *Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.*] Thus, in the 8th Ode of the fourth Book, he deſcribes *Bacchus* with a Vine-leaf Chaplet on his Head:

Ornatus viridi tempora pampino.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To the Rev. Mr. HIRST, *F. R. S. Chaplain to his Majeſty's Ship the* Lenox.

WHITHER on the Muſe's Pinion,
Fann'd by aromatic Gales,
Through old *Neptune*'s wide Dominion,
Do I trace your flying Sails?

Sportive Fancy now purſues you,
Round the Cape, to Southern Skies;
Now beneath the Line ſhe views you,
With your *Galileo*'s Eyes,

Pointing the bright Path of *Venus*
To your Brethren of the Fleet,
Counting all the Leagues between us
And the Source of Light and Heat.

Your Companions, crown'd with Glory,
Now triumphant range the Main;
Pondicherry, fam'd in Story,
Falls, and *Lally* raves in vain.

France,

France, who late, with Grief and Wonder,
Canada's dire Loſs beheld,
Sees her Sons, by *Britain*'s Thunder,
Now from *India*'s Coaſts expell'd.

How entranc'd are all your Senſes
Slumbering in a Cocoa Grove!
What Perfumes each Gale diſpenſes,
While through ſpicy Fields you rove!

If Philoſophy your Labours
With deſerv'd Succeſs ſhall crown,
Both in Arts and Arms our Neighbours
Britain ſhall ſuperior own.

Let not Foes nor Storms alarm you,
Still the ſtarry Regions view;
Think, and let th' Example charm you,
Hadley was a *Tar* like You.

1761.

ODE XXVI.

To VENUS.

FIT for the Girls, in *Venus*' Cauſe
I lately ſerv'd, and won Applauſe;
But now her *Eaſtern* Wall ſhall bear
My uſeleſs Arms, and Harp, diſcharg'd from War.

My

My dreaded Axe, whoſe ſturdy Stroke
Each bolted Door to Shivers broke;
[2] My Torch and Bow, here place on high,
As Trophies of thy Champion's Victory.

'Goddeſs! who with indulgent Smile
'Doſt thy delightful *Cyprian* Iſle,
'And [3] *Memphis*, free from Snow, command;
'[4] Once tap proud *Chloë* with up-lifted Wand.'

NOTES.

This Ode was written after the 23d of the firſt, and the 9th of this Book. *Horace* might then be about 41, or 42 Years old.

1 When the Ancients quitted any Trade or Art, they uſed to conſecrate the Inſtruments of it to ſome God; eſpecially to him, who preſided over the Profeſſion they forſook.

Ib. *Barbiton hic paries habebit,*
Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
Cuſtodit.]

'This Wall ſhall hold my Harp, which guards the left 'Side of Sea-born *Venus*:' That is, ſays *Dacier*, the *Eaſtern* Wall of the Temple; for the Images of the Gods were placed on the *North* Side, which was therefore called *the Seat of the Gods*. Thus *Varro*: *A Deorum ſede cùm in Meridiem ſpectes, ad ſiniſtram ſunt partes mundi exorientes, ad dextram occidentes.* 'When you look from 'the Seat of the Gods towards the *South*, the *Eaſtern* 'Parts of the World are on your left Hand, and the '*Weſtern* on your right.'

2 *Et vectes, et arcus,*
Oppoſitis foribus minaces.]

Bentley makes an Objection againſt the Word *arcus* here. Of what Uſe, ſays he, would Bows be in breaking open of Gates? He would therefore have us read *ſecureſque*; becauſe Axes were very proper for that Purpoſe, and fre-

frequently ſo employed; as may be ſeen in *Theocritus*, *Plautus*, and *Virgil*. *Cuningham* and *Sanadon* prefer *harpas*, as not ſo remote from the Text. *Harpe* is a large *Cutlaſs*, or *Scymetar*. But *Dacier* defends the common Reading. 'The *Torches* and *Bars* (ſays he) were made 'uſe of to burn and break open the Gates, and the '*Bows* to drive away thoſe who might defend them; 'as, in aſſaulting a City, Engines were employed to 'beat down the Walls, and Arms to clear the Ramparts. '*Horace* follows the ſame Image here.'

3 *Venus* was worſhipped in ſeveral Cities of *Ægypt*, and particularly at *Memphis*, where ſhe had a beautiful Temple.

Ib. *Memphin carentem Sithoniâ nive.*] 'Memphis, free 'from *Sithonian*, or *Thracian*, Snow;' for *Sithon* was a Mountain in *Thrace*. *Torrentius* and *Dacier* condemn *Horace* here as faulty: *Sanadon*, on the contrary, maintains this Paſſage to be truly poetical. *Horace* (ſays he) uſes the *Species* for the *Genus*, as is frequent with him; And it is the more beautiful, becauſe *Chloë* was by Birth a *Thracian*; *Threſſa Chloë*, as he calls her in the 9th Ode of this Book.

4 *Regina ſublimi flagello,*
Tange Chloën ſemel arrogantem.]

Horace gives *Venus* here a *Rod* or *Scourge*. Some think, that *ſublimi flagello* ought to be conſtrued, *with thy Rod raiſed aloft*, in order to give the ſmarter Blow; others, that it means no more than *tu ſublimis tange flagello*; as *Tibullus* ſpeaks, in the 8th Elegy of his firſt Book:

Hanc Venus ex alto flentem ſublimis Olympo
Spectat. DACIER.

Sanadon obſerves the Addreſs of *Horace* in this Line: He begs of *Venus*, that the Blow to be given her may be *light*: *tange*, *touch*, or *tap* her; *ſemel*, *once*. He fears leſt it ſhould be *repeated*. This Tenderneſs (as he obſerves) is no very ſtrong Proof of the Poet's Reſentment.

One Mr. *J. R* —— *n*, after having interpreted this Paſſage in the ſame Manner as *Sanadon* (whoſe Notes he ſeems not to have read), makes the following Remark:

'A modern Tranſlator, a Gentleman of the Birch, 'renders it,

'On

'On ſcornful *Chloë* lift thy Wand,
'And ſcourge her with UNPITYING Hand;

'But *Horace* was a Man of too much Gallantry ever to 'be guilty of ſuch a Piece of Barbarity to a Lady.' D.
See the STUDENT, Vol. I. p. 89.

ODE XXVII.

To GALATEA,

Setting out for Brunduſium, *in order to embark for* Greece.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

WHene'er the Wicked roam abroad,
May [1] Magpyes chatter on the Road;
The [2] pregnant Bitch, or [3] Fox, whoſe Young
Are newly caſt, diſaſt'rous paſs along!

May red Wolves from [4] *Lanuvium* ſtray,
Or [5] Serpents dart acroſs the Way,
To fright their Steeds! But, round the Sky,
For Thee I'll watch with ever-wakeful Eye.

[6] Before the Crow, preſaging Rain,
Flies to the dank and marſhy Plain,
The lucky Raven I will rouſe,
From the fair *Eaſt*, by my prevailing Vows —

May Fortune ſtill thy Choice attend,
(Yet, Oh be mindful of thy Friend!)

[7] Nor

[7] Nor croaking Crows, of Omen dire,
Nor noiſy Peckers, warn Thee to retire!

[8] Yet mark *Orion!*—How he lowers,
And ſetting ſhows the gathering Showers!
[9] Too well I know what Storms ariſe
On *Adria's* ſable Gulph, from ſmiling Skies.

[10] Oh! may the Children of our Foes
The Tempeſt feel, that loudly blows,
When ſprings the *South*; the Waves that roar,
And with dread Fury laſh the trembling Shore!

[11] *Europa* thus the Bull careſs'd,
And his broad Back, advent'rous, preſs'd;
[12] But when the Monſters of the Main
She ſaw, her Heart was fill'd with throbbing Pain.

[13] She, who, along the flowery Meads,
Wove Wreaths for her Companions Heads,
Now in the Gloom [14] ſees nought around,
But twinkling Stars and Ocean's Waves profound.

Soon as at *Crete* arriv'd, where riſe
[15] A hundred ſtately Towers, ſhe cries,
" [16] How has my frantic Rage ſuppreſt
" The filial Piety, that warm'd my Breaſt!

" [17] From whence? where am I?—Once to die
" Is, ſure, too ſlight a Penalty!

'Do I deplore, with waking Thought,
'Some ſhocking Crime, which I indeed have wrought?

'Or, [18]from the Ivory Gate of Night,
'Does ſome vain Dream my Fancy fright?
'Fond Wretch! to traverſe thus the Main,
'Rather than weave freſh Garlands on the Plain.

'Would now the wicked Steer return,
'While thus with juſt Revenge I burn,
'I'd rend the Monſter, [19]once ſo dear,
'And break his Horns, or pierce him with a Spear!

'Shameleſs! thy Father's Houſe to fly;
'Shameleſs! ſo guilty, not to die:
'O hear my Prayer, ſome righteous Power!
'Let ſavage Beaſts my naked Coarſe devour!

'[20]Ere hollow Wrinkles mar the Grace,
'And bloomy Luſtre of my Face,
'May the fierce Tyger's Maw become
'Of my ſtill-beauteous Limbs the living Tomb!

'Thy [21]abſent Sire, degenerate Maid!
'Demands thy Death, too long delay'd:
'[22]To that tall Elm thy Body tie;
'This friendly Girdle will the Means ſupply.

'Or, ſhould it give thee more Delight,
'From ſome high Rock to take thy Flight,

'Behold

'Behold yon jutting Precipice;
'Thence headlong plunge into the foaming Seas!

'Elſe muſt thou weave, with humble Mind,
'The Web, by ſome proud Dame aſſign'd,
'(Born as thou art of Royal Line),
'And ſerve, her lordly Huſband's Concubine!'

[23] Love's faithleſs Queen ſtood ſmiling by,
And liſten'd to her ſoothing Cry;
And *Cupid*, with his Bow [24] unbent,
Seem'd at her mournful Sorrows to relent.

[25] Enough when ſhe had mock'd her Pain,
'[26] Ceaſe, ceaſe, ſaid *Venus*, to complain;
'Suppreſs thy Sobs, thy Grief aſſwage;
'Nor longer give a Looſe to groundleſs Rage.

'[27] This wicked Steer ſhall ſoon extend
'His gloſſy Horns, for Thee to rend.
'Thy Rank with Temper learn to prove,
'For [28] know, thou art the Wife of ſovereign *Jove!*

'Exalted to this glorious State,
'With grateful Heart accept thy Fate;
'For of the [29] World's divided Frame
'One Half ſhall ſoon adopt *Europa*'s Name!'

NOTES.

This Ode has very much perplexed the Interpreters, who all complain of the Difficulty of it. 'The celebrated *Dacier*,' ſays Dr. *Bentley*, 'who thinks himſelf 'wiſer than all the reſt in his Explanation, has erred 'from the Truth more egregiouſly than any of them.' *Sanadon* is of the ſame Opinion. *Bentley* gives this Account of the Argument of it:

'Our Poet addreſſes himſelf to *Galatea*, a Miſtreſs, 'as it ſeems, of his; who had reſolved to leave *Rome*, 'and ſail to ſome other Country. However (ſays he) 'be not over-haſty; and take heed that you do not ſet 'out with ill-preſaging Birds: For, I believe, you are 'not ſo obſtinately bent upon the Voyage, as to proceed, though you ſhould meet with a *Magpye*, a *Bitch*, 'a *Wolf*, or a *Fox*: Rather let the Impious, and our 'Enemies, travel under ſuch *ſiniſter* Auſpices. Beſides, 'a Serpent, obliquely croſſing the Road, *is wont to break* 'an intended Journey. I indeed, as a provident Sooth-'ſayer, would ſuffer no one, *for whoſe Safety I am ſolli-'citous*, to ſet ſail, till I had raiſed up the Raven, croaking from the *Eaſt*, for a good and clear Augury. Wait, 'therefore, a little, till we conſult the Omens.——The 'Voices of the Birds indeed are favourable. You may 'go with ſafe *Auſpices*, and lead a happy Life, *where-'ever you will*. Nor does the *ill-preſaging Magpye*, nor 'the *wandering Crow*, *forbid you to proceed*. But, how-'ever, do you not obſerve, (which is of more Weight 'than all *Auſpices*,) that the Seaſon of the Year is dangerous for ſailing? At this Time *Orion is near ſetting*, 'a baleful Star, and dreaded by the Sailors: Even now 'he meditates a Storm, though the calm Sea and the 'fair North-weſt Wind flatter you. Believe me, I 'know by Experience what Tempeſts the faithleſs *Adriatic* Sea, and the firſt Whiſtling of the *riſing South*, 'prepare. Be not, therefore, deluded by the Smiles of 'this treacherous Element. For thus *Europa* committed herſelf to the Bull, being at firſt charmed with the 'Smoothneſs of the Sea, and the Serenity of the Sky: 'But ſoon after being borne away by him into the 'midſt of the Waves, ſhe too late repented, trembled, 'turned pale with Fear, and broke forth at laſt into

'unavail-

' unavailing Complaints, *&c.*—You ſee here the whole ' Drift of this Ode.'

1 *Impios parræ recinentis omen*
Ducat.]

I own I do not know what Bird it is, which the Ancients ſtyled *parra*. Some think it was a *Wren*, others a *Lark*, and ſome a *Lapwing*. But it is ſufficient for the underſtanding of this Paſſage, to know it was a Bird of bad Augury. DACIER.

The *Parra* ſeems to have been a noiſy Bird, by the Epithet *recinentis*: I have therefore given the *Magpye* for it. *Dacier* has tranſlated it by *le hibou, the Owl*. D.

The Auguries were taken from Birds in a twofold Manner; *viz.* either from their *Voice*, or from their *Flight*. The Birds, of whom the *Voice* was conſulted, were properly called *oſcines (quaſi oricines)*; ſuch were the *Raven*, the *Crow*, and the *Owl*; and thoſe, whoſe *Flight* alone was regarded, were called *alites* and *præpetes*, as the *Eagle*, the *Buzzard*, the *Vultur*, *&c.* Some Birds were both *oſcines* and *alites*, as the *Wood-pecker*, the *Raven*, and this *Parra*: For which Reaſon *Horace* adds the Epithet *recinentis* here, to determine the Kind of Augury he intends to ſpeak of.

The Word *Omen* denotes the Augury, which is taken from the Voice of Men, or from the Singing of Birds; *ab ore, orimen, omen.* DACIER.

2 —— *Et prægnans canis.*] This and the two following Lines relate to the Auguries taken from four-footed Beaſts, which were called *pedeſtria auſpicia*. It was thought a fatal Omen to meet on the Road a Bitch big with Young. It would be vain, I think, to enquire the Reaſon of a Cuſtom, which had no other Foundation but ſome caſual and very uncertain Accidents. The *Romans* carried this Superſtition ſo far, that when the Soothſayers went out to perform their Office, Orders were given that no Perſon ſhould keep Oxen paired together, nor Horſes harneſſed, that they might not have the Augury, which they called *the Yoke*, to ſignify *the Augury of Bondage*: And when a Magiſtrate went abroad, Care was taken to prevent his meeting a Plough drawn by two Oxen; or, if that could not be avoided, the Man who drove them, as ſoon as he ſaw him approaching, took them out of the Traces till he was gone by.

3 *Fœtaque vulpes.*] The Word *fœta* does not here ſignify *grævida* (as *Acron* interprets it); for that would be the ſame as *prægnans* (the Epithet applied juſt before to *canis*); but *enixa, partu liberata, onere levata, delivered of her Burden.* See *Servius* and *Nonius Marcellus.* The *Fox* was always a bad Omen, but eſpecially after breeding; as was alſo the *Crow*, of which *Pliny* writes, *inauſpicatiſſima fœtis tempore.*

4 *Lanuvium* was a ſmall Town on the *Appian* Way, not far from *Rome*, now called *Lavina.* *Horace* ſuppoſes this Wolf to iſſue from the Territory of *Lanuvium*, becauſe *Galatea* was to take that Road, in order to embark at *Brundiſium.* Perhaps too ſome Foreſt in the Neighbourhood of *Lanuvium* might be noted for harbouring Wolves.

5 This is what the *Romans* called *auſpicia ex anguibus*, *Auſpices from Snakes.*

Horace here alludes to a particular Sort of Snake, called by the *Greeks* ἀκοντίας, and by the *Romans jaculus*, the *Dart*; becauſe they uſually kept upon Trees, from whence they ſhot themſelves on Travellers, like an Arrow from a Bow. See *Pliny*, Book viii. Chap. 23.

Ib. *Rumpat et ſerpens iter inſtitutum.*] Thus the common Editions: But, ſays Dr. *Bentley*, this gives a Sentiment inconſiſtent with what goes before, and plainly contrary to the Deſign of the Poet: For he had before ſaid, *Impios ducant* mala auſpicia, *parra, canis, lupa, vulpes; Impios, inquam, ducant; non te, O Galatea!* 'Let 'bad Auſpices lead forth the Wicked; (as the Mag-'pye, the Bitch, the Wolf, and the Fox): Let theſe, I 'ſay, lead forth the Wicked, but not Thee, O *Galatea!*' And then he adds,

Rumpat et ſerpens iter inſtitutum;
hoc eſt, rumpat impiorum *iter.*

'Let a Snake break (or prevent) the Journey of theſe 'wicked Men.' But this is entirely contrary to the foregoing Wiſh; For it would be happy for the Wicked to break off a Journey inauſpiciouſly undertaken, and to return home, when they are ſure to meet with Misfortunes abroad. The Word *ducat* (as above) ought rather to have been uſed here than *rumpat.* A very ancient Manuſcript of *Grævius* ſolves the Difficulty, as it diſtinctly offers this Reading;

RUMPIT

RUMPIT *et ſerpens iter inſtitutum.*

Thus far Dr. *Bentley*. For a fuller Explanation of this Paſſage, ſee the firſt Note. This Reading *(rumpit)* is adopted by *Sanadon*: But *Dacier* rejects it, with Scorn, in the following Words: 'We muſt take care not to 'read *rumpit*, with Mr. *Bentley*, who labours to deſtroy 'my Interpretation: But he does it ſo unfortunately, 'that he quite ſpoils the Beauty of the Ode.' Thus alſo, in other Places, *Dacier* ſeems to think his Authority ſufficient to make the Reader reject Dr. *Bentley*'s happieſt Corrections, without offering any Reaſons for his Opinion.

6 *Antequam ſtantes repetat paludes*
Imbrium divina avis imminentum,
Oſcinem corvum prece ſuſcitabo
Solis ab ortu.]

'Before the Bird, prophetic of impending Showers, 'repairs to the ſtanding Waters, I will call up by 'Prayer the croaking Raven from the riſing Sun, or 'from the Eaſt.'

By *imbrium divina avis*, *Horace* means the *Crow*, which, in the 17th Ode of this Book, he calls *aquæ augur*. See the Notes there.

The *Augurs* always began their Office with a Prayer.

Horace ſays, he will take his *Auſpices* before the Crow returns to the Pools (as it does in the Time of Rain), becauſe that Duty was always performed in fair Weather.

Dacier pretends, and attempts to prove, that a Raven flying from the *Eaſt* was always a bad Omen; and, conſequently, that *Horace* wiſhes for it here, in order to prevent *Galatea*'s intended Voyage. But *Sanadon* has clearly confuted the Reaſons alleged by him to ſupport this Notion: For, after having demonſtrated, by Authorities drawn from *Varro*, *Feſtus Pompeius*, *Servius*, *Raſinus*, and others, that the Ancients had not, in all Times and in all Places, one general and uniform Rule about the Manner of taking the *Auſpices*, he ſhows,

1ſt, That when *Dacier* aſſerts, that a Raven from the *Eaſt* was an unlucky Augury, he evidently puts a Force upon the Poet's Thought, which is determined by what goes before, and by what follows, to a Senſe entirely happy; and,

adly, That a Raven appearing in the *Eaſt* was not a bad Augury. ſince *Roſinus* expreſsly maintains the contrary: *Corvi, ſi ab ortu occinerent clarâ voce, præſentem felicitatem ſignificabant*; which is alſo the Opinion of *Acron*, *Landini*, *Figulus*, *Alexander* of *Naples*, *Mancinelli*, and *Chabot*, who, in Support of it, quotes the following Paſſage from *Suetonius*, on Occaſion of the Journey from *Bebriacum*: *Duas aquilas in conſpectu omnium conflixiſſe, victâque alterâ ſuperveniſſe tertiam à ſolis ortu, ac victricem abegiſſe.* From whence *Chabot* concludes; *Fauſtum habebatur ſi quid à ſolis ortu prodiret.*

Ruæus, the learned Editor of *Virgil in uſum Delphini*, obſerves, in his Remarks on the firſt and ninth Eclogues, that Omens from the *Eaſt* were held, both by the *Greeks* and *Romans*, to be the moſt favourable; probably (ſays he) becauſe the Principle of Light, Heat, and Motion, takes its Riſe from thence: But the *Romans* called theſe *left hand*, and the *Greeks right hand Auſpices*; which is thus to be accounted for: The *Roman* Augurs, in making Obſervations, turned their Faces towards the *South*, and the *Greeks* towards the *North*. But as the *Roman* Writers ſeem to ſpeak ſometimes according to the *Greek*, and ſometimes according to their own Cuſtom, it occaſions a good deal of Perplexity and Confuſion in their Diſcourſes on this Subject.

7 *Teque nec lævus vetet ire picus,*
Nec vaga cornix.]

Dacier tortures theſe Words, to make them confeſs the Truth of his Hypotheſis concerning *Auguries*. It is certain, ſays he, that a *Wood-pecker* appearing on the left Hand, that is to ſay, in the *Eaſt*, was always reckoned a happy Omen. *Horace* therefore wiſhes that the Wood-pecker and the Crow may appear on the left, and permit *Galatea* to embark. In the conſtruing, *nec* is to be joined with *vetet*; and *nec vetet* ſtands for *jubeat, admittat*. This is the true Senſe.——Accordingly he tranſlates this Paſſage thus: *Que le pivert et la corneille en ſe montrant à votre gauche, vous permettent de vous embarquer.* 'May the Wood-pecker and the Crow, 'ſhowing themſelves on your left Hand, allow you to 'embark.' And yet (if we will believe him) *Horace* had, juſt before, wiſhed for a bad Omen, in order to prevent her embarking.

Sanadon

Sanadon (without inſiſting on the Authority of ſeveral learned Commentators on *Horace*, who ſay a Woodpecker on the left was a bad Omen) underſtands *lævus* to ſignify here only, in general, *unfortunate*; as in theſe Phraſes of the Poets, *ſi mens non læva fuiſſet: aliquem tempore lævo interpellare.*

We uſe the Word *ſiniſter* in the ſame Senſe; and thus it was alſo frequently uſed by the *Romans*, as in the following Line of *Virgil*:

Sæpe ſiniſtra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix. Eclog. 1.

This is alſo confirmed by *Cicero*: *Haud ignoro, quæ mala ſunt, ſiniſtra nos dicere, etiamſi dextra ſint.* De Divinatione, Lib. ii. 'I am ſenſible (ſays he) that we call 'ill Omens *ſiniſter*, even though they appear on the 'right Hand.'

Sanadon for *Teque* reads *Namque*, after Mr. *Cuningham*; and *vetat* for *vetet*, after *Bentley*. The latter is found in an ancient Manuſcript belonging to the *Vatican* Library, and from thence inſerted into the Text by *Bentley* and *Cuningham*. This Reading is followed, as the moſt rational, by the Tranſlator.

The former Part of this Ode will probably ſeem very dry to an *Engliſh* Reader: But it is to be conſidered, that theſe Auguries made great Part of the eſtabliſhed Religion of the *Romans*; and, on that Account, appeared to them ſacred and venerable.

8 *Sed vides quanto trepidet tumultu*
Pronus Orion?]

Orion is a Conſtellation of ſeventeen Stars near the Bull. Both the Riſing and Setting of it are generally attended with Storms. *Pronus* here is the ſame as *devexus* in the 28th Ode of the firſt Book, *declining*. See alſo the 10th and 15th Epodes. *Orion* ſets about the End of *November*.

9 *Ego, quid ſit ater*
Adriæ, novi, ſinus.]

Horace was acquainted with the *Adriatic* Sea, becauſe he had embarked at *Brunduſium* for *Athens*; and ſtill knew its Treachery better on his Return, after the Defeat of *Brutus*. DACIER.

Sanadon obſerves, that *Dacier* contradicts himſelf here, in making *Horace* return to *Italy* through the *Adriatic* Gulph, ſince he elſewhere ſays, that he came back through the

the Sea of *Sicily*, and had like to have been caſt away near the Cape of *Palinurus*.

10 *Hoſtium uxores puerique cæcos*
Sentiant motus orientis Auſtri, et
Æquoris nigri fremitum, et trementes
Verbere ripas.]

Horace warns *Galatea* of the Danger of the *South Wind* in particular, becauſe it generally riſes when *Orion* ſets: For which Reaſon he calls it, in the 28th Ode of the firſt Book, *devexi rapidus comes Orionis*, 'The im-'petuous Companion of ſetting *Orion*.'

Bentley obſerves the Singularity of the Phraſe *orientis Auſtri*, for *naſcentis, ſurgentis, venientis*:

Nam neque me tantum venientis *ſibilus* Auſtri:
Virg. Eclog. v. *v.* 82.

Which Word (ſays he) I ſhould prefer, if any Manuſcript of *Horace* favoured it.

Sanadon takes Notice of the admirable Addreſs of the Poet, who, the better to paint the Violence of a Tempeſt, repeats the Letter *r*, in this ſingle Stanza, eleven Times. He makes the ſame Remark on the three laſt Lines of the 12th Stanza:

——————— *Lacerare ferro, et*
Frangere enitar modo multum amati
Cornua monſtri.

There is the ſame Artifice in the following celebrated Lines of *Virgil*:

Unà omnes ruere, ac totum ſpumare reductis
Convulſum remis roſtriſque tridentibus æquor
Æneid. viii. 689, 690.

And in *Horace*'s 10th Epode throughout.

Many Examples of ſimilar Beauties might be produced from *Milton*. I will beg Leave to quote one:

——————— About her Middle round,
A Cry of Hell-hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide *Cerberian* Mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal——Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd *Scylla*, bathing in the Sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe *Trinacrian* Shore.
Par. Loſt, B. ii. *v.* 653, *&c.*

See the like Inſtance of jarring Sounds, chiefly occaſioned by the Repetition of the Letter *r*, in Book vi. 206—

206—211, where he deſcribes the Noiſe made by the claſhing of Arms, and brazen Chariots.

Dryden is no leſs happy in the following Lines, where he uſes the Liquid *L*, to paint the ſofter Paſſions:

Seraph and Cherub, careleſs of their Charge,
And, wanton in full Eaſe, now live at large;
Unguarded leave the Paſſes of the Sky,
And *all* diſſolv'd in Halleluïahs *lie*!

And again, in another Place,

Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay,
And ſteal myſelf from *Life*, and melt away!

Every one muſt be ſenſible of the Sweetneſs of theſe Lines; but every one does not know to what Cauſe it is owing. However, Mr. *Francis* has made an Obſervation, relative to the fore-cited critical Remark of *Sanadon*, which merits our Regard: 'There is (ſays 'he) in very many Inſtances, a Kind of natural A-'greement between Sounds and the Things repre-'ſented by them, which, without our intending it, 'gives to the Language a Muſic expreſſive of the 'Thought.' D.

Ib. There is a Difference between *ripa* and *littus*. This ſignifies the *Sea-ſhore*, and That the *Bank of a River*. But the Poets have often employed *littus* in ſpeaking of Rivers, and *ripa* of the Sea; and theſe Variations have a beautiful Effect. *Florus* takes the ſame Liberty in the 11th Chapter of his fourth Book: *Purpuram aurumque in ripam aſſiduè mota ventis maria removebant.* DACIER.

11 *Sic et Europè niveum doloſo*
Credidit tauro latus.]

Europa was the Daughter of *Agenor*, King of *Phœnicia*. What gave Occaſion to the Fable was this: A King of *Crete* named TAURUS, making War in *Phœnicia*, took *Europa* Captive, and carried her into his own Country; or (as others write) TAURUS was the Name of the Ship he commanded, which had the Figure of a BULL on the Head, or Stern, of it. *Jupiter* had by *Europa*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Sarpedon*, and *Minos*. She was ſo celebrated for the Fairneſs of her Complexion, that the Ancients invented a little Fable to account for it: One of *Juno*'s Maids of Honour ſtole (they ſay) her *Coſmetic* Wash

from that Goddeſs, and made a Preſent of it to *Europa*. *Horace* alludes to this diſtinguiſhed Fairneſs in the Words *alveum latus*. DACIER.

12 —— Et *ſcatentem*
Belluis pontum.]

Bentley reads *at* for *et*; which ſeems more proper here.

13 *Nuper in pratis ſtudioſa florum.*] The Compariſon of *Galatea* to *Europa* ends here, and conſequently the Subject of the Ode is finiſhed. But the Idea of *Europa* fires the Imagination of the Poet, who diverts himſelf in painting the Rage, which poſſeſſed that Princeſs, after ſhe had been violated by *Jupiter*.

All the Authors, who have mentioned this Story, agree, that *Europa* was gathering Flowers in a Meadow on the Sea-ſhore, when ſhe was taken. See, in particular, the beautiful *Idyllium* of *Moſchus* on this Subject.

14 —— *Nihil aſtra præter*
Vidit et undas.]

Horace here imitates theſe two fine Lines of *Moſchus*:

Φαίνετο δ' οὔτ' ἀκτή τις ἁλίῤῥοος, οὔτ' ἄρα πόντου
Ἀλλ' ἠὴρ μὲν ὑπερθεν, ὕπερθε δὲ κοῖλος ἀπείρων.

Nor Sea-beat Shore ſhe views, nor Mountain high,
Nor aught but ſpreading Waves, and boundleſs Sky.

15 *Centum potentem urbibus Creten.*] *Jupiter* and *Juno* were both born in *Crete* at a Birth; on which Account it may be juſtly called *divine*, though *Horace* does not uſe that Epithet here.

Homer in the Iliad, and *Virgil*, both ſpeak of *Crete* as having a hundred Cities:

Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.
Æneid. iii.

16 —— *Pater O relictum*
Filiæ nomen pietaſque, dixit,
Victa furore.]

The Conſtruction is ſomewhat intricate here. *Bentley* obſerves, that *filiæ* is the Dative Caſe, and the Senſe is, *O pater, nomen relictum mihi filiæ, ſive a me filia; et O pietas victa furore!* But *Dacier* makes *victa* to agree with *Europa*; and ſays, that *relicta*, or *prodita*, muſt be underſtood as applied to *pietas*.

Cuningham

Cuninghan reads here,

—— *Cretam, O patris, O relictum*
Filiæ nomen.

This gives a much clearer Senſe than the common Reading, and is followed by *Sanadon* and the Tranſlator.

17 *Undè? quo veni?*] It may be worth while to obſerve how *Horace* treats this Subject. The firſt Thoughts he gives to *Europa*, are thoſe of a Father forſaken, and her filial Duty violated. The next ariſe from the Place ſhe has left, and That where ſhe now is: And this laſt Reflection brings to her Remembrance the infamous Act ſhe has committed with *Jupiter*: But ſhe takes Care not to name it, and is contented to give a frightful Image of it, by confeſſing that a ſingle Death is not ſufficient to expiate her Fault. DACIER.

18 —— *An* ——
Ludit imago
Vana, quæ portâ fugiens eburnâ
Somnium ducit?]

'Or does a vain Image delude me, which, flying from 'the Ivory Gate of Hell, brings with it a Dream?' As it ſeems more natural for a Dream to bring an Image, than for an Image to bring a Dream, *Sanadon* reads here *quam portâ*; and, to juſtify his Correction, quotes this Line of *Petronius*:

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris.

Ib. *Horace* here follows *Homer*. See the 19th Book of the *Odyſſey*; which is alſo imitated by *Virgil* in the 6th *Æneid*:

Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris:
Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;
Sed falſa ad cœlum mittunt inſomnia manes.

Two Gates the ſilent Houſe of Sleep adorn;
Of poliſh'd Ivory this, that of tranſparent Horn:
True Viſions through tranſparent Horn ariſe;
Through poliſh'd Ivory paſs deluding Lies.
DRYDEN.

19 *Europa* doated ſo much on this beautiful Steer, while he was in the Meadow, that ſhe gave him Herbs to eat, crowned him with Flowers, gently clapped his Sides with her Hand, and kiſſed him.

Ib.

Ib. *Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvencum*
Dedat iratæ, lacerare ferro, et
Frangere enitar modo multùm amati
Cornua tauri.]

Bentley and *Cuningham*, after the *Venice* Edition of *Horace*, 1478, and all the beſt Manuſcripts, read here,

Cornua monſtri;

Which Reading is alſo followed by *Sanadon*. This is more emphatic, and removes the diſagreeable Repetition of *juvencus* and *taurus*. However, *Dacier* is very angry with *Bentley* on this Occaſion. 'Mr. *Bentley* 'ſays he) has found *monſtri* in ſome Manuſcripts, and 'he immediately foiſts it into the Text. I cannot ap'prove of this: *Monſtri* is inſufferable.' But why he ſhould be more diſpleaſed with *monſtri* than with *infamem*, I know not. This Word may, ſurely, be properly applied to one, who aſſumes a different Character from what he really is. There ſeems to be much the ſame Caſt of Thought here, as there is in the Speech of *Pythias*, (a Servant of *Thais*,) in *Terence*. After *Chærea* had been introduced into the Houſe of *Thais*, inſtead of the Eunuch, and had deflowered *Pamphila*, *Pythias* cries out in a Paſſion,

——— *Qui nunc ſi detur mihi,*
Ut ego unguibus facilè illi in oculos involem venefico!

And *Dorias*, another Maid ſervant, ſays;

Au! obſervo, mea Pythias, quod iſtuc nam monſtrum fuit?

The Words *venefico* and *monſtrum* both refer to *Chærea*'s having acted a different Part from what he appeared to be. See the *Eunuch* of *Terence*, Act iv. Scene iii. D.

20 *Antequam turpis macies decentes*
Occupet malas.]

Horace has here drawn a true Picture of the Temper of the Ladies, who had rather die than loſe their Beauty. DACIER.

How true ſoever this Picture may be, *Dacier* has gone out of his Way to preſent us with it; ſince *Europa* here only wiſhes to die in the Flower of Youth, as a juſt Puniſhment for her Offence.

21 *Pater urget abſens.*] The Meaning is, 'The Con'ſciouſneſs of my Crime makes my provoked Father '(though abſent) ſeem always preſent to my Eyes.'

Theſe

These Words remind me of a beautiful short Speech in *Shakespeare*, though on a different Subject. *Constance* thus laments the Imprisonment of her Son Prince *Arthur*:

Grief fills the Room up of my absent Child;
Lies in his Bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty Looks, repeats his Words,
Remembers me of all his gracious Parts.

SHAKESPEARE, *Vol.* III. *King* John, *Act* iii. D.

22 ——— *Potes hac ab ervo*
Pendulum zonâ bene te sequutâ
Ladere collum.]

Bentley observes, that none of the Ancients have ever used the Word *ledere* for *illidere*, *oblidere*, *frangere*. He therefore reads, with some of *Lambinus*'s Copies,

Pendulum zona bene te sequuta e-
-Lidere collum.

Horace has elsewhere thus divided a Word between two Verses;

Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante, ux-
-Orius amnis. Lib. i. Ode 2.
Crœsphe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-
-Nale, nec auro. Lib. ii. Ode 16.

And thus also *Nicholas Heinsius* had corrected this Passage, in the Margin of his Book. *Bentley* proves also, by many Quotations, the Propriety of *elidere* here.

23 ——— *Aderat querenti*
Perfidum ridens Venus, et remisso
Filius arcu.]

Horace very seasonably introduces *Venus* and *Cupid* here, who explain to *Europa* this whole Adventure. I think this Ode might serve as a Sketch for a Picture in an excellent Taste. DACIER.

24 *Cupid* had his Bow unbent, that he might not terrify *Europa*, and because he had no farther Occasion to use it. The whole Affair is finished, when she is acquainted that the Bull was *Jupiter*.

25 *Mox ubi lusit satis.*] That is, After she had sufficiently diverted herself; or rather, after she had long enough deluded this poor Princess, by making her believe she had been ravished by a Bull. The latter Interpretation appears to me the most beautiful. DACIER.

It

It is surprising to find this Remark from such a Scholar as *Dacier*; since (as *Bentley* observes) all the Ancients, who have treated of this Story, are agreed, that when *Jupiter* arrived at *Crete*, he assumed a human Form. Thus *Moschus* says, that, when he had reached *Crete*,

—— Ζεὺς δὲ πάλιν ἑτέρην ἀνελάζετο μορφὴν,
Λῦσε δὲ οἱ μίτρην· καὶ οἱ λεχος ἔντυνον ὧραι.

Jove strait assumes another Form and Air,
And loos'd her Zone: The *Hours* his Couch prepare.

Where one cannot forbear observing, by the Way, how beautifully *Moschus* has here described the simple Circumstance of his employing the present Opportunity;

—— The *Hours* his Couch prepare.

Thus also *Ovid*:

Littoribus tactis stabat sine cornibus ullis
Jupiter; inque Deum de bove versus erat. Fast. v. v. 615.

Soon as they touch'd the *Cretan* Shore, he stood
Shorn of his Horns: The Bull appear'd a God.

And *Lucian*, in his Dialogue of *Zephyrus* and *Notus*: 'As 'soon (says he) as he was landed in *Crete*, the Bull va-'nished: But *Jupiter*, seizing *Europa* by the Hand, led 'her, blushing, with her Eyes fixed upon the Ground, 'to the *Dictæan* Cave.'

26 ———— *Abstineto,*
Dixit, irarum, calidæque rixæ.]

Sanadon observes, that this is an *Ellipsis* for *Abstineto à negotio irarum.*

27 *Quum tibi invisus laceranda reddet*
Cornua taurus.]

Bentley would read here,

Jam tibi injussus, &c.

According to which, the Translation ought to run,

Now will th' *unbidden* Bull extend
His Horns, *&c.*

But *invisus* makes the Irony stronger than *injussus.*

28 *Uxor invicti Jovis esse nescis.*] This Verse may signify, *You do not know that you are the Wife of* Jupiter; *i. e.* 'You do not know that this Bull, against whom 'you are so outrageous, was *Jupiter*, the King of the 'Gods;' or, with a Point of Interrogation, it may be translated

tranſlated, *Doſt thou not know to be the Wife of* Jupiter? *i. e.* 'Have you not Spirit to bear ſo great an Honour?' The firſt Interpretation ſeems to agree beſt with the Context, and is alſo the moſt natural and ſimple.

DACIER.

29. ——— *Tua ſectus orbis*
Nomina ducet.]

Sectus orbis ſignifies *divided into two Parts, the Moiety of the World. Horace* here follows the Opinion of ſome ancient Writers, and particularly of *Moſchus*, who included the whole World under the Names of EUROPE and ASIA; as may be ſeen in the Beginning of his *Idyllium* on *Europa*. This Paſſage of *Horace* is explained more at large in my Commentary on *Feſtus*. DACIER.

Mr *Addiſon*, in a ſhort Supplement to his Tranſlation of this Story in *Ovid*, makes *Jupiter* convey *Europa* through *Storms* and *Tempeſts*. But *Moſchus* preſents us with a fine Picture of Sea Nymphs, mounted on Whales, ſwimming before him. *Neptune* riſes in Pomp, ſmooths the Waves, and conducts his Brother. The *Tritons* attend, and ſound a Nuptial Song on their hollow Shells. This ſeems much more agreeable to the Character of the King of the Gods, than Mr *Addiſon*'s Comment.

After a frequent Peruſal of this Ode, I am inclined to think that the Commentators have miſtaken the Plan which *Horace* here follows. They take it for granted, that *Jupiter* had already enjoyed *Europa*, and ſuppoſe That to be the Subject of her Complaint. On the contrary, I think ſhe only condemns herſelf for her Raſhneſs and Folly, in playing ſo indecently with the Bull, and in giving him an Opportunity to carry her over the Seas, and leave her in a ſtrange Land: For this Opinion I would offer the following Reaſons:

1. *Horace* ſays, that *Europa* broke forth into this Complaint, *ſimul tetigit Creten, as ſoon as ſhe arrived at* Crete; and conſequently ſeems not to allow Time for the Violation ſuppoſed to be complained of.

2. It is plain from *Horace*, and allowed by *Dacier* and other Critics, that ſhe did not then know the Bull to be *Jupiter*. But ſince all the Ancients are agreed (as has been before obſerved) that he conſummated his Marriage with her, not in a Brutal, but in a Human Form, her Ignorance of the Perſon, and her Complaints againſt the

the Bull only, ſeem ſcarce reconcileable with this Notion.

3. If, on the other Hand, it ſhould be allowed that *Jupiter* had embraced *Europa*, and that ſhe knew him to be the Perſon, her Complaints are contrary to the Rules of *Decency* and *Decorum*; and ſhe ought rather to have been thankful for the Honour done her by the King of the Gods. At leaſt, ſhe ſhould only have upbraided him for leaving her ſo ſoon.

4. If we examine the Ode itſelf, we ſhall find *Europa* complains only of the Bull and of her own Folly in giving him an Opportunity to carry her away. Thus ſhe cries out,

Si quis infamem *mihi nunc juvencum*
Dedat iratæ, &c.

And,

Impudens liqui patrios Penates.

But ſhe does not utter a Word againſt *Jupiter*, nor of the pretended Violation. Upon the whole, I gueſs that *Horace*'s Scheme was this: *Jupiter* had, in the Shape of a Bull, carried away *Europa*, and landed her in *Crete*; after which he immediately vaniſhed: Whereupon ſhe breaks out into the Complaint imagined for her by the Poet: Towards the Concluſion of which, *Venus* appears, with her Son *Cupid*, to comfort her, to unravel the whole Myſtery of this Adventure, and to confirm her Marriage with *Jupiter*; and, as ſhe is ſpeaking, or immediately after, *Jupiter* returns in a human Form. This I take to be implied in theſe Lines:

——— *Abſtineto,*
Dixit, irarum, calidæque rixæ,
Abſtain, ſaid *Venus, from this hot Tranſport of Rage,*
Quum,
Since, or *Foraſmuch as* (not *When*, as *Dacier* tranſlates
tibi inviſus laceranda reddet
Cornua taurus;
this deteſted Bull will ſoon preſent himſelf to you. And then ſhe proceeds to diſcover (very properly according to this Scheme) who had been concealed under that Form.

I know but one Objection to this Interpretation, which, however, it muſt be owned, is very plauſible.

It is ſaid that *Europa* plainly alludes to her being polluted by *Jupiter*, in theſe Lines:

——— *Levis*

——— *Levis una mors eſt*
Virginum culpæ: Vigilanſne plura
Turpe commiſſum, an, &c.

But as *Europa* is here aggravating her own Guilt, why may not *culpa virginum*, and *turpe commiſſum*, be applied to the indecent Freedom ſhe had taken with the Bull, in decking his Head with Flowers, kiſſing him, and getting upon his Back? This ſeems as natural as her calling herſelf *impudent* (in the Verſe before quoted) merely becauſe ſhe had left her Father's Houſe. *Moſchus* ſays, that the Bull fell down upon his Knees to receive her, and that, as ſhe was placing herſelf on his Back, ſhe cried out to her Virgin Companions to mount him alſo; but ſpringing up at once, he carried her off. In the Tranſport of her Affliction ſhe might juſtly call this a *ſhameful Action*. To be ſure, it would have been indecent in any Virgin of a liberal Education, and was much more ſo in a King's Daughter.

Bentley, to fix the Senſe here, corrects the Line following thoſe above in this Manner:

——— *An* vitio *carentum*
Ludit imago
Vana?

Though he owns that all the Copies he has ever met with read *vitiis*. But (ſays he) *quantumvis ii reclamint, ſine dubio corrigendum eſt* VITIO. 'How much ſoever 'they may reclaim againſt it, without Doubt this Paſ'ſage muſt be corrected with the Word VITIO.' And *vitium* in the Singular (as he ſhows) ſignifies *ſtuprum*, or *Fornication*.

I ſhall only obſerve upon this, that if *Horace* intended to follow the Plan I have mentioned, he would purpoſely avoid the Word *vitio* here: And I can ſee no Reaſon why we ſhould not tranſlate *vitiis carentem*, *without Faults*, or *blameleſs*; i. e. without any *intentional* Fault.

To conclude; I dare not aſſert any thing poſitively; but ſubmit theſe Conjectures to the Judgment of the Learned, by whom I ſhall be always glad to be inſtructed.

As this is the moſt obſcure Ode in *Horace*, it is hoped the Reader will excuſe the Length of the Notes. D.

This Ode is omitted by Mr *Creech*.

ODE

ODE XXVIII.

To LYDÉ.

WHAT Honours, [1] *Lydé*, ſhall we pay
To [2] *Neptune* on his Feſtal Day?
Produce your old *Cæcubian* Wine;
And each grave Thought for frolic Airs reſign.

You ſee, from Noon declines the Sun;
And yet, as if he ceas'd to run,
You ſpare to broach the tardy Jar,
Laid up in Conſul *Bibulus*'s Year.

Our Voice, by Turns, to *Neptune*'s Praiſe,
And to the [3] Sea-green Nymphs, we'll raiſe:
[4] *Latona*, to the tuneful String,
And [5] quiver'd *Cynthia*, You alone ſhall ſing.

In *Chorus* Her we'll praiſe, whoſe Sway
The [6] ſhining *Cyclades* obey;
Who, drawn by Swans, her [7] *Paphian* Plain
Revives; and favouring [8] *Night* ſhall cloſe our Strain.

NOTES

NOTES.

This ſeems to have been written ſome Years after the 11th Ode of this Book.

1 In the 11th Ode of this Book *Lydé* is deſcribed as a Girl quite wild;

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, et adhuc proterво
Cruda marito.

But here ſhe appears thoroughly tamed and gentle. It ſeems probable that this was not the firſt Feaſt of *Neptune* ſhe had given to her Lover. DACIER.

2 *Feſto die Neptuni.*] The Feaſt of *Neptune* was celebrated on the 23d of *July*. There was ſo great a Concourſe of People at *Rome* on this Feſtival, that the Streets and Suburbs of the City were filled with Booths for the Entertainment of Strangers. *Horace*, who hated a Crowd, choſe rather to paſs the Day with *Lydé*. DACIER.

3 *Virides Nereïdum comas.*] The Hair of the *Nereids* was painted of a greeniſh Colour, like the Waves of the Sea.

4 *Lydé* was to ſing *Latona* and *Diana*, becauſe the Courtezans often wanted the Aid of thoſe Goddeſſes, who were the Patrons of Lying-in Women.

5 *Celeris ſpicula Cynthiæ.*] *Diana* was called *Cynthia*, and *Apollo*, *Cynthius*, from a Mountain in *Delos*. *Horace* ſpeaks here of the Arrows and Swiftneſs of *Diana*, becauſe ſhe delighted in Hunting.

6 The *Cyclades* are Iſlands in the *Ægéan* Sea; which were ſo named becauſe they encompaſſed *Creté*. But *Horace* here ſpeaks of the *Sporades* (for they were alſo called *Cyclades* by the Ancients) fifty-three Iſlands of the *Ægéan* Sea from *Tenedos* to *Crete*. He very accurately calls them *fulgentes* here, and *nitentes* in the 14th Ode of the firſt Book; for the *Sporades* are white and luminous, from the Chalk with which they abound: On which Account *Dionyſius* the Geographer compares them to Stars: 'After the *Cyclades*, ſays he, we ſee the *Sporades* 'ſhine, like Stars in a ſerene Sky, when the furious 'North Wind has chaſed away the moiſt Clouds.' DACIER.

7 *Paphos*

7 *Paphos* was a City in *Cyprus*.

8 *Horace* ſays, that after they have ſung *Venus*, they will alſo ſing the Goddeſs of Night, to thank her for the Pleaſures ſhe gives them an Opportunity of enjoying.

ODE XXIX.

To MÆCENAS.

By JOHN DRYDEN, *Eſq*;

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuſcan* Sceptre ſway'd,
Make Haſte to meet the generous Wine,
Whoſe Piercing is for Thee delay'd:
The roſy Wreath is ready made;
And artful Hands prepare
The fragrant [1] *Syrian* Oil, that ſhall perfume thy Hair.

II.

When the Wine ſparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, *Come away*;
Make Haſte, and leave thy Buſineſs and thy Care,
No mortal Intereſt can be worth thy Stay.

III.

Leave, for a while, thy coſtly Country-Seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauſeous Pleaſures of the Great.

Make

Make Haſte, and come;
Come, and forſake thy cloying Store;
Thy [2] Turret, that ſurveys from high
The Smoke, and Wealth, and Noiſe of *Rome*;
And all the buſy Pageantry,
That wiſe Men ſcorn, and Fools adore:
Come, give thy Soul a Looſe, and taſte the Pleaſures of the Poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A ſhort Viciſſitude, a Fit of Poverty,
A ſavoury Diſh, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious Room,
The *Perſian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The [3] *Sirian* Star
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry Breath infects the Sky;
The Ground below is parch'd, the Heavens above us fry.
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock
Beneath the Covert of a Rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing Rivulets nigh:
The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire,

Thoſe

Thoſe very Shades and Streams, new Shades and
Streams require;
And want a cooling Breeze of Wind, to fan the
raging Fire.

VI.

Thou, watchful o'er the City's Weal,
For Her a thouſand Cares doſt feel;
And what the *Bactrian* Arms will do,
And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know.
But *Jove* has wiſely hid from human Sight
The dark Decrees of future Fate,
And ſown their Seeds in Depth of Night;
He laughs at all the giddy Turns of State,
When Mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling Hour,
And put it out of Fortune's Power.
The Tide of Buſineſs, like the running Stream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet Ebb, or a tempeſtuous Flow;
And always in Extreme.
Now, with a noiſeleſs gentle Courſe,
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous
Force:
And Trunks of Trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown;

Both

Both Houſe and Homeſted into Seas are borne,
And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
And Woods, made thin with Winds, their ſcatter'd Honours mourn.

VIII.

'Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He who can call To-day his own;
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
'To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-day;
'Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
'The Joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of Fate are mine:
'Not Heaven itſelf upon the Paſt has Power;
'But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour.'

IX.

Fortune, who with malicious Joy,
Does Man, her Slave, oppreſs,
Proud of her Office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs.
Still various, and inconſtant ſtill,
But with an Inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
And makes a Lottery of Life.
I can enjoy her while ſhe's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the Wind,
And ſhakes her Wings, and will not ſtay,
I puff the Proſtitute away:

The little or the much ſhe gave is quietly reſign'd.
Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;
And Virtue, though in Rags, will keep me warm.

X.

'What is't to Me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms ariſe, and Clouds grow black;
If the Maſts ſplit, and threaten Wreck?
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill-gotten Gain,
And pray to Gods, who will not hear,
While the debating Winds and Billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.
For Me, ſecure from *Fortune*'s Blows,
(Secure of what I cannot loſe)
In my ſmall Pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſtering Roar;
And, running with a merry Gale,
With friendly Stars my Safety ſeek
Within ſome little winding Creek,
And ſee the Storm aſhore.

NOTES.

This Ode was written a little Time after the 8th of this Book, and while *Mæcenas* was ſtill Governor of *Rome*. I take it to be of the Year 730. The Subject of it is very clear, and wants no Explanation. It is one of the moſt beautiful in *Horace*, both with regard to the Conduct of it, which is very judicious, and of the Diction, which is ſublime. DACIER.

Sanadon thinks that the Date of this Ode may probably be referred to the Month of *July*, when *Mæcenas* was

was ſole Governor of *Rome* and of *Italy*. *Auguſtus* was then in *Greece*, in his Way to *Aſia*; and *Agrippa* was obliged to quit *Rome*, and to take upon him the Government of *Gaul*, where the People, diſturbed by the *Germans*, threatened to revolt.

Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of this Ode will give the *Engliſh* Reader a juſt Idea of the Beauties of the Original. With Regard both to the Elegance and Correctneſs of the Style, and the Harmony of the Numbers, it is one of the moſt finiſhed Pieces in our Language. Though it may be unfaſhionable to own it, there are ſtill ſome who dare ſubſcribe to the Encomium given *Dryden* in the following Lines;

Moſt that remain (for ſo to Me they ſeem)
Are but the Shadows and the Ghoſts of Him;
'Tis true, their Diction's pure, their Style is clear,
And Art and Labour through the Whole appear;
But where, if well we ſearch them, ſhall we find
His Strength of Thought, *his* Energy of Mind;
The Words, that move us with myſterious Charms,
The Soul that actuates, and the Fire that warms?

1 *Horace* promiſes Eſſences to *Mæcenas*, who was very fond of them, and extremely profuſe in that Article. The Care he took to perfume himſelf had, in ſome meaſure, injured his Character; and it was in Alluſion to this, that *Auguſtus* called his Style μυροβρεχεῖς, *cincinnos Hair criſped and ſhining with Oyl*, to ſignify that his Style was no leſs effeminate and finical.

2 *Molem propinquam nubibus arduis.*] *Mæcenas* had a lofty Tower, or Turret, on the *Eſquilian* Hill, from which *Nero* is ſaid to have beheld the Conflagration of the City. *Suetonius* ſays, 'He took a View of the Fire 'from *Mæcenas*'s Turret, being delighted, as he ſaid, 'with the Beauty of the Flames.'

3 The *Dog Star* is called in *Greek* Σειριος, and in *Latin Sirius*: but I do not remember to have ſeen this Phraſe *(The* Sirian *Star,)* uſed for it by any other Author: And perhaps it is an Example not fit to be followed, becauſe the Word *Sirian* is liable to be confounded with *Syrian*, derived from *Syria*. D.

4 *Horace*'s own Thought is reſtored here, and three of *Dryden*'s Lines are diſcarded: They run thus;

Thou what befits the New *Lord Mayor*,
And what the *City's Factions* dare,
And what the *Callic* Arms will do, *&c.*

But what Buſineſs can the *Lord Mayor* have with the *Quiver-bearing* Foe? It is evident to common Senſe, that the Ode ſhould have been all of a Piece, *viz.* entirely Modern, or entirely Antique. But *Dryden* never ſcrupled to tranſgreſs the Rules of *Propriety* and *Decorum* for a ſatyrical Stroke. There is a remarkable Inſtance of this Kind in his OPERA, entitled *The State of Innocence*, which was written at a Time when it was faſhionable to ſpeak ill of the *Dutch*. *Lucifer* thus opens his Speech to the Devils aſſembled in Council,

Moſt High and Mighty Lords, who better fell
From Heaven to riſe States General of Hell.

5 Mr. *Hughes*, in a Letter to Lord Chancellor *Cowper*, (alluding to his own unhappy State of Health at that Time,) makes the following Remark on the Sentiment of *Horace* in this Paſſage; 'I do not find my Phi-'loſophy fail me ſo much in any Article, or leave me 'to regret the Want of Health more, than when I re-'flect on thoſe Favours of your Lordſhip, which have 'rendered it chiefly deſirable to me, and which, more 'than any thing, would give Reliſh to the Enjoyment 'of it. But I muſt ſubmit to my Lot, with the Satiſ-'faction that I can ſay, *I have been happy*; and I agree 'with my Friend *Horace*, that he has had no ill Portion,

——— *Cui licet in diem*
Dixiſſe, VIXI.

'But for the reſt, *viz.* his recommending a total Un-'concern for what may happen *To-morrow*, it is a fine 'Thought, but, I believe, was written in perfect 'Health.' Lord *Cowper*, in Anſwer, ſays, with his uſual Good-Senſe; 'I am of your Opinion, that your 'Friend *Horace*'s Unconcern for the *Morrow* was a Rant 'written in *good Health*, when he had Reaſon to be-'lieve the *Morrow* would be agreeable. All that can 'be deſired from one under Sickneſs, is to keep from 'a Degree of Dejection, which will help to increaſe the 'Diſtemper.' D.

Mr. *Dryden* ſeems, by ſome Lines, to have had the old Tranſlation of this Ode by Sir *Richard Fanſhaw* in View, which in the main is a very good one.

Sir

Sir *Richard* ſays;

Now peeps *Andromeda*'s ſmall Star,
And *Procyon* ſhows the *Dog* not far;
He barks; and *Phœbus*' kindling Rays
Haſte to bring back the ſultry Days.

Dryden,

The *Sirian* Star
Barks from afar.

But it is a more proper Metaphor to ſay, a *Dog* barks, than a *Star* barks.

Sir *Richard*,

And let *To-morrow* ſhine, or rain,
Yet can it not the Paſt make vain;
Nor uncreate, and render void
That which was *Yeſterday* enjoy'd.

And *Dryden*,

To-morrow ——————
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine, &c. D.

6 *Non eſt meum ſi mugiat Africis*
Malus procellis.]

All the modern Commentators ſeem to have quite miſtaken the Meaning of *Horace* in the two laſt Stanzas of this beautiful Ode. They are a Continuation of the philoſophical Rant begun four Stanzas above. In this Concluſion he is a perfect *Epicurean*: He treats a principal Branch of Religion, namely, *Prayer to the Gods*, and *Truſt in them for Succour in Diſtreſs*, with the greateſt Ridicule, by uſing the moſt contemptuous Expreſſions, and the ſevereſt Irony; ad *miſeras* preces *decurrere*, & votis *paciſci*; as mean and abſurd; as equally unworthy of the Dignity of the Philoſopher, and of the Divine Nature. *Tum me*, &c. 'Then forſooth, ſays he, (*i. e.* 'when I have ſtruck a Bargain with them) *Caſtor* and '*Pollux* will be ſure to take Care, and carry me ſafe, 'even in a Wherry, through the moſt dangerous Seas, 'and the moſt dreadful Storm.' The whole Train of this Ode, in which conſiſts its greateſt Beauty, will ſufficiently juſtify this Interpretation. If Authority is ſtill wanting, take that of the old Scholiaſt, who remarks on the three laſt Lines, that they are an Irony. Dr. *Bentley*'s arbitrary Alteration of *ferat* to *ferat* entirely deſtroys the Senſe of the Paſſage. Dr. LOWTH.

ODE XXX.

A [1] Monument on ſtable Baſe,
More ſtrong than Braſs, my Name ſhall grace;
Than [2] Regal Pyramids more high,
Which Storms and Years unnumber'd ſhall defy.

[3] My nobler Part ſhall ſwiftly riſe
Above this Earth, and claim the Skies,
Long as the [4] ſilent Maid attends,
While *Jove*'s High Prieſt [5] the Capitol aſcends;

Old [6] *Auſidus*, who loudly roars,
Where [7] *Daunus* rul'd th' *Apulian* Shores,
Shall hear that I, with deathleſs Praiſe,
To [8] *Grecian* Notes [9] firſt tun'd the *Roman* Lays.

With conſcious Pride, [10] *Melpomenè*,
Aſſume the Honours due to thee,
And gladly round my Temples ſpread
The Laurel-Wreath, that decks *Apollo*'s Head.

NOTES.

Scaliger, ſpeaking of this Ode, ſays, *Faſtum miſcuit cum majeſtate*; Horace *has blended Vanity with Grandeur*. There is indeed a great deal of Grandeur in it; but the noble Pride, here diſplayed, does not deſerve the Name

Name of Vanity. See the Notes on the laſt Ode of the 2d Book. DACIER.

1 *Exegi monumentum.*] *Ovid* ſays, in Terms ſtill more ſtrong,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

'I've now compil'd a Work, which nor the Rage
'Of *Jove*, nor Fire, nor Sword, nor eating Age
'Can e'er deſtroy.'

2 The Pyramids of *Egypt* (here referred to) were built on a ſmall Hill fifty Furlongs from *Memphis*. Three of them, in particular, were thought one of the Wonders of the World. They were the Work of ſeveral Kings. On which Account *Horace* uſes the Epithet *Regali*, *Royal*. DACIER.

3 *Multaque pars mei.*] That is to ſay, *More than Half*, *the better Part of me*; for *Pars* by itſelf commonly ſignifies *Half*.

Thus *Ovid*;

Parte tamen meliore mei ſuper alta, perennis,
Aſtra ferar. ———————

I ſhall be borne above the lofty Stars,
In my more noble Part, Immortal! ——

4 *Cum tacitâ virgine.*] The Chief Prieſt was always accompanied in the public Sacrifices by one of the *Veſtal* Virgins, who kept a profound Silence.

5 *Dum Capitolium ſcandet.*] There were a hundred Steps to the *Capitol*.

Horace here promiſes himſelf an immortal Reputation. *Rome* was then arrived at ſuch a Height of Grandeur, that it was not doubted ſhe would continue for ever Miſtreſs of the World. On which Account theſe Inſcriptions were very common, *Romæ Æternæ*; *Imperii Æternitas*: And it was familiar among the *Romans*, to deſcribe Eternity by the Duration of their Empire, and of the *Capitol*. Thus *Virgil* (in the 9th *Æneid*) concludes the Story of *Niſus* and *Euryalus* with theſe Lines,

Fortunati ambo!—Si quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo;

Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile ſaxum
Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit.

Hail happy Pair!—If aught my Verſe avails,
Each grateful Age for ever ſhall record
Your Fame; long as *Æneas'* Race ſhall hold
The *Capitolian* Rock, immoveable;
And *Roman* Fathers rule the conquer'd World!

But the Verſes of *Virgil* and *Horace* have long ſurvived the *Capitol* and that renowned Empire. Nothing, indeed, but the Works of the Muſes, and what they conſecrate, can juſtly expect to live for ever. D.

6 *Auſidus* is a River of *Apulia*. It riſes in the Mountains of *Hirpini*, and paſſing by *Canuſium* and *Cannæ*, falls into the *Adriatic* Sea. *Horace* uſes the Epithet *violens*, on account of its Rapidity. It is now called *Oſanto*.

7 *Daunus* (the Son of *Pilumnus* and *Danaë*, and the Grandfather of *Turnus*) was thought to have reigned in *Daunia*, and that it received its Name from him. By the *Auſidus*, *Horace* intends the *Pucetian Apulia*, from that River to *Calabria*; and by the Kingdom of *Daunus*, the *Daunian Apulia*, from the *Samnites* to the River *Cerbalus*. And, in general, he comprehends all *Italy*. But he mentions *Apulia* in particular, becauſe it was his native Country; and the Applauſe we there receive is the moſt ſoothing. DACIER.

8 *Æolium carmen.*] *Sappho* and *Alcæus* (whoſe Numbers *Horace* copies) were both of *Mitylenè*, a City of *Æolia*: See the Notes on the 13th Ode of the ſecond Book.

9 *Princeps.*] *Primus, the Firſt.*

10 *Melpomenè.*] *Horace* puts *Melpomenè* for the Muſe in general; for *Melpomenè*, properly ſpeaking, preſided only over Tragedy and Rhetoric. See the firſt Verſe of the 3d Ode, Book IV.

The

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By a Batchelor of Arts.

'TIS done:——I tower to that Degree,
And catch ſuch heavenly Fire,
That *Horace* ne'er could rant like Me,
Nor is *King*'s Chapel higher.

My Name in ſure recording Page
Shall Time itſelf o'erpower,
If no rude Mice, with envious Rage,
The Buttery-Books devour.

A * Title too, with added Grace,
My Name ſhall now attend,
Till to the Church, with ſilent Pace,
A Nymph and Prieſt aſcend.

Ev'n in the Schools I now rejoice.
Where late I ſhook with Fear,
Nor heed the *Moderator*'s Voice,
Loud thundering in my Ear.

Then with *Æolian* Flute I blow
A ſoft *Italian* Lay,
Or, where *Cam*'s ſcanty Waters flow,
Releas'd from Lectures, ſtray.

---

* Batchelor.

Mean while, Friend * *Banks!* my Merits claim
Their juſt Reward from You;
For *Horace* bids us challenge Fame,
When once that Fame's our Due.

Inveſt me with a Graduate's Gown,
'Midſt Shouts of all Beholders;
My Head with ample Square-cap crown,
And deck with Hood my Shoulders!
C. C. C. C. 1748.

---

* A celebrated Taylor.

The END *of the* THIRD BOOK.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODES

OF

HORACE.

TO

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq;

This FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODES of *HORACE*

Is Inscribed

BY

His affectionate

Humble Servants,

W. and J. DUNCOMBE.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODES of HORACE.

ODE I.

To VENUS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE *ſen.*

O Spare me, *Venus!* —Goddeſs, ſpare!
Nor wake the long-ſuſpended War;
For chang'd I am, ſince firſt thy Chain
I wore, in gentle *Cynara's* Reign.
Mother too fierce of ſoft Deſires,
Warm not *my* Breaſt with youthful Fires;
For, ſee! around my ſilver'd Head
Full fifty Years their Snow have ſpread.
To perſecute thy Poet ceaſe,
And let his Life decline in Peace.
Rather to blooming Youths repair,
Who ſeek thy Aid with ardent Prayer.

Would'ſt

Would'ſt thou a worthy Heart inflame,
Young *Paulus* for thy Pupil claim:
And, gently wafted through the Sky
By [2] purple Swans, to *Paulus* fly;
There from the golden Car alight,
And with thy Preſence bleſs his Sight.
For he is graceful, nobly born;
A hundred Arts the Youth adorn;
A zealous Pleader in Defence
Of unbefriended Innocence:
He widely ſhall extend thy Sway,
And make the beauteous Nymphs obey.
Should his rich Rival ſtrive in vain,
By Gifts the Maid he loves to gain,
Near *Alba*'s Lake, by *his* Command,
Beneath a Citron Roof ſhall ſtand
Thy Marble Statue; Lovers there
The copious Incenſe ſhall prepare,
To ſcent thy Noſtrils; and around,
The Harp, the Flute, and Haut-boy ſound,
In Concert with the joyous Lays,
Which [3] twice a-Day, to chant thy Praiſe,
[4] The Youths and Virgins ſhall repeat;
And, ſpringing thrice with [5] ſnowy Feet,
The Ground in [6] *Salian* Meaſures beat.
Nor Maid I court, nor Matron now,
Nor gather Flowers to bind my Brow:
No more in Drinking I delight,
Nor paſs in Revels half the Night;

Nor,

Nor, vainly-fond, can hope to prove
The long-loſt Joys of mutual Love.
But why, alas! ſay, *Delia*, why
Starts this fond Moiſture from my Eye,
And trickles down my glowing Cheek?
Why do I faulter as I ſpeak?
Why drops, in Words abrupt, my Tongue,
Which us'd to flow ſo ſmooth along?
I graſp you now, in nightly Dreams;
Now labour through the rolling Streams,
As ſwift you glide; or, o'er the Plain,
My cruel Fugitive purſue in vain.

NOTES.

1 *Mater ſæva Cupidinum.*] *Horace* has taken this Line from the 19th Ode of his Firſt Book.

2 *Purpureis oloribus*] The Ancients applied the Epithet *Purple* to every thing that was of a bright and lively Colour: In this Senſe the Swans are ſo called, who are of a ſhining White. *Albinovanus* applies it to Snow,

—— *Purpureâ ſub nive terra latet.*

And, in another Place,

Brachia purpureâ candidiora nive.

3 *Bis die.*] Hymns, in Honour of the Gods, were ſung in the Temples, Morning and Evening.

4 *Pueri cum teneris virginibus.*] The Ancients had no Children educated on purpoſe to ſing in the Temples, like thoſe which are now called *Choiriſters*; neither did they employ for that Purpoſe the public Muſicians, who ſung on the Stage; but a certain Number of Boys and Girls were ſelected out of the beſt Families, and ſtatedly ſung, till others were choſen to ſucceed them. Theſe Places were much coveted, and it was held a very great Honour to be choſen. DACIER.

5 — *Pede*

5 —— *Pede candido.*] The Arms and Feet of Boys and Girls were naked in Dancing.

6 *In morem Saliûm ter quatient humum.*] The *Salii* were the Prieſts of *Mars*, inſtituted by *Numa*. They carried every Year in ſolemn Proceſſion the ſacred Bucklers through the fourteen Diviſions of *Rome*, ſinging, dancing, and clattering their Shields, like our Caſtanets, as they marched along. DACIER.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, *Eſq.*

Inſcribed to

The Right Hon. HUGH *Lord* POLWARTH*, *now Earl of* MARCHMONT.

VENUS! call'ſt thou once more to Arms?
Sound'ſt thou once more thy dire Alarms?
Annoy'ſt my peaceful State again?—
Oh! Faith of Treaties ſworn in vain!
Seal'd with the Signet of thy Doves,
And ratify'd by all the Loves.
Spare, Goddeſs; I implore, implore!
Alas! thy Suppliant is no more
What once he was in happier Time,
(Illuſtrated by many a Rhyme)

---

* Son of *Alexander* Earl of *Marchmont*, Grandſon of *Patrick* Earl of *Marchmont*, and diſtinguiſhed, like them, in the Cauſe of Liberty. POPE.

When,

When, ſkill'd in every ruling Art,
Maria ſway'd his yielding Heart:
Love's Champion then, and known to Fame,
He boaſted no inglorious Name.
Now, cruel Mother of Deſires!
Who Doubts and anxious Joys inſpires,
Ah! why, ſo long defy'd, again
Thus levieſt thou thy dreadful Train;
That, when in daring Fights he toil'd,
So oft his youthful Ardor foil'd?
Oh! let thy hoſtile Fury ceaſe,
Thy faithful Veteran reſt in Peace,
In the laborious Service worn,
His Arms decay'd, and Enſigns torn.
Go, go, Swan-wing'd! through liquid Air,
Where the bland Breath of youthful Prayer
Recalls thee from the long Delay,
And, weeping, chides thee for thy Stay.
My lowly Roof, that knows no State,
Can ne'er receive a Gueſt ſo great:
In *Polworth*'s Dome, majeſtic Queen,
With better Grace thou ſhalt be ſeen,
If, worthy of the *Cyprian* Dart,
Thou ſeek'ſt to pierce a lovely Heart:
For he to noble Birth has join'd
A graceful Form and gentle Mind;
And, to ſubdue a Virgin-Breaſt,
The Youth with thouſand Arts is bleſt;
Nor ſilent in his Country's Cauſe,
The anxious Guardian of her Laws.

He,

He, in thy nobleſt Warfare try'd,
Shall ſpread thy Empire far and wide;
Confirm the Glories of thy Reign;
And not a Glance ſhall fall in vain:
Then, when each Rival ſhall ſubmit
The Prize of Beauty and of Wit,
And Riches yield to fair Deſert
The Triumph of a female Heart;
Graceful thy Marble Form ſhall ſtand,
Fair-breathing from the Sculptor's Hand,
Beneath the Temple's pillar'd Pride,
Faſt by a ſacred Fountain's Side,
Where *Tweed* ſports round each winding Maze:
There, Song ſhall warble, Incenſe blaze;
Nor dumb ſhall reſt the Silver Lyre,
To animate the feſtive Choir:
There, twice a Day, fond Boys ſhall come,
And tender Virgins in their Bloom,
(With fearful Awe, and Infant-Shame,)
To call upon thy hallow'd Name,
As thrice about the wanton Round
With ſnowy Feet they lightly bound.
For Me, no Beauty now invites,
Long recreant to the ſoft Delights:
Loſt to the winning Arts that move,
Ah! dare I hope a mutual Love?
The fond Relief of pleaſing Pain,
That hopes, fears, doubts, and hopes again?
No Garlands on my Forehead bloom,
Where Flowers their vernal Souls conſume:

No

No more the reigning Toaſt I claim;
I yield the fierce contended Name,
Though daring once to drink all up,
While *Bacchus* could ſupply the Cup.
Farewell, deluſive, idle Power!
And welcome, Contemplation's Hour!
Now, now I ſearch, neglected long,
The Charms that lie in moral Song,
How to aſſwage the boiling Blood,
The Leſſons of the wiſe and good;
Now with fraternal Sorrows mourn;
Now pour the Tear o'er Friendſhip's Urn:
Or higher raiſe the Wiſh refin'd,
The generous Prayer for Human Kind;
Or anxious for my *Britain*'s Fate,
To Freedom beg a longer Date,
To calm her more than Civil Rage,
And ſpare her yet one other Age.
Theſe, theſe the Labours I purſue:
Fantaſtic Love, a long Adieu!
—Yet why, O beauteous *Laura*, why,
Thus heaves the long-forgotten Sigh?
Why down my Cheeks, when you appear,
Steals, Drop by Drop, th' unbidden Tear?
Once ſkill'd to breathe the anxious Vow,
Why fails my Tongue its Maſter now,
And, faltering, dubious, ſtrives in vain,
The tender Meaning to explain?
Why, in the Viſions of the Night,
Riſes thy Image to my Sight?

Now,

Now, ſeiz'd, thy much-lov'd Form I hold,
Now loſe again the tranſient Fold;
Unequal, panting far behind,
I chaſe thee fleeter than the Wind,
Whether the dear Deluſion ſtrays
Through fair *Hope-Park*'s enchanting Maze;
Or, where thy cruel Phantom glides,
Along the ſwiftly-running Tides.

ODE II.

To [1] ANTONIUS JULUS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

WHoe'er would ſoar to [2] *Pindar*'s Height
Attempts a bold but dangerous Flight
On waxen Wings, and, loſt to Shame,
Will give, like [3] *Icarus*, the Sea a Name.
As, rais'd above its Banks by Showers,
A River from a Mountain pours,
Rolls *Pindar* his impetuous Song,
And with reſiſtleſs Fury ſweeps along.
Juſtly he claims *Apollo*'s Bays,
Whether in free unfetter'd Lays,
Through [4] *Dithyrambic* Metre bold,
New Words with lawleſs Energy are roll'd;
[5] Or whether he, in meaſur'd Verſe,
Of Gods, or Chiefs, the Praiſe rehearſe;

[6] Chiefs,

[6] Chiefs, ſprung from Gods, whoſe Force could tame
The *Centaurs* Might, and quench *Chimæra's* Flame.
If with ſome Bride, in moving Strains,
He of her Conſort's Loſs complains,
And to the Stars exalts the Youth,
For Courage, Piety, and ancient Truth;
[7] Or if the Hero, crown'd with Palms,
Or Victor Courſer he embalms,
His laſting Lays in Worth ſurpaſs
The breathing Marble, and ſepulchral Braſs!
When the [8] *Dircæan* Swan would riſe,
A Whirlwind bears him to the Skies:
But as the Bee, with ceaſeleſs Toil,
From each fair Flower collects her balmy Spoil;
Laborious thus my weaker Muſe
Light Themes in *Tibur's* Bower purſues;
But [9] You ſhall to a bolder String
The juſt Applauſe of matchleſs *Cæſar* ſing;
While round his Head the Laurel weaves,
For Conqueſts won, her verdant Leaves;
And the [10] *Sicambrian* we ſurvey
In Fetters dragg'd along the Sacred Way.
Never was Gift ſo good and great
Beſtow'd on Man by Heaven, or Fate,
Nor ſhall again, ſhould Time be roll'd,
With backward Courſe, to his primæval Gold.
And You ſhall ſing, in grateful Lays,
The Feaſts that *Rome* to *Cæſar* pays;

The

The City's public Sports; the Bar
Freed from litigious Suits, and noiſy War.
I too, with feeble Voice, will join
My Song to Your's; 'O *Phœbus!* ſhine
'Auſpicious, with thy brighteſt Ray,
'And grace the Rites of this diſtinguiſh'd Day.'
Then Incenſe to the Gods ſhall riſe,
And ſhouting *Iös* rend the Skies;
All *Rome* ſhall join in choral Song,
As *Cæſar*'s Train triumphant moves along.
Your Vow ten Bulls, as many Kine
Abſolve; a ſportive Heifer *mine*,
Wean'd from his Mother; [1] on whoſe Brows,
Full in the Front, a Star its Luſtre ſhows;
A Gloſs of fallow Hue adorns
His Skin; the Creſcent of his Horns,
So ſharply turn'd, ſalutes the Sight,
Like *Cynthia*'s Fires, the third revolving Night.

NOTES.

1 *Antonius Julus* was one of the Children of *Mark Antony*, by *Fulvia*. *Auguſtus*, after defeating his Father, not only pardoned the Son, but graced him alſo with the Prieſthood, and the Dignities of *Prætor* and *Conſul*. He received him beſides into his own Family, by marrying him to one of the Daughters which his Siſter *Octavia* bore to her firſt Huſband, *Marcellus*. But all theſe Favours were thrown away on this ungrateful Man, who polluted the Houſe of his generous Benefactor; for he was one of the firſt who debauched his Daughter, *Julia*. This, with ſome Proofs of a Conſpiracy, to which he was privy, ſo highly incenſed *Auguſtus*, that he condemned him to Death. Some Hiſtorians relate, that,

that, to avoid public Infamy, he killed himſelf with his own Hand.

2 *Pindar* was of *Thebes* in *Bœotia*. He lived about the 75th *Olympiad*, 476 Years before the Chriſtian Æra, and was contemporary with *Xerxes*. A ſmall Part only of the Works mentioned by *Horace* is come down to us; but the four Books ſtill remaining are ſufficient to juſtify the Encomium here given him by *Horace*, and to ſhow that the Ancients were not miſtaken in proclaiming him with one Voice, *The firſt of Lyric Poets.*

Quintilian had this Ode in View, when he gave the following Character of *Pindar*, in the firſt Chapter of his tenth Book: *Novem Lyricorum longè Pindarus princeps, ſpiritûs magnificentiâ, ſententiis, figuris, beatiſſimâ rerum verborumque copiâ, et velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine.*

'*Pindar* is indiſputably the *firſt* of the *nine* Lyric 'Poets by the Elevation of his Spirit, by the Boldneſs 'of his Figures and the Beauty of his Sentences, by the 'Copiouſneſs of his Words and Thoughts, and by his 'rapid Eloquence, which flows like a Torrent;' on which Accounts *Horace* rightly thought him inimitable.

A Lady, who does Honour to Female Genius, gives his Character in theſe nervous Lines:

Bold *Pindar* * next, with matchleſs Force and Fire,
Divinely careleſs, wak'd the ſounding Lyre;
Unbound by Rule he urg'd each vigorous Lay,
And gave his mighty Genius Room to play:
The *Grecian* Games employ his daring Strings,
In Numbers rapid as the Race he ſings.
Poetical Calendar for March, 1764.

3 The Hiſtory of *Dædalus* and *Icarus* has been already explained in the Notes on the third Ode of the firſt Book. *Ovid* gives this Story at large in his ſecond Book *De Arte amandi.*

4 The *Dithyrambics* were Hymns in Honour of *Bacchus*. It appears by this Paſſage (for none of them are now extant) that they were written in irregular Numbers, and not confined to any ſet Meaſure. It was (as Mr. *Cowley* obſerves,) a bold enthuſiaſtical kind of Po-

* *i. e.* After *Homer.*

etry, as if written by Men inſpired by *Bacchus*, that is, *half-drunk*; from whence came the *Greek* Proverb, *You are as mad as a* Dithyrambic *Poet.*

5 *Seu Deos, regeſque canit, Deorum*
Sanguinem.]

After the *Dithyrambics* of *Pindar*, *Horace* alludes to his *Hymns* and his *Panegyrics*; the former were written in Praiſe of the *Gods*, the latter of *Heroes*. It has been uſual, in all Times, to call Kings *the Sons of* God; but *Horace* deſigns here, in particular, *Hercules*, the Son of *Jupiter*; *Theſeus*, the Son of *Neptune*; and *Pirithoüs*, who was deſcended from *Mars*.

6 *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, and *Pirithoüs*, ſlew the *Centaurs*.

7 *Sive quos Elea domum reducit*
Palma cæleſtes.]

Horace ſpeaks here of thoſe Odes where *Pindar* ſings the Praiſe of the Victors at the *Olympic* Games, *&c.* which are the only Part of his Works now extant.

8 *Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum.*] *Pindar* is called *Dircæan* from *Dircè*, a Fountain near *Thebes*, where he was born.

9 *Antonius* was the Author of ſeveral Works in Verſe, and had written an Heroic Poem, in twelve Books, entitled *Diomedéa*.

10 *Sicambria*, now *Guelderland*.

11 *Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes*
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
Quà notam duxit niveus videri,
Cætera fulvus.]

Horace here imitates a beautiful Paſſage in *Moſchus*, where he deſcribes the Bull, which carried *Europa* over the Sea on his Back.

His love-inſpiring Eyes with lively Blue
Sparkled: His Hair was all of golden Hue.
Full in his ample Front a Silver Star
With its bright Ray diſtinguiſh'd him afar:
Two equal Horns on his bold Temples roſe,
Whoſe poliſh'd Arch like the fair Creſcent ſhows.

D.

The following Idea of a *Pindaric* Poet may perhaps entertain the Reader.

'A Pin-

'A PINDARIC POET, according to the Notion I have 'formed to myſelf, muſt exceed the common Rate of 'Mankind, in an abundant Flow of Animal Spirits; 'and hence, inſtead of traverſing the Brain with a cool 'and methodical Genius to ſtart proper Thoughts, or 'hunt after Images to adorn them, he is fired and tran-'ſported with ſome noble Hint, and ſees, at the ſame 'Moment, every thing that has any Relation to the 'principal Subject offering itſelf, unſought and uncalled, 'and, as it were, crowding upon his Imagination; ma-'king ſo deep an Impreſſion there, that he views them 'all, as actually preſent before him, and miſtakes them 'for real.

'He is ſeized with a kind of prophetical Inſpiration, 'and, tranſported with the Grandeur and Beauty of 'the mimic Shapes and pleaſing Viſions, eagerly graſps 'at all, diſcourſes of all, (as in an Ecſtacy), and pours 'them out of the inexhauſtable Stores of his Soul, with 'a rich Profuſion, and, as *Marvel* calls it, *Expence of 'Thought*; but in no other Method or Order, than as 'he is hurried from Image to Image, with the utmoſt 'Connection indeed of Ideas, but without any Warn-'ing or Preparation of the Reader, in the haſty Tranſi-'tion from one Object to another, or from Ideas to 'warmeſt and juſteſt Reflections upon them.

'An Inſtance of the *firſt*, *viz.* the View of different 'Objects at one and the ſame Moment, we meet with 'in the greateſt of the Prophets, in his Deſcription of 'the ſudden March and Invaſion of the *Aſſyrians*, and 'the Terror of *Iſraël*: *He is come to* Aiath, *he is paſſed 'to* Migron; *at* Michmaſh *he hath laid up his Carriages. 'They are gone over the Paſſage*; *they have taken up their 'Lodging at* Geba; Ramah *is afraid*, Gibeah *of* Saul *is 'fled. Liſt up thy Voice, O Daughter of* Gallim. *Cauſe it 'to be heard unto* Laiſh, *O poor* Anathoth. Madmenah 'is *removed, the Inhabitants of* Gebim *gather themſelves to 'flee.* ISAIAH X. 28—31. We have an Inſtance of the 'latter, *viz.* (the paſſing from one Object to another, 'without any regular Connection) in the 21ſt and 23d 'Verſes of the Song of *Deborah*, JUDGES V. *The River 'of* Kiſhon *ſwept them away, that ancient River, the Ri-'ver* Kiſhon: *O my Soul, thou haſt trodden down Strength! 'Curſe ye* Meroz, (*ſaid the Angel of the* LORD) *curſe ye 'bitterly the Inhabitants thereof*; *becauſe they came not to the*

'*Help of the* LORD, *to the Help of the* LORD *againſt the Mighty.*'

The Rev. Mr. SAMUEL SAY, in a Letter to Mr. HUGHES.

Part of the SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To the Rev. Dr. DOUGLAS, *now Canon of* Windſor.

WHoe'er, with impious Hand, eſſays
To ſully *Milton*'s ſpotleſs Lays,
In griſly Form will ſoon appear,
Like *Lauder*, touch'd with your *Ithuriel*-Spear.
As from *Plinlimmon*, ſwoln with Showers
And wintry Snows, *Sabrina* pours
Down *Cambria*'s Vales; ſo *Milton*'s Song
With unreſiſted Fury ſweeps along.
Th' *Homeric* Wreath he well may claim,
(Like Him in Fortune as in Fame,)
Whether high Heaven reſound th' Alarms
Of Angels and Archangels, clad in Arms;
Or whether he through *Eden* leads
Our Steps, o'er Lawns and flowery Meads,
Where the fring'd Bank green Myrtles crown,
And Shades, unpierc'd, the noon-tide Bowers imbrown.
Whene'er, to vain Delights a Foe,
He penſive ſtrikes the Strings of Woe;

Or

Or bids *Euphroſyné* the Lyre
Reſume, and warble to the dancing Choir;
Or crowns lov'd *Lycidas*'s Shrine,
Or bids us *Comus*' Revels join;
Not *Hayman*'s nor *Roubiliac*'s Art
Such Life, ſuch Grace, ſuch Energy impart!
Through Tracts conceal'd from mortal Sight
Our *Britiſh* Eagle wings his Flight,
And baſks, undazzled at the Blaze,
Like his own *Uriel*, in the Solar Rays.
My Muſe, with weak but arduous Toil,
Culls, like the Bee, her balmy Spoil,
Ambitious, in theſe claſſic Bowers,
To draw *Horatian* Sweets from *Britiſh* Flowers.
Mean while 'tis yours, with patriot Zeal,
This dark Impoſture to reveal,
And deathleſs Amaranth*, which grew
Faſt by the Tree of Life, now blooms for You....
C. C. C. C. 1751.

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* *See* PARADISE LOST, B. III. V. 354.

ODE III.

To his MUSE.

By Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, *late Lord Biſhop of* ROCHESTER.

HE, on whoſe Birth the *Lyric* Queen
Of Numbers ſmil'd, ſhall never grace
The *Iſthmian* Gauntlet, or be ſeen
First in the fam'd *Olympic* Race.
He ſhall not, after Toils of War,
And humbling haughty Monarchs Pride,
With laurell'd Brows conſpicuous far,
To *Jove's Tarpeïan* Temple ride.
But Him the Streams, that warbling flow
Rich *Tibur's* fertile Meads along,
And ſhady Groves, his Haunts, ſhall know
The Maſter of th' *Æolian* Song.
The Sons of *Rome*, majeſtic *Rome!*
Have plac'd me in the Poets Choir,
And Envy now, or dead, or dumb,
Forbears to blame what they admire.
Goddeſs of the ſweet-ſounding Lute,
Which thy harmonious Touch obeys,
Who can'ſt the finny Race, though mute,
To Cygnets dying Accents raiſe;

Thy

Thy Gift it is, that all with Eaſe
Me Prince of *Roman* Lyrics own;
That, while I live, my Numbers pleaſe,
If pleaſing, is thy Gift alone!

NOTE.

For *Scaliger*'s Opinion of this Ode, ſee the Notes on Ode 9. B. III.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By a Fellow of a College.

WHOE'ER, to ſtudious Leiſure train'd,
Has once a FELLOWSHIP obtain'd,
In *Granta*'s learn'd Retreat,
No more with *Syllogiſtic* Cares
Perplex'd, at Dinner and at Prayers
Aſſumes a loftier Seat.
No more he echoes in the Hall,
With loud declamatory Brawl,
The Fame of *Rome* and *Greece*,
And crowns with a triumphal Car
Returning Heroes, great in War,
And amiable in Peace.
Now with his Brethren view him roll,
With many a Shrug, the winding Bowl
Along the level Green;

Now, unreſtrain'd, behold him rove
On *Cam*'s fair Borders, through the Grove,
Where * Scholars ne'er are ſeen.
When ſeven long Years are now complete,
He in the Senate takes his Seat
Each Congregation-Day;
And envies no applauded Wits,
While there on equal Terms he ſits
By *Maſon*, *Hurd*, and *Gray*.
By thy bleſt Aid, O powerful † GRACE!
The Sons of Lords obtain a Place
Among the Sons of Art;
Thou point'ſt a ready Way to Fame,
And ev'n to Dukes the ſacred Name
Of Doctors can'ſt impart!
From thee our Votes and Voices flow,
To thee the ſilken Hoods we owe
That float adown our Shoulders;
By thee, on feſtal Days, the Gown
Of Scarlet charms the gaping Town,
And dazzles all Beholders.
Though thou haſt oft beſtow'd Rewards
On Stateſmen, Sages, Peers and Bards,
And crown'd their high Deſerts;
Yet wond'ring Strangers ſtare to ſee
Full many a Blockhead made by thee
A MASTER OF THE ARTS.

C. C. C. C. 1751.

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* Every College conſiſts of a Maſter, Fellows, and Scholars.
† A *Grace* is an Act of the Senate, conferring Degrees, *&c.*

ODE

ODE IV.

The Praiſes of DRUSUS *and* TIBERIUS.

By GEORGE JEFFREYS, *Eſq;*

AS *Jove's* imperial Bird, to whom the Sway
O'er all the feather'd Race was given,
(For ſo did he his faithful Favourite pay,
For wafting [1] *Ganymed* to Heaven)
With native Vigour join'd to youthful Prime,
Springs from the Neſt, though check'd by Fear,
Unwonted Heights with tender Wing to climb,
[2] The Sky when Summer Breezes clear!
With hoſtile Rage the Spoiler next deſcends,
Impetuous, on the bleating Fold;
Thence, more aſſur'd, reluctant Dragons rends,
With Love of Prey and Combat bold:
Or as a Kid, on Paſtures fair to graze
Intent, the Lion's Progeny,
Wean'd from his yellow Mother's Milk, ſurveys;
By Fangs in Slaughter new, to die;
[3] Such *Druſus* the *Vindelici* beheld
Beneath the *Alps*, [4] unmatch'd in War!
And, by a ſage and youthful Leader quell'd,
The Troops, victorious long and far,
Prov'd what a Genius and a Mind could dare,
By Precept and Example taught;

And what, *Auguſtus!* thy [5] Paternal Care
In either *Nero's* Bloom has wrought.
[6] The Brave beget the Brave: The Bull, the Steed,
Are ſtamp'd upon their generous Race;
Nor is the Dove's unwarlike Brood decreed
The Royal Eagle to diſgrace.
But Culture calls the hidden Vigour forth,
And Virtue, when on Learning built,
Confirms the Heart: In Blood, devoid of Worth,
The conſcious Shame enhances Guilt.
What *Rome* her [7] *Neros* owes, let *Aſdrubal*
Be Witneſs, that deciſive Day,
The firſt, that near *Metaurus* by his Fall
From *Latium* chas'd the Night away:
When the dire *African* to *Mars*, among
Th' *Italian* Cities gave the Rein,
Impetuous as the Flame, that runs along
The Pines, or *Eurus* o'er the Main.
From that bright Dawn the *Roman* Youth ſuſtain'd,
With better Fate, the Toils of Fight;
And the ſad Shrines, by *Punic* Foes profan'd,
Now found their Guardian Gods upright.
When *Hannibal* at length deſponding ſpoke:
'Like Stags, the Prey of Wolves, are We,
'And raſhly to the Fight ſuch Foes provoke,
'As to elude were Victory.
'The Warrior Race, who to the *Latian* Coaſt,
'From *Ilium* ſunk in *Grecian* Fires,
'Convey'd their Gods, on *Tuſcan* Billows toſt,
'Their Offspring and their aged Sires,

'Un-

'Uninjur'd, [8] like the widely-ſpreading Oak
'On *Algidus*, with Shade embrown'd,
'Defy the ſturdy Steel's repeated Stroke,
'And draw new Vigour from the Wound.
'Not baffled *Hercules* receiv'd a Foil
'More grievous from the ſprouting Store
'Of *Hydra's* Heads; no greater Peſt the Soil
'Of *Thebes* or *Colchis* ever bore.
'Plung'd in the Deep, more graceful thence they
'ſpring,
'The Sons of dearly-purchas'd Fame!
'Though thrown, with vaſt Applauſe the Victor
'fling,
'And Matrons their Exploits proclaim.
'With lofty [9] Tidings I ſhall ne'er again
'My long-triumphant *Carthage* hail;
'[10] Loſt, loſt, in *Aſdrubal* untimely ſlain,
'Our Name's beſt Hope and Fortune fail!'
The *Claudian* Hands all Wonders ſhall perform,
By *Jove's* indulgent Aid ſecur'd,
And, by ſagacious Care, to rule the Storm
Of well-conducted War, inur'd.

NOTES.

Scaliger gives the following Character of this Ode; *Quarta nec Pindaro cedit: Totâ verò cantione hâc et ſeipſum et omnem Græciam ſuperavit.* 'The *fourth* Ode of the 'fourth Book is not inferior even to *Pindar*: In this 'little Piece *Horace* has excelled himſelf and all the 'Grecian Poets.'

1 *Ganymedes* was the Son of *Tros*, King of *Troy*. *Homer* ſays he was the moſt beautiful Perſon in the World,

on which Account the Gods tranſlated him into Heaven, and *Jupiter* made him his Cup-bearer. The Truth of the Story is, this young *Trojan* was carried away by *Tantalus*, King of *Lydia*, whoſe Troops bore an Eagle on their Enſigns. DACIER.

2 *Vernique, jam nimbis remotis,*
Inſolitos docuere niſus
Venti paventem;

But *Bentley* and *Sanadon* read it thus:

Verniſque jam nimbis remotis,

which is confirmed by ſeveral excellent Manuſcripts.

The Spring Seaſon is generally very ſhowery; and, beſides, the Eagles are not hatched till the Summer.

3 This Paſſage in moſt Copies runs thus:

Videre Rhæti bella ſub Alpibus
Druſum gerentem Vindelici.

But as it is clear from the Hiſtorians that the *Rhæti* and *Vindelici* were two diſtinct People, the Critics have corrected the laſt Line thus:

——— *gerentem et Vindelici.*

But it will not even this Way agree with Hiſtory, ſince *Druſus* conquered only the *Vindelici*, and *Tiberius* the *Rhæti*. *N. Heinſius* therefore read *Rhætis Alpibus*, for *Rhæticis*, which Contraction is common with our Author: And he is followed by *Bentley*, *Cuningham*, and *Sanadon*. This Reading is alſo confirmed by ſome old Copies, and entirely removes the Difficulty.

4 This Stanza follows in the Original:

——————— *quibus*
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia ſecuri
Dextras obarmet, quærere diſtuli:
(Nec ſcire fas eſt omnia) ſed diu, &c.

Which may be thus almoſt literally tranſlated: *Whoſe Cuſtom it has been from Time immemorial to wield an* Amazonian *Axe in their right Hand; but whence this Cuſtom firſt aroſe I have not enquired, nor is it poſſible to know all Things.*

On this Paſſage the late Archbiſhop of *Cambray* makes the following Remark: 'When I read that admirable 'Ode of *Horace*,

Qualem

Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem, &c.

'I am always ſorry to find theſe Lines in it,

——— *quibus*
Mos unde deductus, &c.

'Take away this Paſſage, and it is complete and per-
'fect. If it ſhould be ſaid, that *Horace* deſigned to imi-
'tate *Pindar* in this ſort of Parentheſis, which is agree-
'able to the Tranſport of an Ode; I will not diſpute
'that; but, for my Part, I am not ſo fond of Imitations
'as to reliſh this flat and needleſs Digreſſion. I allow
'of a noble Diſorder flowing from Tranſport and ſe-
'cret Art, but cannot approve of ſuch an Excurſion,
'on a frivolous Subject: It flattens the whole Ode.'
Thus far the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*.

Sanadon is of the ſame Opinion: He cannot think theſe Lines genuine; for which he alſo offers ſeveral critical Reaſons, too long to be here repeated. He has therefore ſtruck out this Stanza, and thus, in an eaſy Manner, connects the Senſe;

——— *Vindelici, et diu*
Latèque victrices, &c.

On theſe Authorities the Tranſlator has alſo omitted it.

5 *Tiberius Nero* died the ſame Year, in which he gave up his Wife *Livia* to *Auguſtus*; and by his Will he not only made that Prince Guardian to his Son *Tiberius*, who was then about four Years old, but alſo to *Druſus*, of whom *Livia* was delivered, in the Palace of *Auguſtus*, three Months after her Marriage with him. So that *Auguſtus* was, in a double Senſe, the Foſter-Father of theſe two Princes, both by marrying their Mother, and as their Guardian: On which Account *Horace* uſes the Phraſe, *paternus animus*, *paternal Tenderneſs*; in which Senſe he alſo employs it in the *ſecond* Ode of the *ſecond* Book;

Vivet extento Proculéius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni.

It is to be obſerved, it was publickly reported at *Rome*, that *Auguſtus* had ſome Commerce with *Livia*, while ſhe cohabited with her firſt Huſband, and that *Druſus* was really *his* Son; and, on the Birth of *Druſus*, three Months after *Auguſtus* had married *Livia*, this Proverb aroſe, *The Fortunate have Children three Months after Marriage.* If therefore *Horace* had applied the Words *paternus*

ternus animus to *Druſus* only, it might have occaſioned ſome Raillery that would not have been at all agreeable to his great Patron. He therefore prudently includes both the *Neros*;

—— *quid Auguſti paternus*
In pueros animus Nerones. DACIER.

6 *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis:*
Eſt in juvencis, eſt in equis patrum
Virtus.]

The very ſame Thought occurs in *Shakeſpear*:

O Worthineſs of Nature! Breed of Greatneſs!
Cowards father Cowards, and baſe things ſire the Baſe. *Cymbeline*, Act IV.

7 *Horace* ſpeaks here of the Conſul *Claudius Nero*, who, when he was encamped in *Lucania*, in Sight of *Hannibal* and his Army, ſtole away ſecretly with ſix thouſand Foot, and a thouſand Horſe, and arriving in a few Days in *Umbria*, there joined *Salinator*, his Collegue, to oppoſe the Paſſage of *Aſdrubal*, who was bringing a conſiderable Reinforcement to his Brother *Hannibal*. This Diligence ſaved *Italy*; for *Aſdrubal* was defeated near the River *Metaurus*; and *Nero* being returned to the main Army, before the *Carthaginians* knew he had left it, he cauſed the Head of *Aſdrubal* to be thrown into *Hannibal*'s Camp, who from that Moment was only contriving how beſt to make his Retreat. This happened in the Year of *Rome* 546, about two hundred Years before *Horace* wrote this Ode; and, among many glorious Actions of the ancient *Neros*, he choſe particularly to celebrate this, not only as one of the moſt memorable, but alſo becauſe *Druſus* and *Tiberius* were derived from thoſe two Conſuls: For they were deſcended, both by Father and Mother, from *Claudius Nero*; and their Grand-father, by the Mother, was adopted into the *Livian* Family, which was the ſame with that of *Salinator*. On this Account *Claudius Nero* and *Livius Salinator* were conſidered as the true Anceſtors of *Tiberius*. DACIER.

8 *Duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus*
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro.]

Mr.

Mr. *Prior*, in his noble Ode on the Battle of *Ramillies*, has happily imitated ſeveral fine Paſſages in this Ode, and particularly this and the following Stanza.

Envy'd *Britannia*, ſturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain-top ſhe proudly bears,
Eludes the Axe, and ſprouts againſt the Stroke,
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars.
And, as thoſe Teeth, which *Cadmus* ſow'd in Earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and furniſh'd freſh Supplies;
So with young Vigour and ſucceeding Birth,
Her Loſſes more than recompens'd ariſe;
And every Age ſhe with a Race is crown'd,
For Letters more polite, in Battles more renown'd.

9 After the Battle of *Cannæ*, *Hannibal* diſpatched his Brother *Mago* to *Carthage*, with an Account of his good Succeſs, who reported to the Senate, that their General had defeated ſix Conſular Armies, ſlain above two hundred thouſand *Romans*, and taken more than fifty thouſand Priſoners; and he concluded with ſaying, that, for ſo many and ſo great Victories, it was meet to return ſolemn Thanks to the immortal Gods. Then, to confirm the Truth of what he had ſaid, he poured out in the Senate-Houſe (as ſome Hiſtorians write) three Buſhels and an half of Gold Rings, taken from *Roman* Knights and Senators ſlaughtered in the Battle. Livy, B. xxiii. Ch. 11. *Horace* here makes *Hannibal* allude to theſe Particulars.

10 —— *Occidit, occidit*
Spes omnis——]
When *Hannibal* ſaw the Head of his Brother *Aſdrubal*, he only ſaid, *Agnoſco fortunam Carthaginis*; 'I ſee the 'Misfortune of *Carthage*.'

This Ode is omitted by Mr. *Creech*.

The

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

On the Conqueſt of LOUISBOURG, QUEBEC, *and all* CANADA,
By the Generals AMHERST *and* WOLFE.

AS Weſtern *Orellana*, King of Floods,
Swoln with the cloud-capt *Andes* endleſs Snows,
Through devious Vales and unfrequented Woods,
In foaming Cataracts, impetuous, flows;
And thence round fragrant Iſles and Citron Groves
Serenely winds, where, in his Plantane Bower,
Sleeps the rude *Indian*, or ſecurely roves,
Unknown our Avarice, unfelt our Power:
Or as *Veſuvius*, with terrific Sound,
Rolls flaming Rocks adown his craggy Sides,
Shakes the firm Earth for many a League around,
Obſcures the Sun, and heaves the diſtant Tides;
Then from his vaſt Abyſs, with rapid Force,
Pours fiery Streams, which deluge all the Plain,
And Swains, and Herds, and Hamlets, in their Courſe,
O'erthrow, and ſweep, promiſcuous, to the Main:
So *Britain*'s Chiefs, amidſt th' united Roar
Of Winds, Waves, Cannons, though the *Gallic* Hoſt,

Aided

Aided by Art and Nature, lin'd the Shore,
Ruſh'd to *the* * *Royal Iſle*'s tempeſtuous Coaſt;
And *France*, till then victorious in the Weſt,
At length by *Amherſt* and young *Wolfe* ſubdu'd,
The Fruits, matur'd in each ſagacious Breaſt,
Of *William*'s Counſels and Example view'd.
Th' Inſtructor's Skill his Pupils Labours ſhow;
A well-trac'd Copy ſpeaks a Maſter's Hand:
Thus to *Turenne* their *Churchill Britons* owe,
And thus to Royal *Frederick*, *Ferdinand*.
So his young Progeny with Thirſt of Blood
The Lion fires, and points the promis'd Spoil;
So the fierce Eagle trains his tender Brood,
Directs their Courſe, and animates their Toil.
Culture improves each Hero's generous Mind;
All Arts a diligent Attention claim:
To martial Practice Science muſt be join'd:
Hence roſe a *Wolfe*'s, a *Howe*'s, a *Cæſar*'s Fame!
What to her *Wolfe*, this grateful Nation owes,
Be Witneſs, *Abraham*'s Height, that glorious Day,
When ev'n in Death he triumph'd o'er his Foes,
And bade *Quebec*, like *Louiſbourg*, obey!
When from a tottering Tower, juſt wing'd for Flight,
Thy Genius, *France*, ſaw all Reſources vain,
Saw, forc'd to try the dubious Chance of Fight,
Thy Army routed, and its † Leader ſlain.

---

* *Cape Breton*, ſo called by the *French*.
† The Marq. *de Montcalm*.

Fir'd

Fir'd with like Zeal, our Troops with better Fate
The Toils of War in thoſe rough Climes ſuſ-
tain'd;
Montreäl laſt unbarr'd her lingering Gate,
And GEORGE in *Canada* ſole Sovereign reign'd.
On that bright Morn, deſpairing * *Vaudreuil* cry'd,
'Like Fawns, whom our *Canadian* Wolves
'devour,
'Are we; Moraſſes deep, and Foreſts wide,
'Lakes, Falls, and Mountains yield to *Eng-*
'*land*'s Power.
'Theſe ſtubborn Iſlanders, whom *Henry*'s Frown
'Forc'd to deny *Chriſt*'s Vicar here on Earth;
'Who, ſince, one King have ſlain, and of the
'Crown
'Deſpoil'd his Race, their *Right Divine* by Birth;
'Unhurt, uninjur'd, like thoſe envy'd Oaks,
'Their Navy's Source, which on their Moun-
'tains grow,
'Derive new Strength from our repeated Strokes,
'Elude, defy, or ſprout beneath the Blow.
'Freſh Legions *Hannibal*, with leſs Surprize,
'Saw ancient *Rome* ſupply from each Defeat;
'The modern *Polypus* our Sages Eyes
'Amazes leſs; divided, yet complete.
'What War exhauſts by Commerce they regain;
'To borrow'd Millions, Millions ſtill ſucceed:
'At once the *Weſer*, *Ganges*, Land and Main,
'From Pole to Pole, record ſome daring Deed.

* The *French* Governor-General of *Canada*.

'No

'No more ſhall Conqueſt's Voice Great *Lewis*
'hail;
'No more ſhall [3] Scalps adorn my ſtately Hall:
'*Amherſt* appears —our Hope and Fortune fail—
'All, all was loſt by valiant *Montcalm*'s Fall!'
With Union bleſt, by Heaven's indulgent Aid,
To *Britain* thus all foreign Foes ſhall yield:
But Oh! may Peace to her lov'd Olive Shade
Soon lead our Chiefs returning from the Field!
1760.

NOTES.

1 In Juſtice to Mr. *Joſeph Warton*, it ſhould be acknowleged that this firſt Simile (of the River of the *Amazons*) is in a great meaſure borrowed from his ſublime *Ode on Mr.* Weſt's *Tranſlation of* Pindar. See *Dodſley's* Miſc. Vol. IV. p. 212.

2 This *Phænomenon* (as it may juſtly be ſtyled) cannot be better deſcribed than in the following Lines, in a Poem written ſome Years ago by the late Sir *William Yonge*:

It is a Reptile of ſo ſtrange a Sort,
That if 'tis cut in two it is not dead,
Its Head ſhoots out a Tail, its Tail a Head;
Take out its Middle, and obſerve its Ends,
Here a Head riſes, there a Tail deſcends;
Or cut off any Part that you deſire,
That Part extends, and makes itſelf entire.

3 When *Montreäl* ſurrendered, it is affirmed that many ſuch barbarous Trophies were found hanging in the Marq. *de Vaudreuil's* Palace.

ODE

ODE V.

To AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

O BORN when Stars auſpicious ſmil'd;
Of joyful *Rome* thou Guardian mild!
No longer let the Senate mourn,
But, faithful to thy Word, return!
Indulgent Chief, Oh! chear our Hearts,
For, as the Spring new Life imparts,
So, in thy Preſence, ſmoother run
The Hours, and brighter ſhines the Sun.
As ſome fond Mother begs of Heaven,
Her Boy may to her Arms be given,
Whom Winds, with envious Blaſt, detain
Beyond the rough *Carpathian* Main;
Her Hands ſhe raiſes to the Skies,
Nor from the Shore can turn her Eyes;
Thy Country, ſmit with warm Deſires,
Devoutly thus her Lord requires!
[1] For ſafe our Oxen graze the Plain,
And *Ceres* crowns with golden Grain
Our ſmiling Fields. From Shore to Shore,
The Merchant wafts his coſtly Store.
Juſtice her Head unblemiſh'd rears,
Nor any Violation fears.

[2] Adul-

[2] Adultery, that ſpotted Crime,
No more pollutes our happy Clime.
Example has a powerful Sway,
The People Thine with Joy obey!
To the chaſte Mother's juſt Renown,
[3] By his like Son the Sire is known.
The Pains, to flagrant Vices due,
The bold Offender ſtrait purſue.
If *Cæſar* be but ſafe, who fears
[4] Th' enormous Sons *Germania* rears?
Who trembles at th' *Iberian* War,
Or *Parthians*, ſhooting from afar?
[5] In his own Vineyard each Man ſpends
The Day; and with ſweet Labour tends
His rural Taſk; to prune, or twine
Round the tall Elm the fruitful Vine;
Then takes a ſimple cheap Repaſte;
And, ere he will preſume to taſte
[6] The ſecond Courſe, Libations pours,
And with his [7] Houſhold Gods adores
Cæſar belov'd!—We bleſs thy Name,
And join Thee living to the Fame
Of [8] *Caſtor* and [9] great *Hercules*,
The tutelary Gods of *Greece!*
'[10] May'ſt thou, indulgent Chief, prolong
'Our Joy with many a Feſtal Song!'
Thus, ſober in the Morn, we pray;
And, mellow, thus we cloſe the Day.

NOTES.

NOTES.

As the former is one of the ſublimeſt Odes in *Horace*, this is one of the moſt tender and affectionate, and ſeems to flow from a Heart thoroughly warmed with a grateful Senſe of the Happineſs the *Romans* enjoyed under the mild Adminiſtration of *Auguſtus*. *Sanadon* fixes the Date of it to the Beginning of the Year of *Rome* 741, and the very Day on which the Conſuls addreſſed ſolemn Prayers to the Gods for the happy Return of the Emperor.

1 In the common Editions, theſe Lines, in the Original, run thus,

Tutus bos etenim rura *perambulat*;
Nutrit rura *Ceres almaque Fauſtitas.*

But *Le Fèvre* and *Sanadon* read *prata perambulat*, which removes the ungraceful Repetition of *rura*; and the Word *prata* ſeems more naturally to follow *perambulat*, which, ſays *Sanadon*, is never employed to expreſs ſuch laborious Work as *tilling the Ground*. *Dacier*, on the contrary, pretends it may be ſo employed, and, in Proof of it, produces a Paſſage from *Catullus*, where, ſpeaking of *Mamurra*, he ſays,

Perambulabit omnium cubilia;

But *Sanadon* ſays this Quotation is nothing to the Purpoſe, *perambulare cubilia* ſignifying *deſultoriam voluptatem carpere*, which needs not be explained.

The amiable Picture *Horace* here gives of the Happineſs the *Romans* then enjoyed, is confirmed by all the Hiſtorians, and particularly by *Paterculus*, whoſe Words may paſs for a Comment on this Ode; *Finita vicesimo anno bella civilia, ſepulta externa, revocata pax, ſopitus ubique armorum furor, reſtituta vis legibus, judiciis auctoritas, Senatui majeſtas, &c. Priſca illa et antiqua Reipublicæ forma revocata: rediit cultus agris, ſacris bonos, ſecuritas hominibus, certa cuique rerum ſuarum poſſeſſio: Leges emendatæ utiliter, latæ ſalubriter.*——'In his twentieth Year, 'all Wars both Civil and Foreign were happily extin-'guiſhed; Peace returned; the Rage of Arms ceaſed; 'Vigour was reſtored to the Laws, Authority to the 'Tribunals, Majeſty to the Senate, &c. The ancient 'and venerable Form of the Republic revived: The 'Fields were again cultivated, Religion reſpected, 'and

' and every one enjoyed his own Poſſeſſions with the ' utmoſt Security: The old Laws were reviled and im- ' proved, and excellent new ones added.'

Fauſtitas (of whom the *Romans* made a Goddeſs) is derived from *fauſtus*, and ſignifies, as *Le Fèvre* obſerves, the *benign Influence of the Heavens*, or, in other Words, *ſeaſonable Showers* and *wholeſome Air*: It is the ſame Thing with what *Horace*, in his *Secular* Ode, calls *aquæ ſalubres et Jovis auræ*.

2 *Nullis polluiter caſta domus ſtupris:*
Mos et lex maculoſum edomuit nefas.]

Horace often complains of the Corruption of Manners in that Age: He even aſcribes the Judgments, with which the Gods viſited the *Romans*, to the frequent Violation of the Marriage-Bed. See the 6th and 24th Odes of the third Book. *Auguſtus* reſtrained theſe Diſorders by the *Julian* Law, *De adulteriis*; on which Account *Horace* ſays of him in the laſt Ode of this Book,

——— *et ordinem*
Rectum evaganti fræna licentiæ
Injecit, amovitque culpas.

He has curbed that Licentiouſneſs, which ſurpaſſed all Bounds, and has chaſed away Vice.

Ib. *Maculoſum nefas.*]

Dacier obſerves that *Horace* by this Word comprehends not only *Adultery*, but alſo a *libidinous Commerce with Boys*, which is properly denoted by *macula*. *Catullus*, ſpeaking of *Mamurra* and *Cæſar*, ſays, *maculæ pares utriſque*.

3 *Laudantur ſimili prole puerperæ.*] The Ancients had a good Opinion of the Chaſtity of thoſe Wives, whoſe Children were like their Huſbands, and pretended they were able to diſcover the true Fathers by this Reſemblance; and they carried this Matter ſo far, as to look on thoſe as illegitimate, in whom they could find no ſuch Likeneſs. *Heſiod* reckons it among the Felicities of good Men, that their Wives bear Children like them. Thus *Catullus* wiſhes, that *Manlius*'s Son may be ſo lively a Picture of him, that every one may know who was his Father, and that he may carry evident Proofs of his Mother's Chaſtity on his Face;

Et pudicitiam ſuæ
Matris indicet ore.

An

An Accident happened in the Reign of *Auguſtus*, not altogether foreign to our preſent Purpoſe, which was the Subject of much Diſcourſe: A Farmer in the Country was ſo very like *Auguſtus*, that every one took Notice of it, which reaching his Ear, he had the Curioſity to ſend for him up to Court. When he came into his Preſence, he was ſo affected with the ſtriking Likeneſs, that he aſked the Man if his Mother had not formerly ſometimes come up to *Rome*. The Man, who underſtood the Drift of the Queſtion, readily anſwered, that his Mother had never been at *Rome*, but his Father had often been there.

He might perhaps have more conſulted his own Intereſt by a different Reply; but it is probable that the honeſt Countryman was piqued by the intended Reflection on his Mother's Character.

4 *Florus* takes Notice of the large Size of the *Germans*, and calls them *immania corpora*.

5 *Condit quiſque diem collibus in ſuis.*] The holy Prophets, in deſcribing the Peace and Happineſs the World ſhould enjoy at the Time of the Coming of the MESSIAH, (which happened in the Reign of *Auguſtus*,) uſe juſt the ſame Phraſe: Thus *Micah*, Chap. iv. Ver. 3 and 4. *Nation ſhall not lift up Sword againſt Nation; but they ſhall ſit every Man under his Vine and under his Fig-tree, and none ſhall make him afraid.*

6 ——————— *et alteris*
Te menſis adhibet Deum.]

The *Romans* made uſe of two Tables. On the firſt, the Meat and ſolid Proviſions were ſerved; and when they had done with that, another was brought in, covered with Fruit: At this ſecond Table they ſung Hymns, and offered Libations. *Virgil* mentions both theſe Tables,

Poſtquam prima quies epulis, menſæque remotæ,
Crateras magnos ſtatuunt, et vina coronant.
Æneid. I. Ver. 727.

From the firſt Courſe they pauſe; the Table change;
Then place huge Jars of Wine, and crown the Bowls.

7 The *Lares* were not only the tutelary Gods of private Perſons, but alſo of the whole Empire; on which Account *Auguſtus* was ranked among them.

8 *Caſtor*

8 *Caſtor* and *Hercules* were the tutelary Gods of *Greece*, and were called Σωτῆρες and *Dii communes, the Saviours and common Gods*, becauſe their Influence extended over all the World, and every one worſhipped them.

9 *Great* was the Epithet commonly aſcribed to *Hercules*.

10 *Longas O utinam, Dux bone, ferias*
Præſtes Heſperiæ!]
Theſe Words were taken from the Hymns commonly uſed on theſe Occaſions.

Bentley was inclined to have read here *Rex*, inſtead of *Dux*, only becauſe *Horace* uſes the Word *Dux* at the Beginning of the Ode; but, as *Dacier* rightly obſerves, the Word *Rex* would have been ſhocking to a *Roman* Ear.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To his MAJESTY.*

GUARDIAN of *Britain!* come away,
Your anxious People mourn your Stay:
Haſte, *Anſon*, and reſtore
(From faithleſs Foes and wintry Skies
Secure) a far more precious Prize
Than what you brought before.

Chaſe, beſt of Kings, theſe Shades of Night,
And bid once more returning Light
Her balmy Influence ſhed!
Thus chear'd, the Birds more blithe will ſing;
The Sun new Glories wear; and Spring
Weave Flowers for Autumn's Head.

* King *George* II.

As ſome fond Mother, loſt to Joy,
From *China*'s Coaſt, her darling Boy
Expecting, Day by Day
Stands trembling, praying, on the Shore,
Ev'n ſo your Abſence we deplore,
Ev'n ſo for You we pray.

For *Freedom* guards her favourite Iſle,
By You ſecur'd; and with her Smile
Fair *Plenty* crowns our Toil:
While *Juſtice* deals her warmeſt Rays,
And *Commerce* to your Realm conveys
The Wealth of every Soil.

When You are ſafe, in vain will *France*
Her Standards and her Sails advance;
Her Threat'nings we diſdain;
For ſoon our Fleets ſhall ſcour the Sea,
And ſoon, we truſt, our Arms ſhall free
The *Ohio* from her Chain.

Then the rude *Indian*, undiſmay'd,
Shall ſmoke, beneath his Plantane Shade,
The *Calumet* of Peace;
By Ambuſcades alarm'd no more;
For Conflagrations ſhall be o'er,
And ſcalping Horrors ceaſe.

At Your dread Name the Chief ſhall bow
The plumy Honours of his Brow,
And, pleas'd, That Sovereign own,

Who

Who bids him lay his Hatchet by,
And let his harmleſs Arrows fly
At Birds and Beaſts alone.

While in his unpolluted Grove,
Each Morn, each Night, his ſable Love
Shall *Britain*'s Praiſes ſing;
And every *Sachem* of the Plain
A ſpicy Bowl to You ſhall drain,
Their FATHER and their KING!

1755.

ODE VI.

To APOLLO.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE,

O [1] *Phœbus!* (whoſe unerring Darts,
With ſpeedy Vengeance, pierc'd the Hearts
Of [2] *Niobe*'s opprobrious Crew,
And, bent on Rape, lewd [3] *Tityus* flew,
And the proud [4] *Phthian* Chief, whoſe Hand
No *Trojan* Hero could withſtand!
Great as he was, in thee he found
A greater; [5] proſtrate on the Ground,
[6] Like ſome tall Pine, which long had ſtood
Untouch'd, the Glory of the Wood,
Or Cypreſs, towering o'er the Field,
By Winds or Axes forc'd to yield.

[7] He would not in *Minerva*'s [8] Horſe
Have baſely pent the *Grecian* Force,
Pretending, at the parting Hour,
To pacify her hoſtile Power;
Th' unguarded City to deſtroy,
While *Priam* gave a Looſe to Joy:
But, in the Sun's Meridian Light,
With open Force, in generous Fight,
Had ſtorm'd the Town! His ruthleſs Rage
Had doom'd to Death both Youth and Age;
And Infants, in their Mother's Womb,
Had found (O Shame!) an early Tomb;
[9] Unleſs, in Pity to thy Prayers,
And lovely *Cytherea*'s Tears,
Great *Jove* had to *Æneas*' Toil
New Walls aſſign'd in *Latium*'s Soil:)
O thou! [10] who lead'ſt the ſacred Choir
Of [11] *Greece*, now tune the [12] *Daunian* Lyre:
Hear, [13] ſmooth *Agyieus!* pleas'd to [14] lave
Thy flowing Locks in *Xanthus*' Wave.

To the two CHOIRS.

By *Phœbus*' heavenly Aid I claim
My Genius, and a Poet's Name.
Illuſtrious [15] Maids! who *Rome* adorn,
And Youths! of noble Parents born,
Whom [16] *Delia* (with unerring Bow
Skilful to pierce the Lynx or Doe,)
Still loves to cheriſh and defend,
To my Advice with Care attend!

Keep

Keep Meaſure with the [17] *Leſbian* Foot,
And to [18] *my* Lyre *your* Voices ſuit!
If with due Rites *Latona*'s Son,
And Night's fair Lamp, [19] th' increaſing Moon,
[20] Powerful to bleſs the ſpringing Ground,
And [21] ſwift to roll the Seaſons round,
You ſing devout; in holy Bands
Each Maid ſhall join her plighted Hands,
And [22] married boaſt, 'When feſtal Days
'Began this [23] Age, I join'd in Praiſe
'Of all the Gods; well-ſkill'd to ſing
'Notes fitted to th' *Horatian* String.'

NOTES.

After diſplaying the awful Power of *Apollo*, the Poet here begs him to grant the more ſolemn Vows, which are to be addreſſed to him by the Choir of Youths and Virgins in the *Secular Hymn*.

In the four laſt Stanzas (which ſeem entirely diſtinct from the former Part) he applies himſelf to the two Choirs, whom he exhorts carefully to diſcharge their Office, and, in ſinging, to keep Time with the utmoſt Exactneſs.

1 *Dive, quem proles Niobæa magnæ*
Vindicem linguæ, Tityoſque raptor
Senſit.]

All the Lines between *quem* in the firſt Verſe, and *Doctor argutæ fidicen Thaliæ* in the ſeventh Stanza, are a Parentheſis, ſo that the whole Invocation to *Apollo* is contained in four Lines.

2 *Niobe*, the Daughter of *Tantalus*, and the Wife of *Amphion*, was ſo proud of being the Mother of twelve Children, that ſhe even dared to contemn *Latona*, and reproached her for having but two. This Goddeſs was ſo provoked at her inſolence, that ſhe complained to her Son *Phœbus*, who killed *Niobe*'s Children with his

Arrows: *Niobe*, tranſported with Grief, diſſolved into Tears, and was at laſt changed into a Rock. *Homer* relates this Story in the laſt Book of the *Iliad*.

3 *Tityus* attempted to violate *Latona*, and pretended to have received Favours from her.

4 *Horace* here accuſes *Achilles* of having ſpoken inſolently to *Apollo*; and no doubt he had in his Eye that Paſſage of the *Iliad*, where *Achilles* thus addreſſes him:

Ἔβλαψας μ' Ἑκάεργε. Θεῶν ὀλοώτατε πάντων,
Ἦ σ' ἂν τισαίμην, εἰ μοι δύναμίς γε παρείη.

Thou haſt deceiv'd me, faithleſs God of Light!
But, if I had the Power, I would requite
This Wrong with Vengeance due!

This is one of the Paſſages in *Homer*, which *Plato* cenſures in the third Book of his *Commonwealth*. DACIER.

Achilles was born in *Phthia*, a City of *Phthiotis*, a Province of *Theſſaly*.

5 *Procidit latè.*] *Latè*, to ſhow the huge Bulk of *Achilles*'s Body. This is alſo taken from *Homer*, who, in the laſt Book of the *Odyſſey*, introduces *Agamemnon* thus accoſting him:

Κεισο μέγας μεγάλωσι.

Thy mighty Bulk o'erſpread a Length of Ground.

Horace here follows the Opinion of thoſe who tell us, that *Apollo* had a great Share in the Death of *Achilles*, and that *he* guided the Arrow, which *Paris* aimed at him. DACIER.

6 *Mordaci velut icta ferro*
Pinus.]

Horace here alſo imitates *Homer*, who compares his Heroes ſlain in Battle to huge Trees, torn up by the Roots by Winds, or cut down by Axes.

7 *Ille non incluſus equo.*] *Horace* praiſes *Achilles* with great Addreſs. If *Achilles* had lived (ſays he) the *Grecians* would not have been reduced to the Neceſſity of employing a ſhameful Stratagem to make themſelves Maſters of *Troy*. He, on the contrary, would have taken their City in open Day, and have reduced it to Aſhes, without ſparing Women or Children.

8 *Equo*

8 *Equo Minervæ ſacra mentito.*] The *Greeks*, tired with the Length of the Siege, cauſed a prodigious wooden Horſe to be built, which they filled with their choiceſt Troops, and pretended to conſecrate it to *Minerva*, thereby to prevail on her to grant them a happy Return. Some old Authors ſay that this is only a Fiction, which has been variouſly explained: Some aſſert that this Horſe meant a warlike Machine, like the Ram, with which their Walls were battered: Others, that the Gate, which *Antenor* opened to the *Greeks*, had the Figure of a Horſe painted on it. See the Remarks of *Servius* on the 14th Verſe of the ſecond Book of the *Æneid*. DACIER.

9 *Ni tuis victus, Venerisque gratæ*
Vocibus.]
Horace ſays that *Jupiter*, liſtening to the Prayers of *Apollo* and *Venus*, reſolved on the Death of *Achilles*, to give *Æneas* an Opportunity of founding elſewhere a happier City than *Troy*. This Compliment could not but pleaſe the *Romans*.

10 *Doctor argutæ fidicen Thaliæ.*] *Torrentius*, one of the moſt learned Commentators on *Horace*, reads here, on the Credit of ſome ancient MSS, *Ductor*; and thinks that by *Ductor Thaliæ*, *Horace* alludes to the Word Μουσηγέτης, which is a famous Epithet applied to *Apollo*, and ſignifies *Dux Muſarum*, the *Leader of the Muſes*, or him who preſides over the Choir of the Muſes. As this Reading gives a very good Senſe, it is followed by the Tranſlator.

11 Mr. *Cuningham* reads *Argeæ Thaliæ*, inſtead of *argutæ*.

12 *Dauniæ defende decus Camœnæ.*] He calls his Muſe *Dauniæ*, becauſe he was of *Apulia*. Thus the Verſes of *Simonides* were called *Ceæ Camœnæ*, becauſe he was of *Ceos*; thoſe of *Anacreon*, *Teïæ Muſæ*, becauſe he was of *Teos*; and thoſe of *Ennius*, who was of *Calabria*, *Calabræ Pierides*.

13 *Levis.*] That is to ſay, *unſhaven* or *beardleſs*, to ſignify that *Apollo* is always young, and always beautiful. Thus *Callimachus*:

Καί κεν ἀεὶ καλὸς καὶ ἀείνεος, εἴτε Φοίβῳ
Θηλείας, ὑ δ' ὅσσον ἐπὶ χνοὸς ἦλθε παρειαῖς.

Phœbus is deck'd with every youthful Grace,
No tender Down e'er ſhades his blooming Face.

Agyia is a *Greek* Word, which ſignifies *the Streets of Cities*. *Apollo* was called *Agyieus*, i. e. *viis præpoſitus*, or *the Guardian of the Streets*; on which Account the *Greeks* erected Altars and Statues to him in the Streets, before the Doors of their Houſes, and in all the Croſs Ways.

DACIER.

14 *Qui Xantho lavis amne crines.*] By theſe Words *Horace* means that *Apollo* frequented the Borders of that River. Thus a Perſon was ſaid, in the ſame Senſe, *to drink the Waters of the* Rhone; meaning that he lived near the *Rhone*. In like Manner, in the 4th Ode of the third Book, *Horace* uſes theſe Words:

Qui rore puro Caſtaliæ lavit
Crines ſolutos,

to ſignify the God, who inhabits *Parnaſſus*. But when *Horace* here ſays, that *Apollo* waſhes his Hair in *Xanthus*, he is to be underſtood in the ſame Senſe as when he ſays in the ſaid 4th Ode of the third Book,

—— *Qui Lyciæ tenet*
Dumeta,

For he does not here intend to deſcribe the *Xanthus* of *Troy*, which was not the Patrimony of *Apollo*, but the *Xanthus* of *Lycia*, which was conſecrated to him.

DACIER.

15 *Virginum primæ.*] The two Choirs conſiſted of twenty ſeven Youths and as many Virgins; they were all to be of the beſt Families in *Rome*, and to have both their Parents living.

16 *Deliæ tutela Deæ.*] Youths and Virgins were under the Protection of *Diana*, till they were married: On which Account they ſay in *Catullus*,

Dianæ ſumus in fide
Puellæ et pueri integri.

We, unpolluted Youths and Maids,
Depend on chaſte *Diana*'s Care.

Diana was called *Delia*, becauſe ſhe was born at *Delos*.

17 *Leſbium*

17 *Leſbium ſervate pedem.*] He calls the Meaſure of the Verſes of his *Secular* Ode (which are *Sapphic*, like thoſe of this Ode) the *Leſbian* Foot, becauſe that Metre was invented by *Alcæus* and *Sappho*, who were of *Mitylené*, the Capital of *Leſbos*. DACIER.

18 *Meique pollicis ictum.*] He exhorts the Choir to keep Time with his Harp, which is ſignified by *ictum pollicis*, for they touched the Strings with the Thumb and Fore-finger; and the Thumb commonly denoted the End of the Cadences and Meaſures. *Horace* here ſpeaks, as if he himſelf played on the Harp, while the two Choirs ſung. DACIER.

19 *Rité creſcentem face noctilucam.*] The *Secular* Ode was ſung in the new Moon, on which Account they then called it *creſcentem facem*: For the ſame Reaſon *Horace* calls her in the *Secular* Ode *Regina bicornis*.

Noctilucam] *The Moon which enlightens the Night. Simonides* calls the Moon νυκτιλαμπῆ. *Varro* has made uſe of the ſame Word to ſignify a Lamp, *noctilucam tollo*; *ad focum fero*; *inflo*; *anima revivifcit*.

20 *Proſperam frugum.*] The Moon has an Influence in the Growth of Plants and Fruits. This Expreſſion is *Elliptical*, for *proſperam frugum* ſtands for *proſperam*, or *propitiam*, *proventui frugum*: Thus, in the following Phraſe of *Dictys*, *ventorumque flatus navigandi proſperos*, we muſt underſtand *tempori*. DACIER.

21 *Celeremque pronos volvere menſes.*] The Moon runs through the whole *Zodiac* in 29 Days, which is the Meaſure of Months.

22 *Nupta jam dices.*] The *Romans* were of Opinion, that the Virgins who had the Honour to bear a Part in the *Secular* Ode, ſtood the fairer Chance of being happily married.

23 *Seculo.*] A hundred and ten Years were reckoned to make up an Age. See the Remarks on the *Secular* Ode.

ODE VII.

To MANLIUS LUCIUS TORQUATUS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

THE Snow is melted. See! the Ground
Freſh Verdure wears; the Trees with Leaves are crown'd.
Earth ſmiles reviv'd. The [1] Rivers know
Their Bounds, and gently in their Channels flow.
The *Graces* and the *Wood-Nymphs* dare,
With Face uncover'd, dance in open Air.
The Hours, that whirl along the Day,
Admoniſh us of fleeting Life's Decay.
To *Zephyr*'s ſoothing Power ſucceeds
Fierce *Summer*'s Rage, and burns the thirſty Meads:
Then *Autumn*, crown'd with Apples, rears
His jovial Head: Slow *Winter* laſt appears,
Loaded with Ice, and Storms, and Rain,
Till *Spring* rolls round the various Year again.
The waning Moons their changeful Face
Monthly renew, and ſhine with wonted Grace.
But to the dreary Realms below
[2] Who ſink; muſt no Return for ever know!
Enroll'd among the mighty Dead,
Our Body will be Duſt, our Soul a Shade.

Old

Old *Charon* to the *Stygian* Shore
Pious *Æneas*, [3] *Tullus*, [4] *Ancus*, bore.
What Mortal can preſume to ſay,
The Gods to this will add another Day?
Indulge your Genius then, nor ſpare
Your Treaſure, to enrich a greedy Heir!
When you among the Shades are caſt,
And *Minos* has the ſolemn Sentence paſt;
Nor Birth, *Torquatus!* Eloquence,
Nor Piety, can e'er recall you thence.
The [5] *Sylvan* Goddeſs wiſh'd in vain,
Her chaſte *Hippolytus* from *Styx* to gain;
In vain great *Theſeus* ſtrove to rend
The Adamantine Fetters of his * Friend.

NOTES.

[3] ——— *Et decreſcentia ripas*
Flumina prætereunt.]

This Paſſage has perplexed ſome of the Critics. The Difficulty is, to know *how decreaſing Rivers can overflow their Banks*, which is the literal Tranſlation of the Words. 'Very eaſily, ſays *Dacier*; for if they overflow 'their Banks to deluge the Country, they muſt re-paſs 'again, when they return into their own Channels.' But this ſeems forced and unnatural.

The Conſtruction of *Sanadon* is undoubtedly right.

Præter muſt be ſeparated from *eunt*, and the Words placed thus, *flumina eunt præter ripas*, that is, *flumina ſecundum ripas fluunt*; and *præter*, ſays he, does not here ſignify *ultra* nor *intra*, but *juxta*, i. e. *near*, or *at no great Diſtance* from their Banks: Thus in *Livy*, *præter amnem Aönm*, means, *along the River* Aöus.

This will not be thought unnatural by one who conſiders how widely the *Po*, and other Rivers in *Italy*, overflow the Lands all around them.

* *Pirithoüs.*

2 The Seaſons paſs away and return again, but Man, once dead, ſhall riſe no more! This Subject is elegantly treated by *Moſchus*, in his *Idyllium* on the Death of *Bion*:

Αἰ ἄι, ταὶ μαλάχαι μὲν ὑπὰν κατὰ κᾶπον ὄλωνται, &c.

The tender Roſe, which ſeems in Winter dead,
Revives in Spring, and lifts its dewy Head;
But we, the *Great*, the *Glorious*, and the *Wiſe*,
When once the Hand of Death has clos'd our Eyes,
In Earth forgotten lie, and never more ſhall riſe!
J. D.

3 *Tullus Hoſtilius*, the third King of the *Romans*.

4 *Ancus Martius*, the Grandſon of *Numa*. He ſucceeded *Tullus Hoſtilius*.

'Since pious *Æneas*, rich *Tullus*, and valiant *Ancus* 'have ſubmitted to Fate, why ſhould meaner Mortals 'repine at the Summons of Death?'

This Argument is placed in a very ſtrong Light by *Lucretius*:

Hoc etiam tibi tûte interdum dicere poſſis:
Lumina ſis oculis etiam bonus Ancu' reliquit.
Tu vero dubitabis, et indignabere obire,
Mortua quoi vita eſt, propè, jam vivo, atque videnti?
Qui ſomno partem majorem conteris ævi,
Et vigilans ſtertis; nec ſomnia cernere ceſſas?
Lib. iii. prope finem.

——When Thoughts of Death diſturb thy Head,
Conſider, *Ancus*, Great and Good, is dead.
And thou, doſt *thou* diſdain to yield thy Breath,
Whoſe very Life is little more than Death?
More than one half by lazy Sleep poſſeſt,
And, when awake, thy Soul but nods at beſt,
Day-dreams and ſickly Thoughts revolving in thy Breaſt.
DRYDEN.

5 Even in the Time of *Horace*, the *Romans* offered Sacrifices, in the Foreſt of *Ericia*, to *Diana* and *Hippolytus*, who were ſuppoſed to have been raiſed from the Dead by *Æſculapius*. But *Horace*, who was not over-credulous, ridicules thoſe ſuperſtitious Rites.
DACIER.

6 *Horace* here follows the true Hiſtory, and not the Fable: *Theſeus* and *Pirithoüs* went into *Epirus*, in order to carry away the Daughter of *Adoneus*, King of the *Mo-*

Moloſſians, but were diſcovered, and prevented. *Adoneus* cauſed *Pirithoüs* to be torn in Pieces by a Maſtiff, and impriſoned *Theſeus*, who was afterwards delivered by *Hercules*. DACIER.

Mr. *Dacier* need not have given himſelf the Trouble to reconcile the Sentiments of *Horace* with Hiſtory. The Truth of the Matter is, *Horace*, in this Ode, writes as an *Epicurean*; now, according to *Epicurus*, there could be no Reſurrection; conſequently, all the popular Opinions about *Hippolytus*, *Theſeus*, and others, who were ſuppoſed to have ariſen from the Dead, are mere Fictions. SANADON.

Though *Horace* was, in Fact, an *Epicurean*, he occaſionally adopts the fabulous Theology. *Sanadon* ſeems to have overlooked this Line,

—— et de te ſplendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria —— D.

ODE VIII.

Inſcribed to J. P. SHARD, *Eſq*;

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

COULD I *Parrhaſius'* Works command,
Or thoſe which own great *Scopas'* Hand,
(A Hero *This*, or God, diſplay'd
In Marble; *That* with Light and Shade;)
A Cauldron, curiouſly imboſt,
A Tripod, or a Bowl of Coſt,
Rewards, which *Grecian* Leaders gave,
To crown the Merits of the Brave,
I gladly to my Friends would give,
Nor You the meaneſt ſhould receive.

But

But theſe rich Gifts my Power exceed,
And ſuch You neither prize nor need.
You Verſe admire; I Verſe can ſend,
And of the Gift the Worth commend.

The Pillars in the *Forum* plac'd
At public Charge, with Titles grac'd,
By which great Chiefs themſelves ſurvive,
And after Death with Honour live;
And *Hannibal*, driv'n back with Shame,
Leſs widely ſpread that Hero's Fame,
Who gain'd from *Afric*'s conquer'd Plains
His Name, than [3] *Ennius*' deathleſs Strains.
Unleſs the Muſe your Worth record,
That Worth will meet no juſt Reward.
Who would have known, if left unſung,
The Son of *Mars*, from *Ilia* ſprung,
Had envious *Silence* hid from View
The Praiſe to *Rome*'s great Founder due?
The Bards by Song and powerful Lays
Did [4] *Æacus* from Darkneſs raiſe,
And conſecrate, o'er happy Iſles
A God, where Spring eternal ſmiles.
The Muſe forbids the Man to die,
Who merits Immortality:
In Heaven ſhe ſeats him; thus, with *Jove*
Alcides feaſts in Realms above:
Thus *Caſtor* and his Brother ſave
The ſhatter'd Veſſel from the Wave;
And *Bacchus*, crown'd with Ivy, hears
Our ardent Vows, and ſpeeds our Prayers!

NOTES.

NOTES.

1 *Parrhaſius*, a famous Painter, born at *Epheſus*, Contemporary with *Zeuxis*. He lived about 400 Years before the Birth of our Saviour.

2 *Scopas*, an excellent Statuary. He lived about 430 Years before the ſame Æra.

3 *Ennius*, an ancient Poet, of *Rudiæ*, a ſmall Town in *Calabria*: He wrote Annals of the *Roman* Hiſtory, in which he celebrated the great Exploits of *Scipio Africanus*.

4 *Horace* ſays, that Poets are able to raiſe Men from the Grave, and to deify them; that *Æacus* enjoys an honourable Place in the *Elyſian* Fields, *Hercules* feaſts with *Jupiter*, *Caſtor* and *Pollux* preſerve the tempeſt-beaten Ships from the Fury of the Waves, and *Bacchus* ſits in Heaven, by the Credit of their Writings. He hereby clearly diſcovers what Thoughts Men of Senſe entertained at that Time of the vulgar Theology.

DACIER.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By SOAME JENYNS, *Eſq;*

To the Right Hon. PHILIP *Lord Viſcount* Royſton, *now Earl of* HARDWICKE.

DID but kind Fate to Me impart
Wealth equal to my generous Heart,
Some curious Gift to every Friend,
A Token of my Love, I'd ſend;
But ſtill the choiceſt and the beſt
Should be conſign'd to Friends at *Wreſt*.

An

An Organ, which, if right I gueſs,
Would beſt pleaſe Lady Marchioneſs,
Should firſt be ſent by my Command,
Worthy of her inſpiring Hand:
To Lady *Bell*, of niceſt Mold,
A Coral, ſet in burniſh'd Gold:
To You, well knowing what you like,
Portraits by *Lely* or *Vandyke*,
A curious Bronze, or Buſt antique.

But ſince theſe Gifts exceed my Power,
And You (who need not wiſh for more,
Already bleſt with all that's fine)
Are pleas'd with Verſe, though ſuch as mine;
As Poets us'd in ancient Times,
I'll make my Preſent all in Rhymes:
And, leſt you ſhould forget their Worth,
Like them, I'll ſet their Value forth.

Not monumental Braſs or Stones,
The Guardians of heroic Bones,
Not Victories won by *Marlb'rough*'s Sword,
Nor Titles, which thoſe Deeds record,
Such Glories o'er the Dead diffuſe,
As can the Labours of the Muſe.
But if ſhe ſhould her Aid deny,
With *You* your Virtues all muſt die;
Nor Tongues unborn ſhall ever ſay,
How wiſe, how good, was Lady *Grey!*

Nay, what would now have been the Doom
Of him, who built imperial *Rome?*

Or

Or him, whoſe Virtues all adore,
Who fed the Hungry, cloath'd the Poor,
Clear'd Streams, and Bridges laid acroſs,
And built the little Church of *Roſs*;
Did not th' eternal Powers of Verſe,
From Age to Age their Deeds rehearſe?

The Muſe forbids the Brave to die,
Beſtowing Immortality:
Still by her Aid, in bleſt Abodes,
Alcides feaſts among the Gods:
And royal *Arthur* ſtill is able
To fill his high-pil'd generous Table
With *Engliſh* Beef, and *Engliſh* Knights,
And looks with Pity down on *White*'s.

ODE IX.

To LOLLIUS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

Inſcribed to the Memory of Sir JOHN BARNARD.

THINK not, my *Lollius*, that the Song
Shall periſh, which I chant, along
Rough [1] *Aufidus*'s ſounding Shore,
With [2] Art, to *Roman* Ears unknown before!

The

The nobleſt Wreath though *Homer* claim,
Yet *Pindar* ſwells the Trump of Fame:
The grave [3] *Steſichorus* ſtill charms,
And ſtill to Battle, bold [4] *Alcæus* warms.

[5] *Simonides*, with ſoothing Flow,
Trills forth his ſoft melodious Woe;
And blithe [6] *Anacreon*'s ſportive Lay
Still lives, in ſpite of Time's deſtructive Sway.

Enchanting [7] *Sappho*'s *Lyric* Muſe
In every Breaſt muſt Love infuſe;
Love breaths on every tender String,
And ſtill in-melting Notes we hear her ſing.

Not only ſigh'd the [8] *Spartan* Fair,
Charm'd by a Lover's graceful Hair,
Whom Splendor, Pomp, and rich Attire
Fondly allur'd to fan the fatal Fire.

Nor [9] *Teucer* was the firſt, who knew
With Skill to bend the *Cretan* Yew.
Troy more than [10] once has been deſtroy'd,
And vengeful Gods to raze her Walls employ'd.

Not great [11] *Idomeneus* alone,
And [12] *Sthenelus* deſerve Renown:
Others before as boldly fought,
And Actions worthy of the Muſes wrought.

Not

Not *Hector* firſt, profuſe of Life,
Bore glorious Wounds to guard his Wife,
And ſingly clear'd th' enſanguin'd Field,
His much-lov'd Boy and aged Sire to ſhield.

Before *Atrides*, brave in Fight
Reign'd many Kings; but endleſs Night
To all denies our Tears and Praiſe,
For never were they grac'd with ſacred Lays.

If worthy Deeds no Glory gain,
Ah! what avail your Cares and Pain?
Virtue conceal'd, unknown to Fame,
From *Indolence* ſcarce differs but in Name.

[13] *You* ſhall not with the vulgar Throng
Paſs ſilent, unadorn'd in Song:
Your various Toils ſhall crown my Page,
And baffle Envy and forgetful Age.

Let Fortune ſmile, or prove unkind,
You ſtill maintain a ſteady Mind.
Attractive GOLD, which all obey,
Your purer Honour would in vain betray.

Not only [14] Conſul for a Year,
But long as, faithful and ſincere,
With noble Pride You Bribes deſpiſe,
And a fair Fame above all Treaſure prize.

Style

Style not thoſe [15] *happy* who abound
In Wealth, with Stores profuſely crown'd:
To him alone *that Name* be given,
Who rightly knows [16] to uſe the Gifts of Heaven;

[17] Hard Poverty who dauntleſs bears,
But, more than Death, Diſhonour fears,
And for his Friend's or Country's Good,
Would generouſly dare to ſpill his Blood!

NOTES.

Horace has divided the foregoing Ode into three Parts; in the *firſt* of which he refutes a common Error, *viz.* That in every Art none but the moſt eminent ought to be regarded; in the *ſecond*, he praiſes *Poetry*, and ſhows that this alone is able to conſecrate Men to Immortality; and, in the *third*, extolls the Virtues of *Lollius*.

Sanadon thinks it muſt have been written between the Year of *Rome* 731 (in which *Lollius* defeated the *Germans*) and the Year 746, which was the laſt of *Horace*'s Life. The 2d and 18th Epiſtles of the 1ſt Book were addreſſed to the ſame *Lollius*; but the ſecond ſeems to have been written long before this Ode, and the 18th ſome Time after it.

1 ——————— *Quæ*
Longè ſonantem natus ad Aufidum.]

Horace was of *Apulia*, which is watered by the River *Aufidus*, now called *Ofanto*.

2 *Non ante vulgatas per artes.*] He was the firſt *Roman* who imitated the *Lyric* Poetry of the *Greeks*.

3 *Steſichorus* was of *Himera*, a City in *Sicily*. He lived in the 42d *Olympiad*, 610 Years before *Chriſt*.

4 *Alcæi minaces Camænæ.*] He uſes the Epithet *minaces (threatening)* becauſe *Alcæus* had written againſt the Tynts, to whom he was a mortal Foe. His Style was ſtrong

ſtrong and noble, and admirably deſcribed the great Qualities of his Soul. See the 32d Ode of the 1ſt Book.

5 *Ceiæque Camænæ.*] *The Muſes of* Cĕos, *i. e.* The Works of *Simonides*, a Native of *Céos*, an Iſland in the *Ægéan* Sea. He lived about 500 Years before *Chriſt*.

6 *Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,*
Delevit ætas.]

With Roſes crown'd, on Flowers ſupinely laid,
Anacreon * there the ſprightly Lyre eſſay'd;
In light fantaſtic Meaſures beat the Ground,
Or dealt the mirth-inſpiring Juice around.
No Care, no Thought the tuneful Trifler knew,
But mark'd with Bliſs each Moment as it flew.
Progreſs of Poetry. By a Lady.

7 For the Character of *Sappho*, ſee the Notes on the 13th Ode of the 2d Book.

8 *Non ſola comtos arſit adulteri*
Crines, et aurum veſtibus illitum
Mirata, regaleſque cultus,
Et comites, Helene Lacæna.]

This is the ſecond Part of this Ode. The Conſtruction of this Paſſage muſt run thus: *Helene Lacæna non ſola arſit, mirata comtos crines et aurum regaleſque cultus adulteri*; not *arſit comtos crines*.

Horace takes Notice of the lovely Hair of *Paris* in the 15th Ode of the 1ſt Book.

Ib. The Beauty of this Stanza in a great meaſure depends on the Word *Lacæna*, *Spartan*; for the *Spartans* affected the utmoſt Plainneſs both in Dreſs and Diet. Thus *Ovid*, in his Epiſtle from *Paris* to *Helena*,

Sceptra parens Aſiæ—tenet, &c.

Wide *Aſia* owns my Father's Sway,
And half her ſcepter'd Kings his Power obey.
The Walls of *Troy* you will admire,
Built by the Muſic of *Apollo*'s Lyre!
Our Palaces are roof'd with Gold;
Our Temples worthy of the Gods they hold.

* In *Greece*.

Though

Though lovely in itſelf, your Face
Deſerves the Aid of every outward Grace.
Judge by the coſtly Robes *we* wear,
How elegantly dreſt *our Wives* appear. D.

9 *Horace* had here in View a Paſſage of the *Iliad*, where *Homer* ſays, that *Teucer* was the moſt ſkilful Archer among the *Greeks*.

10 *Troy* was beſieged three Times, firſt by *Hercules*, then by the *Amazons*, and laſtly by the *Greeks*.

11 *Idomeneus*, the Son of *Deucalion*, and the Grandſon of *Minos*, King of *Crete*, was one of the chief Heroes among the *Greeks*, at the Siege of *Troy*. Part of his Exploits may be ſeen in the 13th Book of the *Iliad*.

12 *Sthenelufve.*] See the 15th Ode of the 1ſt Book.

13 —— *non ego te meis*
Chartis inornatum fileri
—— *patiar.*]

Here begins the third Part of this Ode: For *fileri*; *Bentley* reads *filebo*, which is adopted by *Dacier*.

14 *Conſulque non unius anni.*] *Lollius* was *Conſul* in the Year of *Rome* 732. That Office was only for a Year; but, according to the *Stoics*, the Wiſe and Virtuous ſtand always poſſeſſed of the moſt eminent Poſts, nor is it in the Power of the Crowd to degrade them. *Horace* takes Occaſion from this Doctrine to compliment his Friend *Lollius*, by telling him he was not *Conſul* merely for a Year; but would continue ſo while he practiſed the Virtues worthy a *Conſul*.

15 The *Romans* called a *rich* Man a *happy* Man; but the *Stoics* applied the Word *happy* only to thoſe who were Maſters of their Paſſions, and enjoyed a full Tranquillity of Mind. Thus with us, and eſpecially in the City, a *good* Man means a *rich* one. See the Notes on the 2d Ode of the 2d Book.

16 *To uſe the Gifts of Heaven wiſely*, is, in the Language of the *Stoics*, to acquieſce chearfully under all the Diſpenſations of Providence. DACIER.

17 *Duramque callet pauperiem pati.*] *Epicurus* was as much a *Stoic* in regard to his Sentiments on Poverty, as *Zeno* or *Chryſippus*; for he declares, that *a State of chearful Poverty is preferable to the moſt affluent Wealth.*

The

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To the Right Hon. JOHN *Earl of* CORKE.

THINK not, my Lord, theſe Strains ſhall die,
Or ſink in *Lethe*'s Stream;
No—they ſhall Time's rude Graſp defy,
Protected by their Theme.
Though foremoſt in the Liſts of Fame
We matchleſs *Milton* place,
Yet long will *Pope*'s diſtinguiſh'd Name
The Muſe's Annals grace.
Though Nature's own heart-melting Lyre
Immortal *Shakeſpeare* won,
Still deigns the Goddeſs to inſpire
Her favourite *Richardſon.*
Our *Edwards* and our *Henries* Praiſe
Grows with increaſing Years,
And *Britons* ſhall attune their Lays
To *Creſſy* and *Poictiers*;
Yet ſhall each Veteran Chief with Flowers
Beſtrew his *Anna*'s Shrine,
And long to Fame ſhall *Blenheim*'s Towers
Their *Marlb'rough*'s Deeds conſign.
Before great *Alfred*, we could boaſt
Of Princes wiſe and good,
Yet all, by Bards unſung, are loſt
In dark Oblivion's Flood.

In

In *Marſton's* Shades unſeen, unknown,
Conceal'd thy Virtues lie;
Oh! let them now, in Senate ſhown,
Attract the public Eye.
Though every Muſe her Spirit breathes
On Thee; and every Grace
Adorns thy Brow with Olive Wreaths,
Familiar to thy Race;
Yet now the Converſe of the Dead
For active Scenes decline;
For Oh! the Living want each Head,
And claim each Heart like thine.
To *Laurentinum's* Grove retir'd,
Thy *Pliny* fled from Care,
Yet, when his Country's Voice requir'd,
He fill'd the Conſul's Chair.
Then, like that Conſul, lend thy Aid
To prop our tottering Walls;
For *Rome* demands thee from the Shade,
And hoary *Nerva* calls.

1757.

ODE X.

To LIGURINA.

By Mr. J. M.

BLEST as thou art with Beauty's Arms,
And proudly wanton in Exceſs of Charms,
What

What though kind *Venus* decks thy Face
With all the bluſhing Violet's purple Grace?
What though ſhe taught that Hair to break
In eaſy Ringlets, o'er thy poliſh'd Neck?
Pale Age ſhall ſoon that Face invade,
And thy grey Locks forget their nut-brown Shade;
Then at thy Glaſs (if there that Day
Thou dar'ſt to look) repentant thou ſhalt ſay,
'Why were the Charms of Youth conſign'd
'In vain Profuſion to ſo proud a Mind?
'Or why, ſince now that Pride is o'er,
'Will Youth with all its Charms return no more?'

ODE XI.

To PHYLLIS.

MY Vault exults a Caſk to hold
Of *Alban* Wine, full nine Years old:
To weave a Chaplet for your Head,
My Garden is with [1] Parſley ſpread
And Ivy; in a Knot behind,
The Treſſes of my Fair to bind.
My Altar, crown'd with vervain Bands,
The Lamb's devoted Blood demands.
[2] With ſhining Plate my Side-board's grac'd;
My Boys and Girls, with buſy Haſte,

Run to and fro—From trembling Fires
The Smoke in duſky Clouds aſpires.
If You ſhould now enquire, what Feaſt
Demands the Preſence of my Gueſt;
Know that this * Day the Month divides,
O'er which the Queen of Love preſides;
And firſt the Light this happy Day
Did to *Mæcenas'* Eyes diſplay,
Ev'n than my own [3] almoſt more dear:
This Day, through each revolving Year,
I'll grateful every God implore,
On him their choiceſt Gifts to pour.
Fair [4] *Telephus*, on whom you doat,
(That noble Youth above your Lot)
A rich and wanton Nymph detains,
And holds faſt bound in pleaſing Chains.
Proud *Phaëton*, from higheſt Heaven
By angry *Jove* with Lightning driven,
And *Pegaſus*, who ſcorn'd to bear
His † mortal Rider through the Air,
[5] But headlong threw; this Leſſon teach,
Not to aſpire above our Reach.
Come then, the laſt whom I ſhall love,
(No [6] future Nymph my Heart can move)
And with your tuneful Voice prepare
To ſing ſome ſoft and ſoothing Air,
Muſic and Poëſy compoſe
The troubled Breaſt, and lull our Woes.

* The 13th of *April*.
† *Bellerophon*.

NOTES,

NOTES.

1 The Ancients thought there was a Virtue in Ivy and Parſley to diſſipate the Fumes ariſing from Wine.

2 *Ridet argento domus.*] In the Days of *Horace*, the *Romans* were very profuſe in Furniture and Plate. They had Tables, Chandeliers, Ciſterns, Baſons, *&c.* of ſolid Silver, curiouſly engraved. DACIER.

3 ——— *Sanctiorque*
Pene natali proprio.]
Horace adds the Modification *pene*, *almoſt*, for Fear of giving Offence to the Deity, who preſided at his own Birth.

4 This is the ſame *Telephus*, who is mentioned in the 13th Ode of the firſt, and in the 19th Ode of the third Book.

5 The Story of *Bellerophon* may be ſeen at large, in the ſixth Book of the *Iliad*.

6 *Non enim poſthac aliâ calebo*
Fœminâ.]
Phyllis was his laſt Miſtreſs, which ſhows that *Horace* was about forty when he wrote this Ode.

ODE XII.

To VIRGIL.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

THE Spring's Companions, *Thracian* Gales,
Now fan the Sea and ſwell the Sails.
The Meads no more with Froſt are ſeen
Deform'd, but ſhine in native Green.
No longer in loud Torrents flow
The Streams, increas'd with wintry Snow.

Her Neſt the buſy Swallow rears,
And in [1] harſh Notes her Woes declares.
The Swain now tunes his rural Reed,
Grateful to *Pan*; (while round him feed
His fleecy Charge;) the Flocks who loves,
And haunts [2] *Arcadia*'s ſhady Groves.
Virgil! (whom *Cæſar*'s [3] princely Race
With Patronage and Friendſhip grace,)
The warmer Seaſon Thirſt excites,
And gaily to ſoft Joys invites;
But if the rich reviving Juice,
Which the *Calenian* Grapes produce,
You here expect with Me to ſhare,
You muſt the fragrant Oyl prepare;
Of Spikenard a ſmall [4] Box procures
A Jar of Wine from *Galba*'s Stores,
Powerful to chear the gloomy Soul,
Raiſe languid Hope, and Care controul.
If then you chuſe, this genial Night
To give with *Horace* to Delight;
Haſte with your *Quota* to my Feaſt;
I aſk no empty-handed Gueſt:
To treat you at my proper Coſt,
Requires more Wealth than I can boaſt.
A while the [5] anxious Search of Gain,
Indulgent to yourſelf, reſtrain.
Mindful of Death, without Delay,
Then ſeize the preſent paſſing Day;
Severer Cares with Mirth relieve,
And a few Hours to Folly give.

'Tis

'Tis ſweet to trifle with a Friend
In Seaſon, and our Thoughts unbend.

NOTES.

1 Alluding to the known Story of *Progne*'s being changed into a Swallow, after ſhe had killed her own Son, *Itys*, and ſerved him up at a Banquet to her Huſband *Tereus*, in Revenge for his having raviſhed, and cut out the Tongue of her Siſter *Philomela*. See *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*, Book VI.

2 It was pretended that *Pan* came into *Italy* the 13th of *February*, and returned to *Arcadia* the 5th of *December*. On both theſe Days the *Romans* held Feſtivals in Honour of him. See the Remarks on the 18th Ode of the 3d Book.

3 ——— *Juvenum nobilium cliens.*] *Druſus* and *Tiberius*, the Sons of the Empreſs *Livia*, and *Marcellus*, the Nephew, adopted Son, and Son-in-Law, of *Auguſtus*.

4 *Onyx* properly ſignifies a perfumed Shell, which was found in the Marſhes of *India*. The Oyſters there fed on the Plant Nard, growing in the ſaid Marſhes, which gave a Fragrance to their Shells. On this Account, the Ancients made uſe of them to hold Spice and Eſſences. Thus *Horace* in the 7th Ode of the 2d Book,

——— *Funde capacibus*
Unguenta de conchis.

'Pour forth Eſſences from copious *Shells*.' But there was alſo a ſmall *Onyx*, as appears from this Ode, and from *Martial*;

Unguentum fuerat, quod onyx *modo* parva *gerebat*;
Olfecit poſtquam Papilus, ecce garum eſt.

That little Box, with fragrant Eſſence ſtor'd,
Smelt to by *Papilus*, ſtunk like a T——d.

DACIER.

5 *Verum pone moras, et ſtudium lucri.*] *Horace* knew how unwilling *Virgil* was to be drawn from his Study; but as he had been liberally rewarded for ſome of his Poems by *Auguſtus*, and the *Roman* Court, he pleaſantly intimates he ſtuck ſo cloſe to writing Verſe, on Account

of the Profit he reaped by it. But, in Fact, he was ſo far from being of a covetous Temper, that he had refuſed a large forfeited Eſtate, which the Emperor offered him. DACIER.

Virgil made a Voyage into *Greece* in the Year of *Rome* 735, and died ſoon after. *Dacier* and *Sanadon* obſerve, that this muſt have been written before the 3d Ode of the 1ſt Book, which is addreſſed to him on that Occaſion.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. WHALLEY, *late Fellow of* King's *College*, Cambridge.

To CHARLES PRATT, *Eſq;*

New Lord Chief Juſtice of the Court of Common Pleas.

OBSERVE how calmly warm, my Friend,
O'er the ſmooth Plain the *Zephyrs* blow,
While Trees in gentleſt Motion bend,
And Streams ſcarce murmur as they flow.

Sweet *Philomela* trills her Song
Of pleaſing Sadneſs through the Groves,
Wailing a wretched Virgin's Wrong,
And a baſe King's inceſtuous Loves.

The Shepherds to the Shades repair,
And on the Graſs their Lays indite;
Which the great Patron of their Care,
Arcadia's liſtening God, delight.

Thirſt

Thirſt, with the Seaſon, *Charles*, comes on;
Would you not then in Thirſt repine,
Bring the ſleek Soal, or Turbot, down,
And well you ſhall be paid with Wine.

See! as the ſounding Cork burſts forth,
Pale *Care* and *Sadneſs* ſtartled fly;
And all Reflections, Foes to Mirth,
Drown'd in the ſparkling Brimmer lie.

If then you'll throw your *Coke* aſide,
To ſuch enlivening Joys inclin'd,
Quick mount your Steed, and briſkly ride,
And bid *Tom* bring the Fiſh behind.

For think not *gratis* to come off,
Or tipple, ſcot-free, at my Board,
As when o'er ſumptuous Meals you laugh,
With yon fair Villa's bounteous Lord.

Come then, nor rack your Brains to know
How many Fees would *Wimple* buy;
Come; and, conſidering as you go,
That HARDWICKE's 'ſelf at laſt muſt die,

Severity for *Folly* leave,
Beſt Succeſſor to puzzling Laws;
In public Life however grave,
Be gay in private with Applauſe.

1745.

ODE XIII.

To LYCE.

By RICHARD RODERICK, *Eſq;*

LYCE, at length my Vows are heard,
My Vows ſo oft to Heaven preferr'd;
Welcome, thy ſilver'd Hairs!
In vain thy Affectation gay,
To hide the manifeſt Decay;
In vain thy youthful Airs!

If ſtill thy Cheeks preſerve a Bluſh,
With Heat of Wine, not Youth, they fluſh,
Unamiable Stain!
If ſtill thou warbleſt, harſh the Note,
When trembling Age ſhakes in the Throat
Th' involuntary Strain.

Think'ſt thou, can theſe my Love prolong?
(Ungrateful Bluſh! untuneful Song!)
Or rival *Hebe*'s Charms?
Hebe melodious, *Hebe* fair,
For Judgment ſwells *her* rapt'rous Air,
And Youth *her* Bluſhes warms.

The roſy Cheek, the Forehead ſmooth,
Thoſe native Ornaments of Youth,
Once loſt, are loſt for aye:

No

No Art can ſmooth, no Paint repair
The furrow'd Face; no Diamond's Glare
Give Luſtre to Decay.

What now of all which once was thine,
Feature, Complection, Mien divine,
Remains the Senſe to charm?
Why now command they not my Love?
Once they prevail'd; though *Cynara* ſtrove
Their Empire to diſarm.

Cynara!—alas, thou much-lov'd Name!
Thou, full of Beauty, full of Fame,
Found'ſt an untimely Urn!
While *Lyce*, 'reft of every Grace
T' enrich the Mind, t' adorn the Face,
Still lives the public Scorn!

NOTES.

1 When the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth* told the firſt Duke of *Ormonde* that ſhe hoped to ſee his Head cut off, he calmly replied, 'And I hope to ſee your Grace an OLD WOMAN.'

2 The contemptuous Sneer at the Concluſion of the Original is preſerved in the *Engliſh*; but a graver Turn is given to it, inſtead of the more ludicrous one of *Horace*.

ODE XIV.

To Augustus Cæsar.

By Mr. Duncombe, *ſen.*

HOW ſhall the Senate, how the People's Care,
To faithful Annals thy Exploits conſign,
What worthy Monuments prepare,
To make thy Virtues ſhine,
And to each future Age thy ſpreading Glory bear?

O greateſt Prince, that in his annual Round
The Sun ſurveys; whom [1] late, though void of Fear,
The fierce [2] *Vindelici* have found
Invincible in War,
And felt thee leſs in Fiction than by Deeds renown'd.

For *Druſus* led thy conquering Legions on;
And oft the [3] wild *Genaunian* Nation broke:
The nimble *Breunians* too, o'erthrown,
Confeſs the *Roman* Yoke;
And their ſtrong *Alpine* [4] Forts his matchleſs Courage won.

Next,

Next, [5] elder *Nero* claims the like Applauſe,
Who the [6] huge *Rhætians*, dreadful in the Field,
With Slaughters tir'd: In Freedom's Cauſe,
Unknowing how to yield,
They generous Victims fell for their dear Country's Laws.

As furious *Auſter's* unreſiſted Courſe
Provokes the Billows when the [7] *Pleïads* glow
Through parting Clouds; with equal Force,
He dauntleſs charg'd the Foe,
And, 'midſt the Heat of Battle, urg'd his foaming Horſe.

Or as [8] horn'd [9] *Aufidus* the Bounds diſdains,
Which guide him, rolling through *Apulia's* States,
When, ſwell'd with melting Snow or Rains,
He, riſing, [10] meditates
Swift with his Torrent-floods to deluge all the Plains;

So *Claudius*, rapid in his wide Career,
Forc'd the Barbarians, [11] cas'd in Steel, to yield,
And, with ſmall [12] Loſs, from Front to Rear,
Mow'd down the ſtanding Field,
While with [13] thy Counſel, Arms, and Gods, he led the War.

For on [14] that Day when *Ægypt*'s empty Throne
Hail'd Thee her Lord, the Fates who love to bleſs,
And thy unrival'd Title own,
By fifteen Years Succeſs,
On that returning Day they now thy Glory crown.

The fierce [15] *Cantabrian*, not to be o'ercome
But by thy Arms, the [16] *Indian* and the [17] *Mede*,
The [18] *Scythian*, lurking now at home,
Juſtly thy Proweſs dread,
O tutelary God of *Italy* and *Rome!*

The [19] *Nile*'s myſterious Springs thy Grace implore,
The rapid [20] *Tigris*, the wide [21] *Danube* bends
To Thee! Ev'n to the [22] *Britiſh* Shore
Thy awful Sway extends,
Where Tempeſts rage, and [23] monſter-teeming Billows roar!

Thy Name *Iberia*'s hardy Sons alarms;
Alarms the [24] *Gauls*, who Death undaunted meet:
The wild [25] *Sicambrian* lays his Arms,
Submiſſive, at thy Feet;
While Thirſt of Blood no more his ſavage Vengeance charms.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Auguſtus had directed *Horace* to celebrate the Victories gained by his Sons-in-law, *Druſus* and *Tiberius Nero*. He had already performed the firſt Part of this Taſk in the 4th Ode of this Book, *viz.* ſo far as it regarded the Actions of *Druſus*.

In this Ode (which may be conſidered as a Sequel to the former) he reſumes and proſecutes the ſame Subject: Firſt, touching on the great Actions of *Druſus*, (who ſeems to have been his Favourite,) he then extolls the Victories obtained by *Tiberius* over the *Rhætians*. At the ſame Time, he makes his Court to *Auguſtus*, in a very polite and artful Manner; aſcribing the Succeſs of theſe young Princes to the good Education they had received from *Him*, to *his* wiſe Counſel, and to the Protection of *his* tutelary Gods.

1 *Vindelici didicere nuper,*
Quid Marte poſſes.]
For *Druſus* ſubdued this People in the Year of *Rome* 738, and this Ode was written after the Return of *Auguſtus* from *Gaul*, towards the Spring of the Year 740.

By this Calculation, the preceding Invitation to *Virgil* muſt have been written above five Years before this Ode.

2 The *Vindelici* poſſeſſed the Country from the northern Part of the *Alps* to the *Danube*: It makes now Part of *Swabia* and *Bavaria*.

3 *Genaunos* ——————
—————— *Breunoſque.*]
For ſo theſe Words are to be ſpelt; not *Geraunos* and *Brennos*. This Reading is confirmed by *Strabo*, and by an ancient Monument erected on the *Alps*. DACIER.

Ib. *Implacidum genus.*] *Strabo*, ſpeaking of the Cruelty of this People, ſays, that, as ſoon as they had taken any City, they were not content to put to the Sword all the Men able to bear Arms, but they ſlew alſo all the male Children, and as many of the Women big with Child, as their Prophets told them would be delivered of Boys. The ſame is related by *Dion Caſſius*: On which Account *Velleïus Paterculus* ſtyles them *feritate truces, ſavagely fierce.*

4 — *Et*

4 ——— *Et arces*
Alpibus impoſitas tremendis.]

We learn from *Velleius*, that they had fortified themſelves on the *Alps*, in Places deemed inacceſſible; from which, however, they were driven by *Druſus* and *Tiberius*, who took ſeveral of their Cities and ſtrong Caſtles.

5 *Major Neronum.*] *Tiberius*, who was about four Years older than *Druſus*.

6 *Immaneſque Rhætos.*] Now the *Griſons*. See the 4th Ode.

7 The *Pleïads* are ſeven Stars, between the Tail of the Ram, and one of the Knees of the Bull. The *Romans* called them *Vergiliæ*. One of them is ſcarce ever ſeen. They were ſaid to be the Daughters of *Atlas*, and Siſters of the *Hyads*. Their Riſe and Setting are generally very ſtormy.

8 *Sic tauriformis volvitur Auſidus.*] The Ancients generally deſcribed and painted the River-Gods in the Form of old Men, with two Horns on their Forehead; perhaps on account of the bellowing Noiſe their Waters make. *Sanadon* thinks they are ſo deſcribed, becauſe they frequently divide themſelves into two or more Streams before they fall into the Sea. Thus *Virgil* ſtyles the *Rhine*, *Rhenus bicornis*, the *two-horned Rhine*; becauſe the *Rhine* had then only the two Channels which formed the Iſland of the *Batavi*; but *Druſus Germanicus* afterwards opened a third, to join its Waters with thoſe of the *Iſſel*.

9 *Auſidus*] Now the *Ofanto*. This Image, *viz.* the comparing a powerful Prince to a rapid River, is common both to the *Greeks* and *Orientals*. Thus *Iſaiah*, ſpeaking of the King of *Aſſyria*; 'Now therefore behold, 'the Lord bringeth up upon them the Waters of the 'River, ſtrong and many, even the King of *Aſſyria*, 'and all his Glory; and he ſhall come up over all his 'Channels, and go over all his Banks. He ſhall paſs 'through *Judah*; he ſhall overflow; *&c.* *Iſaiah* viii. 7 and 8. DACIER.

10 ——— *Horrendamque cultis*
Diluviem meditatur agris.]

The Sublimity of this Paſſage depends on the Word *meditatur*, by which *Horace* animates the River *Auſidus*, de-

deſcribing it as a God, forming and executing Schemes at pleaſure. Take heed not to read *minitatur*, though Dr. *Bentley* has admitted it into his Text. DACIER.

11 *Ferrata agmina.*] Troops harneſſed in Steel or Iron. They were armed with a Breaſt-plate and Helmet.

12 *Sine clade victor.*] This is ſetting the Merit of *Tiberius* in the ſtrongeſt Light, *viz.* that he conquered ſuch a fierce and obſtinate Foe, without any conſiderable Loſs on his Part. It was thought a Virtue in thoſe Times for a Leader to ſpare the Lives of his own Soldiers. It were to be wiſhed, that *Chriſtian* Generals would imitate the Example of this *Pagan* Hero.

13 *Te copias, te conſilium et tuos*
Præbente Divos.]
This whole Stanza, with the Alteration only of two or three Words, is taken from Mr. *Creech.*

Ib. When the General did not lead his Army in Perſon, it was ſaid, that he lent his Gods and his Troops to his Lieutenant. *Ovid*, ſpeaking of *Tiberius*, and addreſſing himſelf to *Auguſtus*, uſes the like Expreſſion;

Auſpicium cui das grande, Deoſque tuos.

14 *Horace* had ſaid, that the tutelary Gods of *Auguſtus* had aided *Tiberius* to conquer the *Rhætians*: To prove this, he obſerves, that they were overcome in the ſame Month, and on the very ſame Day, on which *Auguſtus* had triumphantly entered into *Alexandria*, fifteen Years before. From whence he infers, that the ſame Gods had been propitious on both theſe Occaſions.

Ib. *Auguſtus* entered into *Alexandria* on the 29th of *Auguſt*, in the Year of *Rome* 723, which was then the firſt of the Month which the *Ægyptians* called *Thot.* DACIER.

15 The *Cantabrians*, though often overcome before, had always ſhaken off the Yoke; but, at length, *Agrippa* abſolutely ſubdued them in the Year of *Rome* 734, four Years before this Defeat of the *Rhætians*. This is what *Horace* means by *non ante domabilis*. See the Remarks on the 6th Ode of the 2d Book, and on the 8th Ode of the 3d Book.

16 *Horace* here refers to the Embaſſy which *Porus* King of *India* ſent to *Auguſtus*, to deſire his Friendſhip, and that

that of the *Roman* People. *Auguſtus* received this Embaſſy at *Samos*, in the Year of *Rome* 734.

17 By the *Mede* he means the *Parthians*. In the Year of *Rome* 733, *Phraätes* King of *Parthia* ſent back to *Auguſtus* the Enſigns taken from *Craſſus*.

18 The *Scythians*, that is to ſay, the *Dacians*, *Sarmatians*, and *Gelons*; and, in general, all the People of the *North*. *Auguſtus* had conquered Part of them, and the moſt diſtant ſent Ambaſſadors to beg Peace. *Suetonius*, *Florus*, and *Victor* give an Account of this Embaſſy from the *Scythians*.

19 By the *Nile*, he means *Ægypt*, which, after the Battle of *Actium*, and the taking of *Alexandria*, was become a *Roman* Province, and an *Apanage* of the Emperor: On which Account the Governor of *Ægypt* was called *Præfectus Auguſtalis*.

Ib. —— *Fontium qui celat origines*
Nilus.]
Touching the Source of the *Nile*, *Herodotus* owns that no Man of all the *Ægyptians*, *Libyans*, or *Grecians* he had converſed with, ever pretended to know any thing certain. Nor were the *Romans* better acquainted with it.

Nile pater, quânam poſſum te dicere cauſâ,
Aut quibus in terris occuluiſſe caput?
Tibullus, Lib. i. El. viii.

Thus alſo *Lucan*;

—— *non fabula mendax*
Auſa loqui de fonte tuo eſt; ubicunque videris,
Quæreris; et nulli contingit gloria genti
Ut Nilo ſit læta ſuo. Lib. x. ver. 282.

The Reaſon why this remained ſo great a Myſtery to the Ancients undoubtedly was, becauſe inacceſſible Deſerts lay between the Source of the *Nile* and *Ægypt*. But, of late Years, it has been happily diſcovered by ſome *Portugueſe* Jeſuits.

This River, to ſpeak properly, has but two Sources, which are two Fountains, round and very deep, iſſuing on a Plain called *Sicut*, at the Top of the Mountain *Dengla*, in a Province of the Kingdom of *Gouam*, called *Sabala*. The Rivulet, which theſe two Mountains form, at the Foot of the Mountain, flows Northerly, and then winds about to the Eaſt, receiving in its Courſe

three

three ſmall Streams; then, turning to the South, it flows for about twelve Leagues between the Kingdoms of *Bagemder* and *Goyam*, which latter, *Goyam*, is ſtill on the right Side of its Current. Then, winding itſelf round *Goyam*, it advances Weſterly for about twenty-five Leagues. Now, being recruited with the Waters of many Rivers, it flows again Northerly, and leaving *Abyſſinia* on the Right, it traverſes the Kingdom of *Nubia*, by *Sennar*, or *Suſa*; from whence it carries its fruitful Waters into the Boſom of *Ægypt*, which it commonly overflows in *June*. To conclude, after ſo long a Courſe, it diſcharges itſelf by two Mouths into the *Mediterranean* Sea. The Mountain in *Ethiopia*, where the Springs of the *Nile* riſe, is in the 12th Degree of North Latitude, and in the 51ſt Degree of Longitude. The copious Showers, which fall in *Ethiopia*, from *June* even to *September*, are the ſole Cauſe of the *Nile*'s overflowing *Egypt*. The Ancients ſeem not to have been entirely Strangers to this; at leaſt, if they were, it muſt be owned that the *Greek* Hiſtorian, *Arrian*, had a very happy Gueſs, ſince, ſpeaking of ſome Rivers in *India*, which are overflowed in the Summer by periodical Showers of Rain, he has this remarkable Paſſage; 'From hence it is eaſy to conjecture that the ſame 'Cauſes produce the Overflowings of the *Nile*; *viz.* the 'Showers which may fall on the Mountains of *Ethiopia*, 'during the Summer; and that the River, ſwelled with 'theſe Floods, overflows its Banks, and ſpreads its 'troubled Waters over all the Land.'

The *Nile* was not known by that Name in the Time of *Homer*, who always calls it *Ægyptus*.

20 At that Time the *Euphrates*, and not the *Tigris*, was the Boundary of the *Roman* Empire: But he here ſpeaks of the latter as ſuch, becauſe the *Parthians*, from the Dread of *Auguſtus*'s Arms, had quitted *Armenia*, and ſent back the Enſigns they had taken from *Craſſus* and *Antony*, and all their Priſoners. On this Account, *Horace*, in the 5th Ode of the 3d Book, ſpeaks of the *Perſians* as ſubject to the *Roman* Empire. See the Remarks there, and on the 9th Ode of the 2d Book, where he ſpeaks of *Auguſtus*'s new Trophies.

21 In the Reign of *Auguſtus*, the *Danube* was the Bounds of the *Roman* Empire to the North; ſo that when *Horace* ſays, the *Danube* owns the Power of *Auguſtus*, he means the

the People on this Side that River, namely, the *Dacians*, the *Pannonians*, the *Vindelicians*, &c. What he ſays in the next Ode is to be underſtood in the ſame Senſe;

Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
Edicta rumpent Julia.

22 The *Britons* had ſent Ambaſſadors to *Auguſtus* to beg Peace, and had put the whole Kingdom under his Protection.

23 —— *Belluoſus qui remotis*
Obſtrepit Oceanus Britannis.]

The monſter-bearing Ocean, which roars round the remote Iſland of Britain. The Sea nouriſhes in its capacious Boſom various Animals of uncouth Form. *Pliny*, in the 9th Chapter of his 5th Book, writes, that the Tide, one Day, left above three hundred Monſters on the Coaſt of *Britain*. DACIER.

24 *Te non paventis funera Galliæ*
—— *Tellus audit.*]

When *Horace* wrote this Ode, the *Gauls*, after many Wars and many Revolts, were entirely ſubject to the *Roman* Empire.

As the *Britons* and *Gauls* had imbibed from their Prieſts, the *Druids*, *Pythagoras*'s Doctrine of the Tranſmigration of Souls, they eſteemed it the utmoſt Baſeneſs to be ſparing of a Life, which, if they gave it up in the Cauſe of Virtue and their Country, ſhould be reſtored to them again in a happier Form. *Lucan* deſcribes the glorious Effects of this popular Opinion with great Spirit;

—— *Vobis auctoribus, umbræ*
Non tacitas Erebi ſedes, Ditiſque profundi
Pallida regna petunt: regit idem ſpiritus artus
Orbe alio: longæ (canitis ſi cognita,) vitæ
Mors media eſt. Certè populi, quos deſpicit Arctos,
Felices errore ſuo, quos ille timorum
Maximus, haud urget leti metus. Inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis; et ignavum redituræ parcere vitæ.
Lucanus de Bello Civili, Lib. i. Ver. 454.

* You

* You teach that Souls, from fleſhly Chains unbound,
Seek not pale Shades, and *Erebus* profound;
But, fleeting hence, to other Regions ſtray,
Once more to mix with animated Clay;
That Death's a Point (if we may truſt your Lore)
'Twixt Lives behind, and longer Lives before.
A bleſt Miſtake! which Fate's dread Power diſarms,
And ſpurs its Votaries on to War's Alarms.
Laviſh of Life, they ruſh with fierce Delight
Amidſt the Legions, and provoke the Fight,
O'ermatching Death, and freely caſt away
That Loan of Life, the Gods are bound to pay.

15 *Sicambri*] Now *Guelderland*, one of the ſeven United Provinces. The *Sicambrians* were defeated by *Druſus*, in the Year of *Rome* 742. But *Horace* cannot poſſibly ſpeak of that Defeat here, ſince it was two Years after the writing of this Ode. This Paſſage muſt certainly be underſtood of the firſt Revolt of the *Sicambrians*, in the Year of *Rome* 737, when joining their Forces with ſome of the neighbouring Nations, they defeated the Army of *Lollius*. But being terrified by the Arrival of *Auguſtus* in *Gaul*, they laid down their Arms, ſued for Peace, and accepted ſuch Terms as he was pleaſed to grant them: On which Account *Horace* ſays,

Compoſitis venerantur armis.

* The DAVIDS.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To his Majeſty the King of PRUSSIA.

HOW ſhall *Voltaire*'s recording Lay,
How, mighty Prince, your own hiſtoric Page,

To

To diſtant Nations your Renown diſplay,
And bear your *Pruſſia*'s Fame to every future Age?

O greateſt Chief, that *Europe* boaſts;
Though *Auſtria*, *France*, and *Sweden*, once renown'd,
Combin'd, and *Ruſſia*, with unnumber'd Hoſts,
You brave as *Swediſh Charles*, as *Peter* wiſe, they found.

Like Walls, like Rocks, the *Ruſſians* ſtood,
Yet through their thickeſt Ranks your Proweſs broke,
Made *Zorndorff*'s Field, and *Oder*, ſtream with Blood,
And ruin'd *Cuſtrin* ſav'd from her Deſtroyer's Yoke.

How oft th' Imperial Eagle fled,
How oft in Fight th' Imperial Legions fell,
Dreſden's Submiſſion and *Vienna*'s Dread,
Let *Lowoſitz* record, and *Prague* and *Liſſa* tell!

As, unreſiſted in their Courſe,
Earth's dire Convulſions ſhook promiſcuous down
Fam'd *Liſbon*'s Palaces; with equal Force,
By your tremendous Shock were Men and Steeds o'erthrown.

Or as the *Maeſe*, when ſwell'd with Showers,
The Bounds preſcrib'd by *Belgia*'s States diſdains,
And, ruſhing with impetuous Fury, pours
Deſtruction to the Herds, and Terror to the Swains:

So, dreadful in their wide Career,
Your Thunders, *Frederick*, ſwept the ſtanding Field,
Mow'd down *Thereſa*'s Ranks from Front to Rear,
Made her ſage *Fabius* fly, and reſcu'd *Breſlau* yield.

For on that Day, when *Roſbach* hail'd
Your wond'rous Triumph o'er the *Gallic* Foe,
On that Day Month your Arms again prevail'd,
And *Daun* at *Liſſa* felt the like deſtructive Blow.

Your Frown the *Saxons*, *Auſtrians*, *Gauls*,
Th' allied Imperialiſts and *Ruſſians* fear;
The *Swedes*, ſecur'd within their *Stralſund*'s Walls,
Your matchleſs Courage dread, your Diſcipline revere,

The *Moldaw* and the *Elbe* implore
Your Grace; to You the *Saale* and *Oder* bend;
And ev'n from *Britiſh Thames*'s diſtant Shore
To You our votive Lays, to You our Gifts we ſend.

* This River runs through *Saxony*.

Your

Your Name the *Coſſack* and *Huſſar*,
Calmucks, *Croätians*, *Waraſdins* alarms;
At your Approach, thoſe lawleſs Sons of War
Are deaf to *Slaughter*'s Call, and blind to *Plunder*'s Charms.

1758.

ODE XV.

To AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

TO ſing of Wars when I aſpire,
And conquer'd Cities; with his Lyre
[1] *Apollo* check'd me; [6] 'Dare not brave
[6] With thy weak Skiff the *Tyrrhene* Wave.'
'Twas fix'd by Fate, that [3] *Cæſar*'s Reign
Should cloath the Fields with plenteous Grain,
And Trophies to our [4] *Jove* reſtore,
Which *Parthian* Pillars proudly bore.
The [5] Fane, that by *Quirinus* roſe
To *Janus*, free from War You cloſe,
[6] Licentious Crimes by Law ſubdue,
And *Latium*'s [7] ancient Arts renew,
By which, ev'n from his *Weſtern* Bed,
To *Phœbus*' Riſe, our Empire ſpread,

While

While [8] *Cæſar* reigns, nor civil Jars
Shall break our Peace, nor foreign Wars,
Nor *Diſcord*'s Rage, that forges Arms,
And fills the World with dire Alarms.

Who near the [9] *Danube* till the Lands
Attend with Joy your juſt Commands;
The faithleſs *Parthians* now obey;
The *Getes* and *Seres* own your Sway:
The People, born where *Tanaïs* flows,
Dare not your mighty Name oppoſe.

We, with our Wives and blooming Train,
(Thus did our Sires of old ordain)
Invoking firſt the Powers divine,
With *Lydian* [10] Flutes our Songs will join,
And, as thy Bleſſings, *Bacchus*, flow,
Which chear the Heart, and baniſh Woe,
On common, as on feſtal Days,
Of our old Heroes ſing the Praiſe;
[11] And *Troy*, *Anchiſes*, and the Race
Of Beauty's Queen our Songs ſhall grace.]

NOTES,

Horace, whoſe Gratitude made him think he could never do Juſtice to the Merit of *Auguſtus*, here intimates the Deſign he had to celebrate his Battles and Victories in a complete Poem, but that *Apollo* checked his Vanity, by ſhowing how unequal his Muſe was to ſo ſublime a Subject.

Dacier is of Opinion, that this was the laſt Ode he ever wrote, and that he might then be in his 54th Year.

[8] *Auguſtus* affected to believe, that *Apollo* was his Father, or at leaſt his Patron and Protector, and that he fought

fought for him in Perſon, at the Battle of *Actium*. *Virgil* has not forgot to place this Circumſtance in his *Æneid*:

Actius hæc cernens arcum intendebat Apollo
Deſuper. ——

This ſeen, *Apollo*, from his *Actian* Height,
Pour'd down his Arrows —— DRYDEN.

And *Propertius* alſo enlarges on it in the 6th Elegy of his fourth Book. *Horace*, therefore, could not more agreeably flatter *Auguſtus*, than by repreſenting *Apollo* ſo jealous of his Honour, that he would not ſuffer his heroic Exploits to be celebrated in an unworthy Manner. DACIER.

Ib. *Increpuit lyrâ.*] *Struck or tapped him with his Lyre.* This was to render him more attentive to the Advice he was about to deliver. Thus *Ovid*, in the laſt Verſe of his 6th Book *De Faſtis*,

Annuit Alcides, increpuitque lyrâ.

It was uſual to give Perſons a little Blow, or to pinch their Ear, to rouſe their Attention. Thus *Virgil*, in his 6th Eclogue,

—— *Cynthius aurem*
Vellit, et admonuit.

"*Apollo* twitched my Ear, and gave this Warning."

2 *Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor*
Vela darem.]

And admoniſh'd me muſt here be underſtood; in like Manner as *Virgil* uſes the Word *admonuit*. *To launch out on the* Tuſcan *Sea in a ſmall Skiff*, ſignifies metaphorically, *to attempt a great Undertaking with a little Genius.*

3 *Tua, Cæſar, ætas.*] *Horace* does not fully expreſs his Sentiment here; for he would intimate to *Auguſtus*, that the Bleſſings of Peace, which he has procured to the *Romans*, afford ample Matter for his Muſe, &c. But he frequently omits a regular and cloſe Connection, to preſerve that Spirit of Enthuſiaſm ſo neceſſary to an Ode. DACIER.

4 *Et ſigna noſtro reſtituit Jovi.*] *Auguſtus* treated the Regard the *Parthians* ſhowed him, in ſending back the Enſigns they had taken from *Craſſus* and *Antony*, and reſtoring the *Roman* Priſoners, as a complete Victory over them.

them. A triumphal Arch was erected to him on this Account, the Medals of which are ſtill extant with this Inſcription; *Civibus et ſignis militaribus à Parthis reſtitutis.* See the Notes on the 5th Ode of the third Book.

Ib. *Auguſtus* had made a Vow, in the Year of *Rome* 711, to erect a Temple to *Mars* the *Avenger*, after he ſhould have done Juſtice on the Murderers of *Cæſar*. But the Multiplicity of Affairs in which he was involved, or his Flow of Proſperity, made him forget his Vow, and he ſeems to have thought no more of it, till after *Phraätes* had ſent back the *Roman* Enſigns, in the Year 733. Then the Joy ariſing from this unhoped-for Felicity, induced him to iſſue out Orders for the building this Temple on the *Capitoline* Hill; not ſo much for the Accompliſhment of his Vow, as to place thoſe Enſigns there, and to erect this Monument to his Vanity. From whence comes it to paſs then, that *Horace* ſpeaks here only of *Jupiter*, and ſays not one Word about *Mars*? The Truth of the Matter is this: This Temple, which had been vowed in 711, was not begun to be built till 733, nor finiſhed till eighteen Years afterwards, *viz.* in the Year of *Rome* 751, under this Prince's 13th Conſulſhip, who then made a ſolemn Dedication of it with great Pomp, treated the *Romans* with a magnificent Combat of Gladiators, and exhibited alſo a *Naumachia*, or Sea-Fight, in the *Circus*; as we learn from *Velleïus*, who was preſent at theſe Sports. Theſe Enſigns, therefore, were carried and placed in the Temple of *Jupiter Capitoline*, while this Temple was building. It was impoſſible for *Horace* to ſpeak of the Temple of *Mars* the *Avenger*, ſince it was not finiſhed or conſecrated till ſix Years after his Death.

DACIER.

5 ——— *Vacuum duellis*
Janum Quirini clauſit.]

There were at *Rome* three or four Temples of *Janus*; but that here referred to is the Temple of *Janus Bifrons*, or *Janus Geminus*, built by *Romulus*; on which Account *Horace* calls it *Janus Quirini*, the *Janus* of *Romulus*. This Temple was always open in Time of War, and ſhut in Time of Peace. It had no Gates during the Reign of *Romulus*. It was firſt ſhut by his Succeſſor *Numa*, who added Gates to it;

Portas Jano gemino Numa ædificavit. VICTOR.

This has led ſome Authors into a Miſtake, who have imagined that this Temple was the Work of *Numa*. From *Romulus* even to *Auguſtus*, it was ſhut but twice; and *Auguſtus* ſhut it three Times in his Reign. *Janum Quirinum ſemel atque iterum à conditâ urbe memoriam ante ſuam clauſum, in multo breviore ſpatio temporis, terra marique pace partâ ter cluſit.* SUETONIUS, Cap. 22.

Janus was the ſame as *Mars*: He was drawn with two Faces, either to denote the Fickleneſs of that God, or the Prudence eſſential to a General, who ſhould never engage his Enemy without being Maſter of the Country behind him, and ſecuring a Retreat, if neceſſary. The Temple of *Mars* was kept open in Time of War, becauſe the People reſorted thither perpetually to offer Oblations, and to implore his Protection; but it has been too much the Practice of Mankind, in all Ages, to forget *Providence* in the Time of *Proſperity*.

DACIER,

Dacier is of Opinion, that *Horace* ſaw this Temple ſhut but twice, and that he was dead ſome Years before it was ſhut the third Time; but *Sanadon*, on the contrary, ſays, that *David Blondel* and Mr. *Maſſon* have ſhown, by the Authority of *Dion Caſſius*, that *Horace* was then living, and an Eye-witneſs of it. On which Occaſion he ſuppoſes he actually wrote this Ode towards the End of the Spring, in the Year of *Rome* 744.

6 *Fræna licentiæ*
Injecit.]

This was the Subject of *Horace*'s Wiſh in the 24th Ode of his third Book;

Si quæret pater urbium
Subſcribi ſtatuis, indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam.

We have already often remarked the Diſorders and Licentiouſneſs of the *Romans*. *Auguſtus* reſtrained them both by wholeſome Laws, and his own Example. See the Notes on the two following Lines in the 5th Ode of this Book;

Nullis polluitur caſta domus ſtupris:
Mos et lex maculoſum edomuit nefas.

7 *Et veteres revocavit artes.*] By the *ancient Arts* of the *Romans*, *Horace* means the Morals of their Anceſtors, namely, their Veneration for the Gods, their Juſtice, Probity, Temperance, Patience, Frugality, and all that Train of heroic Virtues which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed the old *Romans*. DACIER.

To apply this to ourſelves: In vain would we be thought to honour the Memory of our *Edwards* and *Henries*; in vain do we extoll their Virtues and heroic Actions, while we mimic the *French* in all their fantaſtic Fopperies; while we waſte our Eſtates, enervate our Bodies, and weaken our Minds, by Gaming, Luxury, and Profuſion of all Sorts; and then, to repair our ſhattered Fortunes, ſacrifice the Intereſt of our Country, for a precarious Subſiſtence. D.

8 *Cuſtode rerum Cæſare.*] As this Paſſage tallies exactly with the 14th Ode of the third Book, which was written a little before the ſecond cloſing of the Temple of *Janus*, *Sanadon* draws a new Proof from it for his Opinion, *viz.* That this Ode was written after it was ſhut the third and laſt Time.

9 *Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt.*] This alſo ſeems to prove that this Ode was written in the Year of *Rome* 744; for, in the Beginning of that Year, *Tiberius* and *Druſus* entirely reduced the *Dacians* and the *Germans*, juſt before the cloſing of the Temple of *Janus*, which was only deferred till theſe People were quelled. *Auguſtus* had reduced the *Seres (Indians)*, the *Perſians (Parthians)*, and the Borderers on the River *Tanaïs*, that is to ſay, the *Scythians* and the *Sarmathians*, when he was in the *Levant*, in the Years 733 and 734.

10 *Lydis remiſto carmine tibiis.*] The *Lydian* Air, or Tone, was lively and chearful. It was uſed on Occaſions of Joy and Feſtivity, and particularly at Feaſts and Banquets: On which Account *Plato* calls the *Lydian* Tunes, ἁρμονίαν συμποτικὴν, *Feſtal Harmony*.

11 *Trojamque, et Anchiſen, et almæ*
Progeniem Veneris canemus.]

Though *Horace* ſays, they extoll, at their Meals, the Gods and Heroes, he mentions, in particular, only *Anchiſes* and the Deſcendants of *Venus*, by which he compliments *Auguſtus* and his Family, who boaſted to have derived their Lineage from *Æneas* by that Goddeſs.

I ſhall conclude the Notes on this Book, with an obvious Remark.

Though *Horace* ſet out in the World with ſtrong Notions of Liberty, and in his youthful Days had a warm Affection for the old Form of Government, inſomuch that he left his Studies at *Athens* to follow the Arms and Fortune of *Brutus*; yet, when that great Man was defeated, and with him periſhed the Hopes of the Commonwealth, our Poet had the Addreſs to recommend himſelf effectually to the Conquerors, ſwam with the Tide, and by the Help of his *Epicurean* Philoſophy, ſpent his Days with great Eaſe and Chearfulneſs: So that what he ſays of *Ariſtippus* is juſtly applicable to himſelf;

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, et ſtatus, et res;
Tentantem majora ferè præſentibus æquum.

To every Habit, State, and Circumſtance,
Could *Ariſtippus* decently conform,
Not fretting at his Lot, though aiming ſtill
At higher Things. ———

Whereas, on the contrary, the great Men of thoſe Times, rigid Adherents to the *Stoic* Philoſophy, were by that inſpired with ſo much Pride and Haughtineſs of Soul, that, when they were diſappointed of their Hopes, and could not govern the State according to their own Humour, they found no other Remedy for their Diſtreſſes, but in a ſplenetic Fit to quit the World in Deſpair, by plunging their Daggers into their own Breaſts.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To his MAJESTY.

WHEN ſtretch'd beneath the Beechen Shade,
In chearful Lyrics I eſſay'd
Of *Brunſwick*'s Prince, and *Pruſſia*'s King,
And conquer'd *Canada*, to ſing,

A Nymph,

A Nymph, moſt beauteous, on the Hand
Soft tapp'd me with an Olive Wand,
And cry'd, 'Forbear, nor raſhly brave
'In thy weak Bark th' *Atlantic* Wave;
'Forbear, till *George* to *Albion*'s Shore
'My long-loſt Empire ſhall reſtore:
'Then freely, in *Horatian* Lays,
'*Auguſtus*' milder Glories praiſe!'
And ſee! the Nymph's auſpicious Train
Now crowns, Great Prince, your gentle Reign:
See! *Plenty*, from her copious Horn,
Profuſely ſhowers her Fruits and Corn;
See! *Trade* revives, and *Arts* prevail:
Juſtice and *Mercy* hold the Scale;
Your Deeds, your Councils *Prudence* guides,
And *Temperance* at your Board preſides;
While every Wreath, by *Peace* inſur'd,
Is now by *Fortitude* ſecur'd,
And Lakes and Seas before unknown
Exulting *Commerce* calls her own,
The Lakes that ſwell, the Seas that roll,
From *Miſſiſippi* to the Pole.
Who drink, *Quebec*, thy Stream profound,
By *Britain*'s righteous Laws are bound;
The faithleſs *Cherokee* obeys;
Rich *Senegal* her Tribute pays;
And *Ganges*' Tyrant ſhakes with Fear,
For *Vengeance* whiſpers, '*Clive* is near.'
And Oh! no more may dire Alarms
Excite the madding World to Arms!

At home, may Strife and Faction ceaſe,
And Science, Commerce, Arts increaſe!
Thus bleſt, to Heaven's all-gracious Sire,
'Who burns the Chariots in the Fire,
'Who ſnaps the Spear, and breaks the Bow,'
Let Organs breathe, and Anthems flow!
Your Virtues next, illuſtrious King,
Each virtuous Bard ſhall proudly ſing;
Your ſocial Bliſs, your Taſte refin'd,
Your generous, poliſh'd, pious Mind.
To your accompliſh'd *Charlotte*'s Praiſe
We then will tune our joyful Lays:
And, laſt, our Songs your beauteous Race
(*Britannia*'s diſtant Hope,) ſhall grace.

1765.

The END *of the* FOURTH BOOK.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ODES

OF

HORACE.

COMMONLY CALLED

THE EPODES.

TO

The WORSHIPFUL

JAMES MARRIOTT, LL D.

Maſter of *Trinity*-Hall, *Cambridge*,

AND

Advocate-General to his MAJESTY,

This FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ODES of *HORACE*

Is Inſcribed

BY

His moſt obedient,

and faithful humble Servant,

J. DUNCOMBE.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ODES of HORACE.

ODE I.

To MÆCENAS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

YOU in *Liburnian* [1] Barks, my Friend,
With *Antony*'s tall Galleys will contend;
Boldly to hazard all prepar'd,
[2] From every Danger *Cæsar*'s Life to guard.
But how ſhall I the Hours amuſe,
Or now what pleaſing Entertainment chuſe,
The ~~tedious~~ Minutes to beguile,
Which in *Mæcenas*' Preſence always ſmile?
Shall I, by your Command, purſue
My Eaſe? but what is Eaſe unſhar'd by you?
Or ſhall I all the Toils of War,
As ſuits the Brave, with dauntleſs Courage bear?

They ſhall be borne—O'er *Alpine* Snow,
With you, my Friend, I chearfully will go;
With you, wild *Caucaſus* explore,
And view the Limits of the Weſtern Shore.
What Aid, you'll aſk, can you afford,
Weak, and unſkill'd to wield the Warrior's Sword?
But then my Anguiſh will be leſs
With you; nor Fears my tortur'd Soul poſſeſs.
Thus the fond Dove, in Search of Food,
With greater Dread forſakes her callow Brood,
Leſt in her Abſence Snakes devour,
Whom, preſent, to protect ſhe wants the Power.
Ardent your Friendſhip to maintain,
I'll ſerve with Pleaſure this, and each Campaign:
But not, that, to my Traces bound,
A larger Team may labour in my Ground;
Or that my Flocks *Calabria* change,
In Summer o'er *Lucanian* Meads to range;
Or that ſuch ample Lands be mine,
As might to *Tuſculum* my *Villa* join.
Your Bounty has enlarg'd my Store
Beyond my utmoſt Wiſh; nor aſk I more,
To hide, like *Chremes* in the Play,
Or, like a Spendthrift, ſquander it away.

NOTES.

The Reſult of the tedious Diſquiſition of the Critics on the Word *Epodes*, amounts to no more, than that it is an improper Title given to this Book by the *Grammarians*; and that it ought to be ſtyled—*The Fifth Book of* ODES.

If

If the Odes were placed in their natural Order, this and the Ninth of this Book ſhould immediately precede the Thirty-ſeventh of the Firſt Book; as this was written ſome Months before the Sea-fight of *Actium*, when *Mæcenas* was preparing to follow *Auguſtus*, who was gone to wage War againſt *Antony*. This was in the Year 722, *Horace* being then Thirty-four Years old.

1 *Liburnis.*] The *Liburnians* were a People of *Illyria*, now called *Croatians*. As they were Pyrates, who lived on the Plunder they took at Sea, they had very light Veſſels; on which Account all light Ships were called *Liburnian*. *Horace* and *Propertius* give this Title to the Ships with which *Auguſtus* engaged *Antony* at *Actium*. *Acron* alſo ſays, 'Cæſar, ſetting out for the *Actian* War, 'gave *Mæcenas* the Command of the *Liburnians*.'

2 *Paratus omne Cæſaris periculum*
Subire.]

Mæcenas, together with *Agrippa*, had accompanied *Auguſtus* in the War of *Sicily* againſt *Sextus Pompey*, as he did now in his Expedition againſt *Antony*: It is remarkable that *Virgil*, in his 8th *Æneid*, where he deſcribes the Victory at *Actium*, though he highly commends *Agrippa*, makes not the leaſt Mention of his Patron *Mæcenas*.

3 *Non ut juveneis illigata*] There never was a more diſintereſted Perſon than *Horace*. This appears throughout his Works. He aſked for nothing more than the ſmall Houſe which *Mæcenas* had given him in the Country of the *Sabines*, near *Tibur*. See Book II. Ode XVIII. Princes and Great Men would be more happy than they generally are, if thoſe who follow their Fortune did it more from Sentiments of Eſteem and Friendſhip, than from lucrative Motives, and to gratify their Ambition. DACIER.

ODE

ODE II.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

The Praiſes of a Country Life.

"BLEST as our Sires of old is he,
Who, from vexatious Buſineſs free,
Tills an hereditary Plain,
Unſully'd by the Love of Gain.
No Trumpet breaks his peaceful Sleep,
No Danger dreads he from the Deep.
Far from the *Forum*, and the Gate
Of the contemptuous Rich and Great,
Pleas'd, round the Poplar's Height he twines
His claſping marriageable Vines;
Lops uſeleſs Boughs, and, on the Tree,
Ingrafts a hopeful Progeny;
Or, in a ſecret Vale, ſurveys
His Cattle lowing as they graze;
His Flocks, with Fleece o'erburden'd, ſhears,
Or lays his Honey up in Jars.
"But o'er the Fields his graceful Head
When *Autumn* rears, with Fruit o'erſpread,
With Joy the Pear, or Grape, whoſe Dye
Not ev'n the Crimſon can outvye,
He plucks; *Sylvanus!* thy Rewards,
Or *his, who ſtill his Orchard guards.

* *Priapus.*

Now

Now in an Oak's embowering Shade,
Now on the Graſs behold him laid!
While near him rolls a rapid Flood,
And Songſters warble in the Wood;
And, gurgling down the verdant Steep,
Caſcades prolong his balmy Sleep.
" But when ſtern *Jove* with wintry Storms
The Beauty of the Year deforms,
With Hounds on every Side beſet,
He drives fierce Boars into his Net,
Or with nice Art ſlight Meſhes lays,
And the voracious Thruſh betrays;
Or (grateful Prizes!) in a Snare
Beguiles the foreign Crane, or Hare.
" Who, thus employ'd, has Time to prove
The ſoft Anxieties of Love?
But if a chaſte and chearful Wife,
To crown the Bleſſings of his Life,
Should o'er his cleanly Houſe preſide,
His Family and Children guide;
(Like *Sabine* Dames, though tann'd they were
With Summer Suns, and ſultry Air)
And make the well-dry'd Billets burn
Againſt her Huſband's wiſh'd Return;
In Folds his joyful Goats reſtrain,
And all their milky Treaſure drain;
With Wine of this Year's Vintage greet,
And give him an [3] unpurchas'd Treat;
No *Lucrine* Oyſters would I wiſh
To taſte; nor Turbot; nor the Fiſh,

Which

Which from the Eaſtern Sea is toſt
By Storms, on our *Italian* Coaſt:
Nor Heathpouts, nor the *Libyan* Bird,
So ſcarce, ſhould ever be preferr'd
To my own Olives, luſcious Fare!
From loaded Branches cull'd with Care;
Or to wild Mallows, wholeſome Food!
Or Shards, which love the marſhy Flood;
Or Lambkin ſlain on feſtal Day,
Or [4] Kid, from Wolves juſt ſnatch'd away.
" Pleas'd, at ſuch Meals, ſhall I behold
My Sheep returning to the Fold;
My [5] lowing Oxen, tir'd and ſlow,
With looſen'd Traces drag the Plough;
And all my Slaves, that ſwarm, like Bees,
Round my blithe Houſhold Deities."
This to himſelf old *Alfius* ſaid;
And, panting for the rural Shade,
In Haſte call'd all his Money in;
Next Week he put it out again.

NOTES.

1 *Ut priſca gens mortalium.*] The firſt Inhabitants of the Earth were either Labourers or Shepherds; but perhaps *Horace* here only refers to the Simplicity of the old *Romans*. Thus Q. *Cincinnatus*, to uſe the Words of *Columella*, *Ab aratro vocatus ad Dictaturam, rurſus faſcibus depoſitis, ad eoſdem juvencos et quatuor jugerum avitum herediolum redit*: 'Having been called from the Plough 'to the Dictatorſhip, ſoon laid down the *Faſces* again, 'and returned to his Oxen, and his hereditary Farm of 'four Acres.'

a *Ex-*

2 *Exercet.*] This is the proper Phraſe for *ploughing the Earth.* Thus *Virgil*,

Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.

3 *Dapes inemptas apparet.*] Thus *Virgil*, of his old *Corycian*,

——— *ſeràque revertens*
Nocte domum, dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis.
With *unbought* Stores he crown'd his frugal Board.
GEORG. IV. 133.

4 *Hædus ereptus lupo.*] *Horace*, after having told us that his Countryman fed upon Kid only once a Year, adds this Verſe, to ſhow, that, if he eat it oftener, it was only when he had ſnatched it from the Jaws of the Wolf. He was obliged to eat it then, as otherwiſe it would have been loſt.

5 *Mugientium proſpectat greges.*] *Virgil* alſo reckons the *Lowing of Oxen* among the Pleaſures of the Country:

Hirsutique boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni,
Non abſunt. GEORG. II. 470.
The *lowing* Herds there ſooth the careleſs Mind,
And Slumbers court us in the Shade reclin'd.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, *Eſq;*

On the late Earl of GRANVILLE's *taking the Seals.*

" THRICE happy, who free from Ambition and Pride,
In a rural Retreat has a quiet Fire-ſide!
I love my Fire-ſide: Thither let me repair,
And drink a delightful Oblivion of Care.

Oh

Oh when ſhall I 'ſcape, to be truly my own,
From the Noiſe, and the Smoak, and the Buſtle of Town!
Then I live, then I triumph, whene'er I retire
From the Pomp and Parade that the Many admire.
Hail, ye Woods and ye Lawns, ſhady Vales, ſunny Hills,
And the Warble of Birds, and the Murmur of Rills;
Ye Flowers of all Hues that embroider the Ground,
Flocks feeding, or friſking in Gambols around;
Scene of Joy to behold! Joy that who would forego,
For the Wealth and the Power that a Court can beſtow?
I have ſaid it at home, I have ſaid it abroad,
That the Town is Man's World, but that this is of God.
Here 'my Trees cannot flatter:' Plants, nurs'd by my Care,
Pay with Fruit or with Fragrance, and incenſe the Air:
Here contemplative Solitude raiſes the Mind,
(Leaſt alone, when alone) to Ideas refin'd.
Methinks hid in Groves that no Sound can invade,
Save when *Philomel* ſtrikes up her ſweet Serenade,
I revolve on the Changes and Chances of Things,
And pity the Wretch that attends upon Kings.
" Now I paſs with old Authors an indolent Hour,
And reclining at Eaſe turn *Demoſthenes* o'er.

Now,

Now, facetious and vacant, I urge the gay Flaſk
With a Set of old Friends, who have nothing to aſk:
Thus happy, I reck not of *France* nor of *Spain*,
Nor the Balance of Power what Hand ſhall ſuſtain.
The Balance of Power! Ha! till that is reſtor'd,
What ſolid Delight can Retirement afford?
Some muſt be content to be Drudges of State,
That the Sage may ſecurely enjoy his Retreat.
In Weather ſerene, when the Ocean is calm,
It matters not much who preſides at the Helm;
But ſoon as Clouds gather, and Tempeſts ariſe,
Then a Pilot there needs, a Man dauntleſs and wiſe,
If ſuch can be found, ſure he ought to come forth,
And lend to the Public his Talents and Worth.
Whate'er Inclination or Eaſe may ſuggeſt,
If the State wants his Aid, he has no Claim to Reſt.
But who is the Man, a bad Game to redeem?
He whom *Savoy* admires, who has *Pruſſia*'s Eſteem;
Whom the *Spaniard* has felt, and whoſe Iron, with Dread,
Haughty *Lewis* ſaw forging to fall on his Head:
Holland loves him; nor leſs in the North all the Powers
Court, honour, revere, and the Empreſs adores.
Hark! what was that Sound? for it ſeem'd more ſublime
Than befits the low Genius of Paſtoral Rhyme!
Was it Wiſdom I heard? or can Fumes of the Brain
Cheat my Ears with a Dream? Ha! repeat me that Strain;

Yes,

Yes, Wiſdom, I hear thee; thou deign'ſt to declare
Me, me, the ſole *Atlas*, to prop this whole Sphere!
The Voice ſays, or ſeems in ſweet Accents to ſay,
"Haſte, and ſave ſinking *Britain*."—Reſign'd, I obey;
And, Oh! witneſs ye Powers, that Ambition and Pride
Have no Share in this Change—for *I love my Fire-ſide*."
Thus the Shepherd; then throwing his Crook away, ſteals
Direct to St. *James*'s, and takes up the Seals.

1746.

ODE III.

To MÆCENAS.

SHOULD impious Sons in future Times
Their aged Parents ſlay, ſuch Crimes
Let poiſonous Garlic but requite,
More to be ſhunn'd than [1] Aconite.
Ye Reapers, how can you digeſt
This Venom, which torments my Breaſt?
Sure Viper's Blood deceiv'd my Taſte,
Or vile *Canidia* cook'd the Feaſt!
[2] *Medea*, *Jaſon*'s Love to gain,
In Beauty far beyond his Train,
This, as a magic Ointment gave,
From the Fire-breathing Bulls to ſave.

With

With this ſhe ſmear'd, on Miſchief bent,
The Preſents to her Rival ſent:
Then in her Car away ſhe flew;
Her [3] Car, which winged Dragons drew.
Such Heat, as rages in my Veins,
Ne'er parch'd the dry *Apulian* Plains,
Nor ſcorch'd *Alcides'* tortur'd Breaſt,
When round him clung th' envenom'd Veſt.
Whene'er, my jocund Friend, of this
Again you taſte, no balmy Kiſs
May *Chloë* grant, but from you fly,
Rejoicing by herſelf to lie!

NOTES.

1 *Cicutis.*] He alludes here to the Poiſon which the *Athenians* gave to Criminals, *Socrates*, among others, was thus deſtroyed.

2 *Ut Argonautas*, &c.] *Jaſon*, before he could make himſelf Maſter of the Golden Fleece, was obliged to encounter two wild Bulls, who breathed forth Flames, had brazen Feet, and Horns of Iron.

3 *Serpente fugit alite.*] Thus *Apollodorus*, at the End of his firſt Book, Λαβουσα παρ' Ηλίῳ, &c. 'Having re-'ceived from the Sun a Chariot drawn by winged Dra-'gons, ſhe aſcended into it, and fled to *Athens*.'

ODE IV.

To a Military Tribune, who had been a Slave.

WHEN Wolves no longer Lambs purſue,
Then I'll be reconcil'd to you.

Still

Still on your Back and Legs remain
The Furrows of the Scourge and Chain.
Though Store of Wealth you now poſſeſs,
Condition changes not with Dreſs.
Behold, when on the Sacred Way
Your [1] Gown, wide-trailing, you diſplay,
How every free-born Paſſer-by
Turns from the Slave his ſcornful Eye!
"Shall he, who tir'd the Lictor's Hand,
"Scourg'd by the Magiſtrate's Command,
"With Corn a thouſand Acres load,
"With Chariots wear the *Appian* Road,
"And, in Contempt of [2] *Otho*, ſit
"With the Knights Order in the Pit?"
Why arm we then, our Coaſts to guard,
And wherefore are our Ships prepar'd
[3] From Slaves and Thieves the Trade to free,
While you, as Tribune, rule the Sea?

NOTES.

It is demonſtrable from Hiſtory, notwithſtanding the almoſt unanimous Opinion of Interpreters to the contrary, that *Menas*, or *Menodorus*, *Pompey*'s Freed-man, could not poſſibly be the Object of *Horace*'s Cenſure in this Ode, which is entirely in the Taſte of violent Satire, that bites without Mercy. It was probably written between 712 and 718. SANADON.

1 *Cum bis ter ulnarum togâ.*] Very long and trailing Robes have been always looked upon as a Sign of Softneſs and Effeminacy.

The Poet's Meaning here is, that this Slave not only wore the *laticlavian* Tunic, like the Tribunes, but diſtinguiſhed himſelf even from them by the boundleſs Length

Length of his *Toga*, which inflamed the public Indignation the more againſt him. SANADON.

2 *Othone contempto.*] A Law was publiſhed by *L. Roſcius Otho*, for the Aſſignment of diſtinct Seats in the Theatres to the Equeſtrian Order, who uſed before to ſit promiſcuouſly with the Populace: But by this Law fourteen Rows of Benches were appropriated to their Uſe; by which 'he ſecured to them,' as *Cicero* ſays, 'both their Dignity, and their Pleaſure.' *L. Otho Equeſtri ordini reſtituit non ſolum dignitatem, ſed etiam voluptatem. Pro Muræn.* 19. This Act is frequently mentioned by the Claſſic Writers as a very memorable one, and what made much Noiſe in their Time. Thus *Juvenal*:

Sic libitum vano, qui nos diſtinxit, Othoni. III. 159.
For by the *Roſcian* Law the Poor can claim no Seat.
DRYDEN.

3 *Contra latrones.*] This can only be applied to young *Pompey*, who, after the Defeat of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, got together all the Slaves and Corſairs he could, to ſwell the Number of his Troops.

ODE V.

On CANIDIA.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *ſen.*

'—BUT, by the Gods in Heaven, whoſe Sway
'This World, and all Mankind, obey,
'What can this Tumult mean? What Cauſe
'On Me thoſe Looks of Terror draws?
'Say by thy Children, if the Name
'Of Mother grace thy nuptial Flame;

'Say

'Say by this uſeleſs purple Veſt;
'By *Jove*, who muſt ſuch Deeds deteſt;
'O tell me, fierce *Canidia*, why
'Thou view'ſt me thus with vengeful Eye;
'Thus like a [1] Step-dame doſt appear,
'Or Tygreſs ſnarling at a Spear!'
While thus the Boy for Mercy ſu'd,
Stripp'd of his Robes, he naked ſtood
In Bloom of Youth, with ſuch a Form
As *Thracians* might to Pity warm!
Canidia, on whoſe hoary Head
Were Knots of [2] little Serpents ſpread,
Unmov'd, theſe dire Commiſſions gave;
'The rooted Fig-tree from the Grave,
'And the funereal Cypreſs tear;
'The nightly Screech-Owl's Plumes prepare;
'And be her Eggs beſmear'd with Blood
'Of an envenom'd bloated [3] Toad:
'The Herbs, that in *Iölcos* ſpring
'Or poiſon-fam'd [4] *Iberia*, bring:
'Then [5] from a famiſh'd Bitch a Bone
'Be ſnatch'd, and in the Cauldron thrown.
'Mix theſe Ingredients, and then raiſe,
'By [6] *Colchian* Art, the kindling Blaze!'
See! buſy *Sagana* the Ground
With *Stygian* Waters ſprinkles round,
And, like a Porcupine, uprears
Her hideous Length of briſtled Hairs,
Unaw'd by Conſcience, *Veïa* [7] broke
The Glebe, and [8] groan'd at every Stroke,

To

To dig a narrow Hole, wherein
The Boy might, buried to his Chin,
Sink down alive, as Swimmers brave
The Stream, with Head above the Wave,
Slowly to pine his Life away
For Food, chang'd twice or thrice a-day,
And only plac'd before his Sight,
To mock his eager Appetite;
That they, when thus his Life was ſpent
By Hunger, and by Languiſhment,
A Philter from his Liver dry'd,
And juiceleſs Marrow, might provide.
[9] *Parthenope*, for Sloth renown'd,
Believes, with every Village round,
That *Folia* too of *Rimini*,
(Whoſe potent Voice can from the Sky
Call down the Moon, and every Star
That nightly decks the Hemiſphere,
Who ev'n in monſtrous Luſts delights)
Aſſiſted in theſe helliſh Rites.
Canidia here, with livid Jaws,
Her unpar'd Nails indignant [10] gnaws:
What ſaid ſhe then, what left unſaid,
While to the Powers of Hell ſhe pray'd;
'[11] O *Hecaté*, and ſilent Night!
'Preſiding o'er our myſtic Rite,
'Now, now, your Vengeance interpoſe
'To blaſt the Triumph of my Foes!
'While ſavage Beaſts to Foreſts fly,
'And there, diſſolv'd in Slumbers, lie,

'Let wakeful Dogs around him bark,
'As, ſkulking yonder in the Dark,
'The Letcher to *Suburra*'s Stews,
'With falt'ring Steps, his Way purſues;
'With Eſſences perfum'd all o'er!
'I cull'd them from my richeſt Store!
'Whence can ariſe this ſtrange Delay?
'Will not the Powers of Night obey
'My Spells? And are they weaker grown
'Than thoſe to fam'd *Medéa* known?
'*Medéa* could the Royal Dame,
'*Creon*'s proud Daughter, wrap in Flame,
'By a rich Robe ſhe gave the Bride,
'In Life-conſuming Poiſon dy'd;
'She *Jaſon*'s Proweſs could defy,
'And on the Wings of Dragons fly!
'But though no Herb, nor Root that lies
'Conceal'd in Earth, eſcapes my Eyes,
'He ſleeps in his fond Harlot's Bed,
'With Oyl oblivious round it ſhed—
'Alas! I now perceive the Cauſe,
'Why he contemns and ſpurns my Laws;
'Some Sorcereſs with her ſtronger Hand
'Has freed him from my brittle Band:
'But, *Varus!* know, full many a Tear
'Shall wet *thy* Cheeks for what *I* bear.
'I'll now a ſovereign Beverage mix,
'For ever Thee my Slave to fix;
'By *this* when I my Lover gain,
'E'en *Marſian* Charms will ſtrive in vain
'To rend him from my Arms again!

'Sooner

'Sooner beneath the Sea the Skies
'Shall ſink, and Earth to Heaven ariſe,
'Than he not burn with fierce Deſire,
'[12] As does this Sulphur in the Fire!'——
With Prayers the Boy now try'd no more
To ſooth their Fury, as before;
But, doubtful long what firſt to ſpeak,
From his pale Lips theſe Curſes break:
'Though magic Charms, on Earth, a while
'The Hand of Juſtice may beguile,
'Yet never can their Power confound
'Of *Right* and *Wrong* th' unvarying Bound;
'And Heaven's eternal Laws ordain,
'That all who *give*, ſhall *ſuffer* Pain!
'In Bitterneſs of Soul preferr'd,
'My Vows for Vengeance ſhall be heard;
'No Victim e'er can wipe away
'The Crimes of this infernal Day:
'Soon as this tortur'd Body dies,
'[13] A dreadful Spectre will I riſe,
'And tear your Cheeks with crooked Nails,
'(So far the Power of Ghoſts prevails!)
'Sit heavy on your Breaſt by Night,
'And break your Sleep with wild Affright.
'The hooting Vulgar ſhall purſue,
'From Street to Street, your impious Crew
'With Stones; and with your Blood the Ground
'Shall ſtain, and daſh your Brains around.
'Then ſhall the Wolves and Tygers tear
'Your Limbs, deny'd a Sepulchre:

'[14] My Parents (ah! [15] ſurviving me)
'This juſt Revenge with Joy ſhall ſee!'

NOTES.

A Boy of noble Parentage is here introduced, endeavouring to excite the Compaſſion of *Canidia* and her Sifters, who were preparing to bury him alive, in order to compoſe from his Entrails a Philter or Love-Potion.

1 *Ut noverca me intueris.*] The Hatred of Mothers-in-Law to their Huſbands Children gave Occaſion to the Proverb, *Novercalis vultus*, and *novercale odium*. See the Notes on Book III. Ode 24.

2 ——— *brevibus implicata viperis.*] *Canidia* is here repreſented as one of the Furies, whoſe Hair is always wreathed with Serpents—*brevibus* (ſmall) becauſe the ſmalleſt Vipers are the moſt venomous. DACIER.

3 *Et uncta turpis ova ranæ ſanguine.*] *Horace* here puts the Word *Rana*, a *Frog*, inſtead of *Rubeta*, a *Toad*. It may not be amiſs to obſerve that many of the Ingredients of *Canidia*'s Cauldron are the ſame as thoſe of the Witches in *Shakeſpeare*'s *Macbeth*. The one throws in 'the Blood of an envenom'd Toad;' the others 'boil 'an envenomed Toad' itſelf; ſhe 'roots up a Fig-tree, 'and the funereal Cypreſs;' they 'dig up Roots of 'Hemlock, and Slips of Yew;' The one 'prepares a 'Screech-Owl's Plumes;' the others 'an Owlet's Wing.' See *Macbeth*, Act IV. Scene I.

4 *Iberia.*] By *Iberia* we are not here to underſtand *Spain*, which was never famous for poiſonous Drugs; but a Region of *Pontus* in *Aſia the Leſs*, now called *Georgia*.

5 ——— *oſſa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis.*] The Ancients believed, that Bones ſnatched from the Mouth of a Dog, or any other Animal, were admirable in Enchantment, provided the Animal was faſting. Thus *Lucan*, ſpeaking of the *Theſſalian* Witch, Book VI.

——————— *morſuſque luporum*
Expectat, ſiccis raptura è faucibus artus.

6 *Flammis*

6 *Flammis aduri Colchicis.*] *Colchian* Flames are Flames kindled by Enchantment, like thoſe made uſe of by *Medea*.

7 *Ligonibus duris humum*
Exhauriebat.] This Paſſage *Dacier* has thus tranſlated: *Bé boit la terre avec des efforts prodigieux.* 'She 'broke the Ground with prodigious Efforts:' But a late Tranſlator gives it thus:

Uplifts the Spade with *feeble* Force.

8 —— *ingemens laboribus.*] This Expreſſion is very happy; and *Horace* here gives us a natural Image of the Noiſe made by Cleavers of Wood, or Diggers, at every Stroke they take.

9 —— *otioſa credidit Neapolis.*] *Naples* was always famous for Sloth. Thus *Ovid*:

—— *Et in otia natam*
Parthenopen ——

For it was alſo called *Parthenope*. Thus alſo *Virgil*, at the End of his *Georgics*:

Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, ſtudiis florentem ignobilis oti.

Then I at *Naples* paſs'd th' inglorious Day,
And in the Arms of ſlothful Leiſure lay.

10 —— *rodens pollicem.*] Lunatics, and Perſons in deep Meditation, are wont to bite their Nails. Thus *Petronius*, ſpeaking of a Madman, *Pollice uſque ad periculum raſo*; 'biting his Thumb to the Quick.'

11 —— *O rebus meis*
Non infideles arbitræ,
Nox, et Diana ——] Magicians and Witches addreſſed their Prayers to the *Moon*, and to *Night*, which were always the Witneſſes of their Sorceries. Thus *Medea*, in *Ovid*, *Met.* B. VII.

Nox, ait, arcanis fidiſſima ——
Tuque triceps Hecaté quæ cœptis conſcia noſtris
Adjutrixque venis.

They invoked alſo the Earth, the terreſtrial Gods, and the Gods of Hell.

12 ——————— *uti*
Bitumen atris ignibus.] As *Canidia* ſpoke theſe Words, ſhe threw the Sulphur into the Fire.

13 *Nocturnus occurram furor.*] The Ancients believed, that Murderers were haunted and tormented by the Ghoſts of thoſe they had killed. *Cicero*, and many others, aſcribe this to that Remorſe of Conſcience, which makes wicked Men believe that they ſee Objects, which in Fact do not exiſt. But it is certain that the Hiſtorians did not refine upon it in this Manner. They believed it to be ſtrictly true; and this Opinion was founded on an Article of their Religion, which taught them, that the Souls of thoſe who had died a violent Death were not received into the Dominions of *Pluto*, till after they had wandered many Years in the World, and avenged themſelves on their Murderers. DACIER.

14 *Neque hoc parentes.*] The laſt Thoughts of this unhappy Boy turn on his Parents. He ſees the Affliction it will give them to ſurvive him, and the Conſolation they will receive by the righteous Puniſhment of thoſe deteſted Wretches.

15 *Heu!*] This Exclamation does not ariſe from his Concern that his Parents ſhould ſurvive him, but from his Tenderneſs towards them, as he is conſcious of the Anguiſh his Death muſt give them; for Parents naturally deſire to die before their Children.

ODE VI.

To [1] CASSIUS SEVERUS.

WHY bark'ſt thou at the harmleſs Gueſt?
The Wolf would prove thy Courage beſt.
On Me thy empty Threats beſtow;
Here thou wilt find an equal Foe:
For, like a Maſtiff, which attends
The Shepherd, and his Flock defends,

With

With Ears erect I well can chaſe,
Through Depths of Snow, the ſavage Race.
Though Foreſts with thy Voice have rung,
Thou, pleas'd, can'ſt ſnap the Morſel flung.
Beware; [2] I always am prepar'd
To give the Wicked their Reward.
Keen as *Archilochus* am I,
Or [3] *Bupalus*'s Enemy:
For, injur'd, why ſhould I contain
My Spleen, and, like a Boy, complain?

NOTES.

1 *Caſſius Severus* was a petulant Orator, notorious for his frequent but fruitleſs Informations in the Senate, and for his ſcandalous Invectives againſt the Great, for which he was at length baniſhed.

2 *Parata tollo cornua.*] *I brandiſh my Horns.*—This is a Metaphor taken from Bulls; but we cannot make uſe of it in our Tongue, on account of the Idea it now conveys. This Idea was unknown to the *Greeks* and *Romans*. Dr. *Dunkin* has tranſlated this Paſſage thus;

Beware, beware; for, ſharp as Spurs,
I lift my Horns to butt at Curs.

3 *Acer hoſtis Bupalo.*] He means the Poet *Hipponax*, who, to revenge himſelf on the two Brothers, *Bupalus* and *Anthermus*, eminent Painters, who had drawn a hideous Picture of him, wrote ſuch ſevere Verſes againſt them, as drove them to Deſpair. Some Authors tell us, that they hanged themſelves.

ODE VII.

To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

SAY, ye vile Race, what Frenzy draws
Your daring Faulchions in Sedition's Cauſe?
Has not enough of *Roman* Blood
Been pour'd on every Land and every Flood?
Nor fight we now to quell the Powers
Of *Carthage*, and deſtroy her rival Towers,
Nor that the *Briton*, who remains
Unconquer'd, through the Sacred Way in Chains
Be led; but, to the *Parthians* Joy,
Againſt ourſelves our frantic Arms employ.
Tygers more gently are inclin'd;
They prey on other Brutes, but ſpare their Kind.
Does [1] Rage, or ſome avenging Star,
Or your own Crimes, provoke ſo dire a War?—
Lo! mute they ſtand, and wildly gaze;
The downcaſt Eye the conſcious Heart betrays!
'Tis ſo; the Gods with righteous Doom
For *Remus'* Death purſue unhappy *Rome*;
And on this Age avenge the Guilt
Of [2] Blood, by *Romulus* unjuſtly ſpilt.

NOTES.

NOTES.

This Ode was compoſed about the End of the Year 721, a little before *Octavius* and *Antony* came to an open Rupture. The Style is ſpirited and nervous. The Poet's Deſign is to repreſent to both Parties the Horrors of their criminal Diſſenſions, which threatened their common Country with a total Ruin. Uncertain of the Events, he ſpeaks with Reſerve. SANADON.

1 *Furorne cæcus, an rapit vis acrior,*
An culpa?] Men are commonly influenced by one of theſe three Cauſes: They are tranſported by a blind Fury, or hurried away by ſome ſuperior Force (that is to ſay, by the ſecret Decree of the Deſtinies, which the wiſe Man himſelf cannot reſiſt, according to the Doctrine of the *Stoics*); or they are involved in Misfortunes by their own Crimes; for which the Wrath of the offended Gods drives them down the Precipice. The two former Cauſes, perhaps, may be reſolved into the laſt; *viz.* the Abuſe of our Free-Will. DACIER.

2 *Sceluſque fraternæ necis.*] *Virgil* aſcribes the Calamities the *Romans* ſuffered to the Perfidy of *Laomedon*:

——— *jampridem ſanguine noſtro*
Laomedonteæ luimus perjuria Trojæ. GEOR. I. 501.

Oh! let the Blood, already ſpilt, atone
For the paſt Crimes of curs'd *Laomedon!* DRYDEN.

But *Horace* here ſuppoſes, that they are puniſhed for the Murder of *Remus*. This was looking a great Way back, the better to remove the Idea of the true Cauſe of their preſent Calamities.

Plutarch, in his Diſcourſe *On the Reaſons why Divine Providence defers puniſhing the Wicked*, quotes this Paſſage from *Bion*:

'Thoſe who pretend that God puniſhes Children for 'the Crimes of their Parents, ſeem to expoſe him to 'the ſame Sort of Ridicule as a Phyſician would deſerve, 'who, in order to cure the Malady of a Father or Grand-'father, ſhould preſcribe Medicines for the Sons and 'Grand-ſons.'

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To the SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS.

SAY, daring Clans, what falſe Alarms
Thus rouſe your hardy Chiefs to Arms?
What Frenzy, warlike Mountaineers,
Your Broad-Sword whets, your Target rears?
Have not our Swords and injur'd Laws,
Th' Avengers of a *Brunſwick*'s Cauſe,
Too oft with *Caledonian* Blood,
Diſtain'd the Scaffold, Field, and Flood?
No *Gallic* Foe, with generous Rage,
As late at *Tournay*, you engage;
Nor ſtrive you now, on *Darien*'s Plain,
To wreſt a Settlement from *Spain*;
But, haughty *Bourbon* to delight,
Againſt your Fellow-*Britons* fight.
Gentler are Northern Wolves, for they
On Wolves are never known to prey.
Does this ungrateful War from Need,
Miſtake, or Thoughtleſſneſs, proceed?—
No Cauſe, this Silence plainly ſhows,
But his Laird's Will the Vaſſal knows:
The Laird, by faithleſs *France* betray'd,
In vain expects her promis'd Aid.
—It muſt be ſo—with dire Diſgrace
Heaven puniſhes our guilty Race,

For

For ſpurning, *Iſrael*-like, that * Hand
Which rais'd, reſtor'd, and ſav'd the Land.

1745.

* King *William* III.

ODE VIII. Omitted.

ODE IX.

To MÆCENAS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

On OCTAVIUS's *naval Victory at* Actium.

WHEN, in large Draughts of [1] hoarded Wine,
At your [2] high Palace ſhall we join,
Reſerv'd for theſe diſtinguiſh'd Days,
And hear victorious *Cæſar*'s Praiſe
Reſounded by the tuneful Choir,
With *Phrygian* Pipe, and *Doric* Lyre?
When, happy Patron! thus fulfill
Almighty *Jove*'s indulgent Will?
Such was the jovial Life we led,
When the *Neptunian* Hero fled,
(His Navy burnt) nor could retain
His boaſted Empire of the Main,

Threatening to lead us in the Bands,
From which he freed the ſervile Hands.
How will Poſterity believe
That any *Roman* could receive
A Woman's Chain, and baſely act
As wither'd Eunuchs would direct?
The Sun, 'midſt Tents and Arms, ſurvey'd
Th' *Ægyptian* [4] Canopy diſplay'd.
Two thouſand *Gauls*, incens'd, beheld,
And with their Horſes left the Field;
To *Cæſar*'s Camp with Shouts they came,
Loudly reſounding *Cæſar*'s Name:
[5] The hoſtile Galleys in the Haven
Lay ready, at a Signal given,
To put to Sea, and homeward ſteer,
And ſeek a promis'd Shelter there.
Hail! [6] God of Triumph, hail! Prepare
The [7] Heifers white, and golden Car!
From Battles with *Jugurtha* fought
So great a Chief you never brought;
Nor ev'n from *Africa*, though Fame
Will ever *Scipio*'s Worth proclaim;
And *Carthage* eternize his Name.
By Land and Sea ſubdu'd, the Foe
His Purple turns to Weeds of Woe;
And now for towering *Crete* his Sails
He bends, with inauſpicious Gales,
Or ſeeks the ſtormy *Libyan* Shore,
Or the wide Ocean wanders o'er.

Boy,

Boy, Cups of larger Size produce,
With *Chian* fill'd, or *Leſbian* Juice,
Though, nauſeous Loathings to remove,
Cæcubian is the Wine I love:
Our Fears for *Cæſar* we'll reſign,
And drown our Cares in generous Wine.

NOTES.

The Sea-Fight at *Actium*, which is the Subject of this Ode, happened on *September* 2, A. U. C. 723. Conſequently it ought to follow the firſt Ode of this Book, and to precede the twenty-ſixth Ode of the firſt Book. *Horace* was then almoſt thirty-five Years old. *Mæcenas* was at this Time in *Octavius*'s Camp, and, according to *Pedo Albinovanus* and *Propertius*, had greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the Action.

1. *Repoſtum*, i. e. *Reſerved for great Feſtivals.*

2 *Sub altâ domo.*] *Horace* might perhaps give the Epithet of *high* to the Palace of *Mæcenas*, on account of the Tower there, which overlooked the whole City, and which he elſewhere calls, *Molem propinquam nubibus arduis.*

3 ——— *Neptunius Dux.*]
He ſpeaks here of *Sextus Pompey*, who, being elated by his Succeſs at Sea, called himſelf the Son of *Neptune*, aſſumed an azure Robe, and threw Horſes, and, as ſome ſay, living Men, into the Sea, as a Sacrifice to his Father. See DION, Book 48.

Horace very properly makes Mention here of the Wars of *Sicily*. *Octavius*, ſeconded by *Agrippa*, took this Iſland in 710, and obliged young *Pompey* to fly into *Aſia*. *Mæcenas* aſſiſted in this War, and ſignalized himſelf in the Rejoicings made at *Rome* for this important Victory.
SANADON.

4 *Sol aſpicit conopeum.*]
The *Canopy* was a net-work Tent, or Pavillion, which the Ladies in *Ægypt* made uſe of to guard themſelves from

from the Gnats, which abound there, on account of its Nearneſs to the Sea, and the Marſhes of the *Nile*. DACIER.

5 *Hoſtiliumque navium*, &c.] Before the general Fight, and even at the Beginning of this Fight, ſeveral Troops by Sea and Land revolting from *Antony*, went over to *Octavius*. *Horace* ſpeaks here of this double Deſertion; of that by Land in the preceding Verſes, and of that by Sea in theſe. SANADON.

6 *Iö, Triumphe.*] The Poet here addreſſes himſelf to *Triumph*, as a God. He has made uſe of the ſame Figure in the ſecond Ode of the fourth Book;

Tuque dum procedis, Iö, Triumphe. DACIER.

7 ——— *aureos*
Currus, et intactas boves.]

Among the Victims which the Conquerors offered, there was always a white Heifer untamed to the Yoke. Thus *Virgil*:

Intactas totidem cervice juvencas.

The triumphal Cars were commonly made of Ivory. Thus *Ovid*:

Currus ſpectat eburnos.

And *Tibullus*:

Portabit niveis currus eburnus equis.

But the upper Part was gilded; on which account *Horace* here calls them *aureos currus*. DACIER.

The

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To Colonel RICHARD KING.

On Sir EDWARD HAWKE's *Victory over the* French *Fleet off* Belleiſle.

SAY, Veteran Friend, belov'd Remain
Of *Marlb'rough*'s Chiefs and *Anna*'s Reign,
When ſhall we, at your ſocial Board,
By Friendſhip chear'd, with Plenty ſtor'd,
What Fame reſounds with Joy repeat,
And toaſt our *Hawke*'s victorious Fleet?
So all your Toils, in Days of yore,
Were well repaid, on *Danube*'s Shore,
When by your Arms his wondering Flood
Was ſwell'd with *France*'s choiceſt Blood,
Fruitleſs (for ſuch the Will of Heaven)
Her Faith to proud *Bavaria* given,
To fix him on *Germania*'s Throne,
Or make th' Imperial Crown her own.
But could ſhe think this Realm would deign
Again to wear baſe Slavery's Chain,
Impos'd alike on Church and State;
So ſoon forgetful of its Weight,
Forgetful of thy Tortures, *Rome*,
Of *Bonner*'s Rage, and *Cranmer*'s Doom?
On *Vannes*' Plains, in *Vannes*' Bay,
Her Troops were rang'd, her Tranſports lay;
Deſtin'd,

Deſtin'd, by *Conflans'* Guardian-Care,
To make theſe envy'd Iſlands ſhare
Her late Diſgrace on *Cherbourg*'s Coaſts,
The Horrors of invading Hoſts:
But ſoon ſhe ſaw, in Floods of Fire,
Her Glory ſink, her Hopes expire;
And ſoon the Billows, ſtain'd with Gore,
Proclaim'd, her Navy was no more.
Such, at *La Hogue*, was *James*'s Dread,
When *Ruſſel* fought, and *Tourville* fled.
Sing, Patriot Muſe, the Thanks we owe
To *Hawke*, to *Keppel*, and to *Howe!*
In *Britiſh* and *Hibernian* Verſe
Their Names to lateſt Times rehearſe!
Senates and Princes ſhall repay
With juſt Rewards this glorious Day:
Ne'er was a Day of more Renown
In *Britain* or *Hibernia* known,
Though *Blake* ſtill ſwells the Trump of Fame,
And *Boyne* ſtill murmurs *William*'s Name.
By Sea ſubdued, as late on Land,
At *Minden*, by a *Britiſh* Band,
France coins her Plate, and dares no more
Sing loud *Te Deums*, as of yore:
And now, the Relicks of the Fight
To *Spain* precipitate their Flight,
Or ſhatter'd, range the ſtormy Main,
Or lurk behind thy Shoals, *Vilaine!*
A *Briton* born, I ne'er repine
For coſtly Draughts of *Gallic* Wine:

Port is my Liquor; with the beſt,
My Friend, you welcome every Gueſt:
Our Fears for *Britain* now ſhall ceaſe —
Where ſtands the Toaſt?—'Tis *George* and *Peace*.

1759.

NOTE.

1 The Battle of *Blenheim*, (the moſt memorable in this Age) was fought *Aug.* 2, 1704. Col. *King* was then Engineer. He had a Horſe ſhot under him. He was preſent alſo at moſt of the other Battles and Sieges under the Duke of *Marlborough* in the ſeveral Stations of Aſſiſtant Quarter-Maſter General, Aid de Camp, Captain, and Lieutenant Colonel, of Foot, till the Beginning of 1711, when he was made Colonel of the Artillery, and Quarter-Maſter General of the Forces, ſent with Brigadier *Hill* againſt *Quebec*: After the Peace of *Utrecht* he went with the ſame General to take Poſſeſſion of *Dunkirk*. Being Executor to Dr. *Woodward*, the Colonel, in 1728, erected a Monument to his Memory in *Weſtminſter* Abbey, and, as his ſurviving Truſtee, has now the ſole Nomination of the *Woodwardian* Lecturer at *Cambridge*.

ODE X.

On MÆVIUS.

IN an unlucky Hour, the Ship
Of filthy *Mævius* ſails;
His Voyage may the *South* oppoſe
With inauſpicious Gales!
Let the rough *Eaſt* his Cordage tear,
And ſplinter all his Oars;

And

And [1] *Boreas* rage, as on the Hills
Through ſhatter'd Oaks he roars!
When [2] ſad *Orion* ſets, let no
Propitious [3] Star appear,
To guide his Veſſel through the Night,
And the thick Darkneſs chear!
May ſuch tempeſtuous Billows riſe,
As thoſe the *Grecians* knew,
When [4] *Pallas* all her Rage from *Troy*
On impious *Ajax* threw!
Your Sailors ſweat; and, yellow-pale,
To *Jove* averſe you pray
With Female Clamours, while the Leak
Admit the foaming Sea.
If your groſs Carcaſs ſhall become
To Cormorants a Prize,
I to the Winds a luſtful Goat
And Lamb will ſacrifice.

NOTES.

This Ode on the Voyage of a *bad* Poet may be conſidered as a Contraſt to that on the Voyage of a *good* one, Book I. Ode 3. and the one is as much inferior to the other as *Mævius* was to *Virgil*. *Dacier* is of Opinion that this Ode was written ſome Time before that.

1 *Aquilo.*] This is the N. N. E. Wind; this being the moſt contrary to thoſe who ſail from *Italy* to *Greece*. On this Account, when *Virgil* ſet ſail for *Athens*, *Horace* prayed *Æolus* to let looſe no Wind but *Iapyx*, the W. N. W.

2 *Qua triſtis Orion cadit.*] The Setting of *Orion* is always ſtormy. Thus, Book III. Ode 27.

Sed

Sed vides quanto trepidat tumultu
Pronus Orion?

It ſets towards the End of *November*.

3 *Sidus amicum.*] He means the Conſtellation of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*.

4 *Cum Pallas*, &c.] The *Greeks* aſcribed this Tempeſt to the Wrath of *Pallas*, in Revenge for the Affront *Ajax* had offered her, by violating *Caſſandra* in her Temple.

ODE XI.

To PETTIUS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

AH! *Pettius*, I no more indite
My Lyric Numbers with Delight,
Nor think of aught but Love.
Since firſt I ſpurn'd *Inachia*'s Chain
Thrice Winter has reſum'd his Reign
O'er every leafleſs Grove.
I bluſh, reflecting how my Name
The Topic of Diſcourſe became
Through all this ſpacious Town;
Where, by a downcaſt Look, and Breaſt
That heav'd with Sighs, at every Feaſt
The Lover ſoon was known.
'Merit, if poor, can nought avail,
'When weigh'd with Riches in the Scale,'
Tears ſtreaming from my Eyes,

I thus

I thus to you complain'd, when Bowls
Of generous Liquor from our Souls
Had baniſh'd all Diſguiſe.
'If, therefore, I enrag'd can ſtrive,
'For ſuch Indignities, to drive
'This Paſſion from my Mind,
'I'll ceaſe henceforward to contend
'On ſuch unequal Terms, and ſend
'My Sorrows to the Wind.'
When me thus reſolute you ſaw,
And warn'd me homeward to withdraw;
With [1] heedleſs Steps I ſtray'd
To her ah! too unfriendly Door,
Near which, whole ſleepleſs Nights before,
My Limbs have oft been laid.
Now ſoft *Lyciſca*, I prefer
Unchang'd by groſs Affronts from her,
Or free Advice of Friends,
[2] 'Till Dotage on ſome other Fair,
Who ties in Knots her Length of Hair,
My preſent Paſſion ends.

NOTES.

1 *Incerto pede.*] This is not to be underſtood *with a ſtaggering Foot*, on account of the Wine he had drunk, but *that his Feet had led him mechanically*, if I may ſo ſpeak, *to* Inachia's *Door*. *Tibullus* has the ſame Thought, but differently expreſſed:

Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina nunquam?
Cum bene juravi, pes tamen ipſe redit.

2 *Sed alius ardor.*] *Horace* was of a very amorous Complection. The Author of his Life ſays of him, *Ad res*

res venereas intemperantior traditur. But he was alſo very fickle, and his Love ſoon ſhifted from one Object to another, as he owns himſelf at the End of Book I. Ode 6.

——— *ſive quid urimur,*
Non præter ſolitum leves.

ODE XII. Omitted.

ODE XIII.

To a FRIEND.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

SEE! gathering Clouds obſcure the Sky,
The Air ſeems melting from on high
In fleecy Snow, or Showers of Rain!
What howling Tempeſts ſweep the Main,
And ſhake the Woods! While in our Power,
My [1] Friend, we'll ſeize the preſent Hour,
While Youth yet revels in our Veins,
And unimpair'd our Strength remains.
The Cares of Age to Age reſign;
But hither bring the generous Wine,
Laid up in my [2] *Torquatus'* Year,
When firſt I drew the vital Air.
No more of adverſe Fate complain;
Perhaps the [3] God may ſmile again;

Let

Let [4] *Achæmenian* Eſſence ſhed
Its ſpicy Odours round your Head,
And the [5] *Cyllenian* Lyre compoſe,
With ſoft melodious Strains, your Woes.
[6] Thus *Chiron* to his Pupil ſung;
'Great Hero! from a Goddeſs ſprung,
'Fame calls thee to the *Trojan* Plain,
'To old *Aſſaracus*'s Reign;
'Where [7] ſmall *Scamander* ſlowly glides,
'And [8] *Simoïs* rolls his rapid Tides.
'[9] There muſt thou fall by Fate's Decree,
'Nor ſhall thy Mother of the Sea
'Her ſhort-liv'd Son again receive;
'Then every anxious Thought relieve
'By Wine or Muſic's Charms, for they
'Can beſt the Cares of Life allay.'

NOTES.

One of *Horace*'s Friends had probably received ſome bad News which intereſted his Fortune. Our Poet employs his Muſe to conſole him. He counſels him to ſweeten his Cares with Pleaſures, the ordinary Reſource of the *Epicurean* Philoſophy; and, to give the greater Authority to his Moral, he puts it in the Mouth of *Chiron* the *Centaur*, who utters his Maxims to young *Achilles* with as ſerious an Air as if he were pronouncing the Oracles of Wiſdom itſelf. This Turn is pleaſant and ingenious, well choſen, and nicely conducted. I doubt whether the graveſt Precepts of the *Stoical* School could have been employed ſo *apropos*.

SANADON.

1 *Amici.*] *Bentley*, *Cuninghami*, and other Commentators, read here *amice*, which is alſo adopted by *Sanadon*. The Sequel, ſays he, proves that this Alteration is neceſſary:

Tu

Tu *vina Torquato* move
Conſule preſſa meo;
Cætera mitte *loqui*.

2 *Torquato conſule.*] *Horace* was born under the Conſulſhip of *L. Manlius Torquatus* and *L. Aurelius Cotta*. See Book III. Ode 21. It was the Cuſtom of the *Romans*, as has been elſewhere obſerved, to mark their Veſſels with the Names of the Conſuls who preſided in the Year when the Grapes were gathered.

3 *Deus.*] The God here referred to, in the Opinion of the *Epicureans*, means nothing but *Fortune*; but, in that of the *Stoics*, it is the Supreme Being, the Source of all Things, which he rules and governs by his Providence.

4 *Achæmenio*
Perfundi nardo.] He calls the Nard *Achæmenian*, as he alſo called it in Book III. Ode 1. *Achæmenium coſtum*. For thoſe Spices came from that Part of *India* which bordered on *Perſia*, where *Achæmenes* was King.

5 *Fide Cylleniâ.*] The Harp is called *Cyllenian*, from *Mercury*, the Inventor of it, who was born on the Summit of *Cyllenè*, a Mountain in *Arcadia*.

6 *Nobilis ut grandi*, &c.] *Horace* here introduces *Chiron* ſpeaking to *Achilles*, as he makes *Teucer* addreſs himſelf to his Friends in Book I. Ode 7. *Chiron* was the Foſter-father of *Achilles*. The Reputation of his Learning and Juſtice gave Occaſion to ſeveral Princes to ſend their Sons to be educated by him, *viz. Jaſon*, *Hercules*, *Æſculapius*, &c. DACIER.

7 *Parvi Scamandri.*] The *Scamander*, otherwiſe *Xanthus*, a River of *Troy*. He calls it *ſmall*, becauſe it had only a ſmall Source on one of the Hills of Mount *Ida*.

8 *Lubricus Simois.*] The *Simois* flows into the *Scamander*, and they both fall into the *Helleſpont*, near the Promontory of *Sigæum*. He calls it *lubricus* (*rolling*), becauſe it was impetuous.

9 *Unde tibi reditum*, &c.] *Chiron* might have learned this Circumſtance from *Thetis*, or he might know it from his own Skill in Aſtrology.

ODE

ODE XIV.

To MÆCENAS.

I Grieve to hear you oft enquire
What thus has damp'd my youthful Fire,
And why my Soul, in every Senſe,
Is lull'd aſleep by Indolence,
As if, my ardent Thirſt to ſlake,
I'd drunk of ſilent [1] *Lethe*'s Lake.
But, Oh! a God, a God indeed,
Forbids your Poet to proceed
In finiſhing the Work, to you
So long ago, by Promiſe, due.
Such was the Fate *Anacreon* prov'd,
So fondly he *Bathyllus* lov'd,
Accuſtom'd his Complaints to ſuit
In eaſy Meaſures to the Lute.
You too are caught; and ſince the Dame
That kindled *Ilium*'s fatal Flame
In Beauty ne'er could yours outſhine,
Rejoice; while I for *Phryne* pine,
A haughty Jilt of mean Deſcent,
And not with one Gallant content.

NOTES.

1 *Lethæos ut ſi ducentia* ſomnos.] The Ancients feigned, that there was in Hell a River of Oblivion, by drinking

ing of which the Souls forgot all the Miſeries they had ſuffered in this World. Thus *Virgil*, ÆN. VI.

—— *Lethæi ad fluminis undam,*
Securos latices, et longa oblivia potant.

In *Lethe's* Lake they long Oblivion taſte;
Of futnre Life ſecure; forgetful of the paſt. DRYDEN.

But this in Fact is a River in *Portugal*. The *Greeks* called it ποταμος ληθης, and the *Latins*, *flumen oblivionis*. We now call it the River *Lethe*; but this is a Miſtake. It ought to be called the River *of Lethe*, as the *Romans* called it the River *of Oblivion*, and not the River *Oblivion*. For, in the *Greek*, ληθης is not a proper Name, but the Genitive of the Word ληθη, which denotes the Property of the River. The Fiction that theſe Waters were the Cauſe of Forgetfulneſs in thoſe who taſted them, was invented to ſhow the Fertility of the Soil. Thus *Homer* has ſaid, that as ſoon as any Perſon had eat of the *Lotos*, he forgot his own Country, and could not be prevailed on to forſake a Soil, which produced ſuch excellent Fruit. DACIER.

This ODE is omitted by Mr. FRANCIS.

The SAME ODE *Imitated.*

By Mrs. J. DUNCOMBE.

To Miſs B——WS.

I Hear, my Friend, you oft enquire
Why thus neglected ſleeps my Lyre,
And why the Pencil I no more
Inventive uſe, as heretofore;
As if, when *Hymen* wreath'd my Brow,
To quit the Arts he made me vow.

'Tis true, far other Taſks employ
Maternal Hours with anxious Joy;
No more the Muſes I purſue,
Nor draw for Friendſhip and for You:
And ſince this Fate moſt ſure attends,
Or ſoon or late, all married Friends,
How well ſoe'er you paſs your Hours,
Improving all your mental Powers,
May you be caught; and may your **Heart**
In Wedlock meet its Counter-part!
For greater Worth it cannot find
Than in your own exalted Mind;
And may you then with me rejoice,
And join a grateful Mother's Voice,
While I, my Infant in my Arms,
Contemplate all her opening Charms,
And fondly fancy, in her Face,
I every wiſh'd Endowment trace.

1764.

ODE XV.

To NEÆRA.

'TWAS Night; and *Cynthia* with her ſtarry Train
Serenely grac'd th' æthereal Plain,
When with fond Arms around myNeck you clung,
Cloſe as on Oak is Ivy hung;

And,

And, as I dictated, you falſely ſwore
By the dread Name of every Power,
'That long as Wolves purſue the fearful Sheep,
'Or fierce *Orion* ſwells the Deep,
'Or *Phœbus'* Treſſes wanton in the Wind,
'You would to Me continue kind.'
But if my Breaſt the Sparks of Manhood warm,
Soon will I break *Neæra's* Charm;
Nor her diſdainful Cruelty will bear,
But ſeek, incens'd, ſome faithful Fair.
And you, more favour'd Youth, whoe'er you be,
Who vainly triumph over Me,
Rich though you were in Herds and fertile Lands,
Lord of *Pactolus'* golden Sands;
Of Wiſdom, like [1] *Pythagoras* poſſeſt,
And with the Charms of [2] *Nireus* bleſt,
Yet ſhall you mourn the fickle Fair's Diſdain,
While I ſhall mock your fruitleſs Pain.

NOTES.

1 The Wiſdom of *Pythagoras* was held in ſuch Eſteem among the Ancients, that his Houſe, like a Temple, was looked upon with as much Veneration as a Deity.

2 *Nireus* was the handſomeſt of all the *Grecians* that beſieged *Troy*, *Achilles* alone excepted.

ODE XVI.

To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

A Second Age in Wars we waſte away,[1]
And *Rome* muſt fall to *Rome* a Prey.
She, againſt whom in vain *Porſenna* rag'd,
In vain the *Marſian* Foe engag'd,
Whom *Capua*'s rival State could ne'er ſubdue,
Nor *Spartacus*'s ſervile Crew;
Nor (courting new Allies, but to the Call
Of Honour deaf) the perjur'd *Gaul*;
Nor *Germany*, of[2] blue-ey'd Sons the Nurſe,
Nor *Hannibal*, the Parents Curſe,
Grieves, here at home, more cruel Foes to meet,
Where Beaſts ſhall prowl in every Street:
Barbarian Courſers o'er the Duſt ſhall bound,
While with their Hoofs the Stones reſound:
Nor will they, *Romulus!* thy Aſhes ſpare,
But rudely throw them in the Air.
But ſome, or all, perhaps, may wiſh to know,
How we muſt ward th' impending Blow.
My Counſel is—to go where proſperous Gales
Point out the Way, and court our Sails;
To curſe, *Phocæan*-like, our old Abodes,
And leave to Beaſts our Fields and Gods.

Give

Give your Advice, or elſe to mine agree:
Then, with glad Omens, put to Sea.
But ſwear we never to return again,
'Till Rocks ſhall float upon the Main;
'Till *Apennine* is cover'd by the Waves,
And *Po Matinus'* Summit laves;
'Till different Kinds in Bands of Love are join'd,
Hawks, Doves; the Tyger, and the Hind;
'Till Sheep their Dread of Lions lay aſide,
And Goats ſhall ſwim the briny Tide.
Thus, of each Hope of ſweet Return bereft,
By all ſhall this curs'd Town be left;
At leaſt the better Sort; but let the Baſe
Still cleave to this devoted Place.
But you, brave Friends! unmanly Tears give o'er,
And ſail beyond the *Tuſcan* Shore,
Where, in the ſpacious Boſom of the Main,
Riſe happy Iſlands, crown'd with Grain,
Which every Year adorns th' uncultur'd Land;
Nor Vineyards aſk the Pruner's Hand;
Where never-failing Shoots of Olive blow,
And Figs the Parent-Trees beſtow;
Where hollow Oaks drop Honey, and the Rills
In Murmurs trickle down the Hills.
Homeward the Goats with ſwelling Udders bend,
And, pleas'd, the Milker's Hand attend;
No prowling Bear alarms the nightly Fold,
Nor Snakes are in huge Volumes roll'd.
And, farther ſtill our Wonder to command,
Nor Showers, too frequent, drown the Land,

Nor too much Drought burns up the thirſty
Meads,
But kindly each to each ſucceeds.
Among the Herds no dire Contagions reign,
Nor Rots deſtroy the fleecy Train.
Hither the *Colchian* Sorcereſs never ſtray'd,
Nor *Argo* her bold Chiefs convey'd;
This Land the *Tyrian* Sailors never knew,
[3] Nor ſage *Ulyſſes'* toilſome Crew.
This, for the Virtuous, *Jove* reſerv'd of old,
[4] Changing the Times to Braſs from Gold;
To Iron now, whence, as the Gods inſpire,
Your Bard thus warns you to retire.

NOTES.

When the Civil War broke out between *Antony* and *Auguſtus* in the Year of *Rome* 722, *Rome* was filled with Diſorders and Diſſentions; ſome of the Citizens preparing to take the Part of *Antony*, and others that of *Auguſtus*. *Horace*, who was a Witneſs of this Diviſion, and who knew by Experience the Ills that might attend it, expreſſes his Concern in this Ode, and endeavours to convince his Countrymen, that their Rage againſt each other does not ſpring from the Ambition or Avarice of their Chiefs, but (as he had before told them in Ode 7) from the Anger of the Gods, who are determined to revenge the Murder of *Remus*; and that, while they continued to inhabit a City, whoſe Walls were cemented with Blood, they muſt not expect an End to their Miſeries: That therefore they have no Choice left, but to ſeek ſome happier Climate, in Imitation of the *Phocæans*, who, to avoid the Scourge of War, freely quitted their own Country. It was indeed this Hiſtory which ſuggeſted to *Horace* the firſt Idea of this Ode, in which he gives a beautiful Deſcription of the Fortunate Iſlands, to ſhow, in a more lively Manner, by this Contraſt, the deſperate State of *Rome* and *Italy*.

Scaliger

Scaliger thinks, that the Deſign of it is ridiculous and impertinent. Strange that this profound Critic ſhould imagine, that *Horace* ſeriouſly intended to perſuade 300,000 *Romans* to quit their own Country, and ſail to the *Canary* Iſlands! It is rather to be conſidered as a *jeu d' eſprit*, a wanton Sally of Imagination, in which youthful Poets often indulge themſelves.

This Ode was written in the Year of *Rome* 723, *Horace* being then in his 34th Year.

1 *Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas.*] *Horace* divides the Civil Wars into two *Æras*. The *firſt* compriſes all the Civil Wars that afflicted *Italy*, from *Marius* and *Sylla* to the Death of *Cæſar*; and the *ſecond* from the Death of *Cæſar* to the Defeat of *Antony*.

2 *Nec fera cæruleâ domuit Germania pube.*] He calls the *Germans cæruleam pubem, blue-eyed Youth*, on account of their yellow Hair and blue Eyes. Thus *Tacitus, Truces et cærulei oculi, rutilæ comæ, magna corpora.*

3 *Laborioſâ nec cohors Ulyſſei.*] *Horace* here excludes the Companions of *Ulyſſes* from the Happy Iſlands, becauſe they were wicked, and entirely given up to their Paſſions; on which account he ſpeaks thus of them, in the ſecond Epiſtle of his firſt Book:

Sirenum voces et Circes pocula nôſti,
Quæ ſi cum ſociis ſtultus cupiduſque bibiſſet,
Sub dominâ meretrice fuiſſet turpis et excors;
Vixiſſet canis immundus, vel amica luto ſus.

4 *Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum.*] The *Brazen Age* did not immediately follow the *Golden* one: The *Silver Age* intervened. But, as that bore a great Reſemblance to the former, *Horace* here blends them together.

ODE XVII.

To CANIDIA.

AT length thy powerful Arts I own,
But Oh! by gloomy *Pluto's* Throne,
By chaſte *Diana's* dreadful Sway,
And Spells, which falling Stars obey,
Let me no more thy Vengeance feel,
But backward roll thy magic Wheel!
To Pity [1] *Telephus* inclin'd,
By Prayers, ev'n ſtern *Achilles'* Mind,
Though Troops againſt him he had led,
And launch'd his Javelin at his Head:
And though the ſlaughtering *Hector* lay
Condemn'd to Dogs and Birds of Prey,
Yet with due Pomp the *Trojan* Dames
Beheld his Coarſe in funeral Flames
Involv'd, when [2] *Priam*, at the Fleet,
Had bath'd with Tears *Achilles'* Feet.
The wiſe *Ulyſſes'* [3] briſtly Train,
By *Circe's* Will, from Swine again
To Men were chang'd; [4] reſum'd the Grace
Of godlike Reaſon, Speech, and Face.
To Sailors and to Pedlars dear,
Ah! why, *Canidia*, thus ſevere
On Me? Behold, my youthful Boaſt
Is fled, and all my Colour loſt.

Thy

Thy magic Oyl has on my Head
[5] The Snow of Age untimely ſhed.
Day chaſes Night, and Night the Day,
But no Relief to Me convey;
For, lab'ring in the Pangs of Death,
I pant in vain, and heave for Breath.
Thy powerful Charms ('tis now confeſt)
Can tear the Head, and fire the Breaſt.
What would'ſt thou more? O Land and Sea!
Alcides never burnt like Me,
When ſmear'd with *Neſſus'* putrid Gore;
Nor flaming *Ætna* rages more.
O thou fell Shop of Poiſons dire,
Me wilt thou ſcorch with *Colchian* Fire,
'Till my dry Aſhes round are caſt,
The Sport of every baneful Blaſt?
Declare, what Ranſom ſhall I pay?
Speak; and thy Slave will ſtrait obey.
Shall then, to expiate my Guilt,
A hundred Heifers Blood be ſpilt?
Or ſhall I thy unſpotted Fame
Upon the lying Harp proclaim?
Chaſte and untainted thou ſhalt riſe
A golden Star, and deck the Skies.
Who injur'd [6] *Helen*, could aſſwage
By Force of Prayer her Brothers Rage;
For when their Mercy he implor'd,
They to the Bard his Sight reſtor'd.
Thou too (whom nothing can controul)
Reſtore to Senſe my frantic Soul!

No Offspring of th' adulterous Bed
Art thou; nor wont abroad to ſpread
The poor Man's Duſt, deny'd a Tomb:
With timely Iſſue teems thy Womb;
Never did Blood thy Conſcience ſtain;
Pure are thy Hands, thy Heart humane.

NOTES.

Canidia had probably ſatirized our Poet in ſome *Iambics*, which have not been tranſmitted to us. But in this Ode, while he ſeems to implore her Mercy, he retorts upon her with the more Severity. See Ode V. of this Book, and Sat. VIII. of B. I.

1 *Telephus.*] A King of *Myſia*, who attempting to obſtruct the March of the *Grecians* againſt *Troy*, was dangerouſly wounded by *Achilles*, and afterwards healed by the Ruſt of the ſame Spear that gave the Wound, or, as ſome ſuppoſe, with a certain Herb diſcovered by *Achilles*.

2 See Ode X. B. I.

3 *Setoſa duris exuere pellibus.*] After *Circe* had tranſformed the Companions of *Ulyſſes* into Swine, *Ulyſſes* prevailed upon her by his Prayers to reſtore them to their former Shape. *Horace* ſays that they appeared more young and beautiful than before. This Story is related at large in the tenth Book of the *Odyſſey*.

4 *Tunc mens et ſonus*
Relatus.] *Horace*, by ſaying that their Underſtanding returned to the Companions of *Ulyſſes*, deviates from *Homer*, who tells us that, though they were changed into Swine, they ſtill preſerved their Underſtanding. They had, ſays he, the Grunting, the Form, and the Briſtles of Swine; but their Underſtanding was as clear as before. On which Account, *Homer* adds, that they wept, when *Circe* had ſo transformed them; which they could not have done, had they not retained their Reaſon.

5 *Tuis capillus albus eſt odoribus.*] *Horace*'s Hair was early white, as he tells us in the laſt Epiſtle of his firſt Book. He here pleaſantly aſcribes this Effect to the Drugs

Drugs which *Canidia* had employed in her Enchantment; and ironically calls thoſe magic Drugs *Odours*. Thus alſo he gives them the Name of *Nard* in the fifth Ode of this Book.

6 *Infamis Helenæ*, &c.] *Steſichorus*, having written Verſes on *Helen*, and afterwards loſing his Sight, imagined that *Caſtor* and *Pollux* puniſhed him, to revenge their Siſter. He was right in his Conjecture; for, as ſoon as he had ſung a Recantation, his Sight was reſtored. *Plato* has preſerved this Story in his *Phædon*, where he ſets down the Beginning of this PALINODIA.

ODE XVIII.

CANIDIA's *Anſwer*.

WHY do thy Prayers thus ſtun my Ear?
Sooner th' obdurate Rocks ſhall hear,
When loud the wintry Billows roar,
And ſhipwreck'd Sailors ſeek the Shore.
Safely ſhalt thou [1] *Cotytto*'s Rites
Divulge, and lawleſs Love's Delights;
And, [2] Pontiff-like, the City fill
With Secrets of th' *Eſquilian* Hill?
Have I the Siſterhood in vain
Enrich'd, and brew'd the ſpeedy Bane?—
By tardy Tortures thou ſhalt die,
And wear out Life in Miſery.
With endleſs Thirſt and Hunger preſt,
The Sire of *Pelops* prays for Reſt;
For Reſt the Wretch pours forth his Prayers,
Whoſe Breaſt the clinging Vulture tears:

In vain the Stone's recoiling Weight
To ſettle on the Mountain's Height
Toils *Siſyphus*; for *Jove* has ſpoke,
Nor ever will the Doom revoke.
Headlong thou now ſhalt wiſh to leap
From ſome high Rock's tremendous Steep;
And now to periſh by the Sword,
Or by the Neck-encircling Cord;
Then ſhall the World in thy Diſtreſs
Canidia's dreaded Power confeſs—
Could I with Life the Dead inform,
Though burnt, with Life an Image warm,
Beheld by thy too curious Eyes;
Could I force *Cynthia* from the Skies,
And Philters mix to fire the Heart,
And ſhalt thou baffle all my Art?

NOTES.

1 *Cotyttia.*] *Cotytto* was a lewd and abandoned Goddeſs, worſhipped by the *Athenians*, *Corinthians*, &c. with all kind of Impurities. See *Juv.* Sat. II. 92.

2 *Pontifex*] *i. e.* 'Shalt thou pretend to aſſume to 'thyſelf the Authority of a High-Prieſt, or Cenſor, and, 'in Conſequence of that, arraign my Proceedings?'

The END *of the* FIFTH BOOK.

THE

THE [1]SECULAR ODE.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE *ſen.*

Choir of Youths and Virgins.

[2]*Phœbus!* and *Cynthia* o'er the Chace
Preſiding; Heaven's eternal Grace!
[3]Whom as paſt Times, the future ſhall adore,
Grant what, this ſacred Seaſon, we implore!

Now when the Sibyl's Lines command,
That Youths and Maids, a [4]choſen Band!
Shall to the Gods, whom our ſeven Hills delight,
A choral Hymn alternately recite.

Choir of Youths.

Indulgent Sun! whoſe various Ray
Now ſpreads, and now withdraws the Day,
Another and the ſame; may Years to come
No Proſpect yield thee more auguſt than *Rome!*

Choir of Virgins.

Your Aid, mild *Ilithyia*, give
To Matrons, and their Pangs relieve;
[5]Whether you chuſe *Lucina* for your Name,
Or rather that of *Genetyllis* claim.

To

To pregnant Wives give large Increaſe;
[6] The Laws that favour Wedlock bleſs,
Thoſe Laws (ordain'd to multiply our Race)
Which Fathers with peculiar Honours grace.

Both Choirs.

Oft as th' allotted Term of Years
Returns, and a new Age appears,
May it reſtore ſuch grateful Songs and Plays
Three ſhining Nights, and three diſtinguiſh'd Days!

[7] Ye *Parcæ*, whoſe reſiſtleſs Will
Events infallibly fulfill;
Whoſe Word once ſpoken ſtill unchang'd ſhall laſt,
With future Bleſſings ſtill improve the paſt.

Let *Earth*, with Corn and Flocks o'erſpread,
Weave yellow Wreaths for *Ceres'* Head:
Let wholeſome Streams, ſweet Air, and verdant Food,
Cheriſh the Herds, the Flocks, and tender Brood.

Choir of Youths.

With Bow unſtrung, and favouring Ear,
Kindly the ſuppliant Youths, *Apollo!* hear.

Choir of Virgins.

Horn'd Queen of Stars! the Maids attend,
Who to thy Throne, with humble Homage, bend.

Both Choirs.

[8] If *Rome* was rear'd by *your* Command;
If *Trojans* ſought th' *Etruſcan* Land,

Enjoin'd

Enjoin'd by *You* to leave their native Shore,
And foreign Realms, with proſperous Courſe, explore;
Whom ſafely through devouring Flame,
The * Chief, immortalis'd by Fame,
Led to a fairer Soil, a happier Coaſt,
A nobler Empire than in *Troy* they loſt;
Let *Youth* with Probity be bleſt!
To *Age*, ye Gods! give needful Reſt;
And crown the *Romans* with a numerous Race,
With large Increaſe of Wealth, and every Grace!
[9] Let *Cæſar* in his Vows ſucceed,
Who bids the milk-white Victims bleed;
[10] *Cæſar*, who triumphs o'er his ſtubborn Foes,
But generous Mercy to the Suppliant ſhows.
The [11] *Mede* now fears, by Sea and Land,
[12] Th' *Albanian* Axe, and *Cæſar*'s Hand:
[13] *Scythians*, and *Indians*, late ſo haughty, wait
From *Rome*'s rever'd Decrees to learn their Fate.
Now Honour, Truth, and ancient Shame,
And Peace, our ſavage Paſſions tame:
Virtue unveils her Face, ſecure from Scorn,
And Plenty ſcatters Fruits with plenteous Horn.

Choir of Youths.

The [14] Prophet-God, with golden Bow,
Dear to the Nine, who well can ſhow
The healing Power of every Herb and Plant,
And ſprightly Health to languid Mortals grant;

* *Æneas*, who planted a Colony of *Trojans* in *Italy*.

If

If he ſurvey with gracious Eye
His own high Towers, which pierce the Sky,
Will add freſh Glories to our envy'd Name,
And ſpread, from Age to Age, the *Roman* Fame!

Choir of Virgins.

Cynthia (ador'd on *Aventine*
And *Algidus*) with Looks benign
Regards theſe Rites; the prieſtly Vows receives,
And what we beg, with kind Indulgence gives.

EPILOGUE.

Both Choirs.

We, who have ſung in ſacred Lays
Apollo's and *Diana*'s Praiſe,
Will home return with juſt Preſage, that *Jove*
Allows our Prayers, and all the Powers above.

NOTES.

1 We need go no farther for the Riſe of the Secular Games (the moſt remarkable in the *Roman* Story) than to the *Sibylline* Oracles, which the *Romans* held in high Veneration.

In theſe ſacred Writings there was an old Prophecy to this Effect; That if the *Romans*, at the Beginning of every Age, ſhould hold ſolemn Games in the *Martian* Field to the Honour of *Pluto*, *Proſerpine*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, *Diana*, *Ceres*, and the *Parcæ*, or three fatal Sitters, their City ſhould ever flouriſh, and all Nations be ſubjected to their Dominion. They readily obeyed the Oracle, and in all the Ceremonies uſed on that Occaſion conformed themſelves to its Directions. The whole Manner of the Solemnity was as follows: In the firſt Place, the Heralds received Orders to make an Invitation of every body to come to *a Feaſt which they had never yet ſeen, and ſhould never ſee again.* Some few Days before the Beginning of the Games, the fifteen Prieſts, taking their Seats in the Capitol and in the *Palatine* Temple, diſtributed among the

the People purifying Compoſitions, as Flambeaus, Brimſtone, and Sulphur. From hence the People paſſed on to *Diana*'s Temple on Mount *Aventine*, carrying Wheat, Barley, and Beans, as an Offering; and after this they ſpent whole Nights in Devotion to the Deſtinies. At length, when the Time of the Games was actually come, which continued three Days and three Nights, the People aſſembled in the *Martian* Field, and ſacrificed to *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, *Latona*, *Diana*, the *Parcæ*, *Ceres*, *Pluto*, and *Proſerpine*. On the firſt Night of the Feaſt, the Emperor, accompanied by the fifteen Prieſts, commanded three Altars to be raiſed on the Banks of the *Tyber*, which they ſprinkled with the Blood of three Lambs, and then proceeded to burn the Offerings and the Victims. After this they marked out a Space which ſerved for a Theatre, being illuminated by an innumerable Multitude of Flambeaus and Fires. Here they ſung Hymns compoſed on this Occaſion, and celebrated all Kinds of Sports. On the Day after, when they had been at the Capitol to offer the Victims, they returned to the *Martian* Field, and held Sports to the Honour of *Apollo* and *Diana*. Theſe laſted till the next Day, when the noble Matrons, at the Hour appointed by the Oracle, went to the Capitol to ſing Hymns to *Jupiter*. On the third Day, which concluded the Feaſt, twenty-ſeven Boys and as many Girls ſung, in the Temple of *Palatine Apollo*, Hymns and Verſes in *Greek* and *Latin*, to recommend the City to the Protection of thoſe Deities, whom they deſigned particularly to honour by their Sacrifices.

DACIER.

Dacier thinks this Ode the *Maſter-piece* of *Horace*, and that all Antiquity can furniſh nothing more complete.

2 *Phœbe*, &c.]
The Hymns, which were ſung on the third Day, always began with the Invocation of *Apollo* and *Diana*, becauſe they were performed in the Temple of thoſe Deities.

3 ——— *O colendi*
Semper et culti, &c.]
Apollo and *Diana* were conſidered as the Founders of the *Roman* Empire.

4 *Virgines lectas.*] The Performers were all Children of Perſons of Diſtinction. It was alſo a neceſſary Circumſtance that both their Parents ſhould be living. As the

the *Romans* thought *Apollo* and *Diana* Authors of all the Deaths that happened, they would have eſteemed it a Crime to preſent Children to thoſe Gods, whoſe Father or Mother they had ſlain.

5 *Sive tu Lucina.*] It was a ſolemn Cuſtom among the Ancients to invoke one and the ſame God by ſeveral Names, leſt he ſhould take Offence at the Omiſſion of his favourite Title. Thus *Catullus* addreſſes *Diana, Sis quocumque ſancta nomine:* And *Apollo,* at the End of *Statius*'s firſt *Thebaid,* is accoſted by three different Names:

Adſis O memor hoſpitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames; ſeu te roſeum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmeniæ ritu, ſeu præſtat Oſyrin
Frugiferum, ſeu Perſei ſub rupibus antri
Indignata ſequi torquentem cornua Mithræ.

Propitious hear our Prayer, O Power Divine!
And on thy hoſpitable *Argos* ſhine.
Whether the Style of *Titan* pleaſe thee more,
Whoſe purple Rays th'*Achæmenes* adore;
Or great *Oſyris,* who firſt taught the Swain
In *Pharian* Fields to ſow the golden Grain;
Or *Mithra,* to whoſe Beams the *Perſian* bows,
And pays in hollow Rocks his awful Vows;
Mithra, whoſe Head the Blaze of Light adorns,
Who graſps the ſtruggling Heifer's lunar Horns.
POPE.

Milton, who is every-where full of Alluſions to the Cuſtoms of the Ancients, addreſſes Light in this venerable Style, at the Beginning of the 3d Book of *Paradiſe Loſt:*

Hail, holy Light, Offspring of Heaven firſt born,
Or of th' Eternal, Coëternal Beam;
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? ſince God is Light,
And never but in unapproached Light
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in Thee,
Bright Effluence of bright Eſſence increate:
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure Ethereal Stream, *&c.*

Diana was worſhipped by the Names *Ilithyia, Lucina, Genetyllis.* The common Reading is *Genitalis*; but *Bentley* has ſhown that Word to be incompatible with the Context. He conjectures the true Reading to be *Genetyllis,* and confirms his Opinion by Reaſons, which are at leaſt very plauſible. See *Bentley*'s *Horace.*

6 *Lege*

6 *Lege maritâ.*] *Auguſtus* had made a Law, propoſing Rewards as an Encouragement to Marriage, and Forfeitures for the Neglect of it, juſt before *Horace* wrote this Ode; who had too much Judgment to forget a Circumſtance ſo worthy a Hymn addreſſed to the Gods for the Proſperity of the Empire, and, at the ſame Time, reflecting Honour on his great Patron.

7 *Voſque veraces cecinisſe Parcæ,*
Quod ſemel dictum eſt, ſtabiliſque rerum
Terminus ſervet, bona jam peractis
Jungite fata.]

Thus the common Editions, where the Syntax and the Senſe ſeem much perplexed. The Reading of *Bentley* makes both clearer:

——————— *Parcæ,*
Quod ſemel dictum ſtabilis per ævum, &c.

8 *Roma ſi veſtrum,* &c.] *Rome* might be juſtly called the Work of *Apollo*, becauſe it was a Colony from *Troy*, of which *Apollo* was the Founder; and becauſe the *Trojans* landed in *Italy*, and built a City there, by his expreſs Command.

9 Quique *vos bobus veneratur albis*
Clarus Anchiſæ Veneriſque ſanguis
Imperet: *bellante prior, jacentem*
Lenis in hoſtem.]

Thus the common Editions. But *Bentley*, juſtified by ſeveral Manuſcripts and old Copies, reads,

Quæque *vos*, &c. ————

Impetret, i. e. *Et quæ vos* veneratur (orat, precatur) *Auguſtus, impetret et conſequatur.* This, as the beſt Reading, is followed by the Tranſlator.

It appears by theſe Lines, that the Emperor was preſent when this Hymn was ſung, and then alſo offered a Sacrifice of white Bulls to *Apollo*, *Diana*, and *Jupiter*. The Solemnity ended with this Sacrifice, and with this Hymn.

10 *Imperet, bellante prior, jacentem*
Lenis in hoſtem.]

The Conſtruction of theſe Words, ſays *Sanadon*, ought to be this: *Auguſtus lenis imperet*, prior ſeipſo bellante. The following ſeems more natural: *Imperet, lenis in hoſtem* jacentem; *prior* bellante hoſte. *Horace* ſeems here to have imitated this Line in *Virgil*:

Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos.

11 *Me-*

11 *Medus.*] By the *Mede*, *Horace* means the *Parthians*, who had given up *Armenia* to *Auguſtus*, and ſent him back the Enſigns they had taken from *Craſſus* and *Antony*, and all their Priſoners.

12 *Albanaſque.*] *Horace* ſays *Albanian*, inſtead of *Roman* Axes, as if *Alba* were ſtill flouriſhing; to inſpire, by that antique Image, a greater Veneration for thoſe Symbols of Honour.

13 *Scythæ et Indi.*] The *Scythians* and *Indians* had ſent Ambaſſadors to *Auguſtus*, to ſue for Peace, and beg his Friendſhip.

14 *Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu,*
Phœbus, acceptuſque novem Camænis,
Qui ſalutari levat arte feſſos
Corporis artus:]

In theſe four Lines, as *Torrentius* obſerves, *Horace* has compriſed the four chief Attributes of *Apollo*, viz. *Divination*, *Archery*, *Muſic*, and *Phyſic*.

15 *Proroget*, &c.] *Bentley*, following ſeveral old Manuſcripts, reads *prorogat*, *curat*, *applicat*, inſtead of *proroget*, *curet*, *applicet*, in the *optative* Mood.

Nothing, ſays he, can be more juſt or more decent: For the Choir, in the firſt place, offers Vows to *Apollo* and *Diana* for the Proſperity of the *Roman* Empire, the Emperor, and the Citizens; and, at length, as inſpired by the preſent Deity, confidently declares to the whole Aſſembly, that their Vows are heard and ratified by the Gods; and immediately adds:

Hæc Jovem ſentire Deoſque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.

And, in the firſt Epiſtle of his ſecond Book, ver. 134. (where he alludes to this very Ode) he has this Verſe:

Poſcit opem chorus et præſentia numina ſentit.

Thus *Statius*, *Silv.* III. 2.

——————— *ſoli Zephyro ſit copia cœli;*
Solus agat puppes, ſummaſque ſupernatet undas.
Audimur: vocat ipſe ratem. ———————

Mr. *Creech* has omitted this Ode in his Tranſlation.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

The foregoing Notes were written long before I met with *Sanadon*'s Tranſlation and Remarks on *Horace*: I believe I might have ſaid before they were publiſhed. That learned Author has taken great Pains to diſpoſe the Odes, *&c.* according to the Order of Time in which they were compoſed, as far as he could trace it from Hiſtory and Circumſtances. He ſeems to think himſelf particularly happy in connecting with the *Secular Ode* ſeveral ſmall Pieces, which were before thought to be independent of it. In his Edition it is thus diſpoſed:

The four Verſes prefixed to the firſt Ode of the third Book,

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo, &c.

are the Prologue. This is followed by the Hymn to *Apollo*, Book IV. Ode 6.

Dive quem proles Niobæa magnæ
Vindicem linguæ, &c.

Then the twenty-firſt Ode of the firſt Book:

Dianam teneræ dicite virgines, &c.

And this is ſucceeded by what is commonly called the *Secular Ode*:

Phœbe, ſylvarumque potens Diana, &c.

And the four Stanzas, tacked to the ſixth Ode of the fourth Book,

Spiritum Phœbus mihi, &c.

(which *Sanadon* ſtyles the *Epilogue*) cloſe the Whole.

It might be expected, that he ſhould have endeavoured to ſupport this Diſpoſition by the Authority of ſome Manuſcripts, or old Copies; but nothing of this Kind is pretended. On the other hand, we are informed by *Suetonius*, that *Horace* firſt publiſhed his three Books of Odes, each ſeparately; and, *longo intervallo*, 'many Years after,' collected the fourth Book, at the Command of *Auguſtus*.

That

That thoſe three Books were at firſt thus publiſhed, is alſo evident from the firſt Ode of the firſt Book, and the concluding Odes of the ſecond and third Books. Conſequently, the Prologue in queſtion, and the twenty-ſixth Ode of the firſt Book, can have nothing to do here. *Bentley* is of Opinion, that they were compoſed nine or ten Years before the *Secular Ode*. It is a known Rule, that, in Works of this kind, the Poet is never to appear himſelf. This is allowed by *Sanadon*; but, he ſays, it may be diſpenſed with as to the *Prologue* and *Epilogue*; but does not attempt to prove it by any Inſtance, except the preſent; which is *begging the Queſtion*. As this Ode was deſigned for the Populace, as well as for the Senators and Knights, it would have been contrary to the Rules of Decency and Prudence to diſguſt them at the very Beginning of it, by ſuch contemptuous Words as,

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.

I hate the vulgar Crew profane:
Avaunt! ——————

I take this and the three following Lines to be deſigned as a Prologue, not to the firſt Ode only, but to the whole third Book, in which there are ſcarce any but moral Odes; and the firſt Part of the ſecond Ode relates to the Education of Youth. He ſeems to give up the *Old*, as hardened in Vice, and incorrigible; but hopes his Precepts will have a better Effect on *young* Perſons, whoſe Minds are as yet untainted, and open to Inſtruction. The *Carmina non prius audita* may be referred to the Species of Poetry in which he excelled, *viz.* the *Lyric*; of this, in other Places alſo, he boaſts himſelf the firſt Writer among the *Romans*. Thus, in the laſt Ode of the third Book.

Dicar —— ex humili potens,
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxiſſe modos.

And, in the ninth Ode of the fourth Book,

Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis.

If *Dianam teneræ dicite virgines*, and the *Secular Ode*, be conſidered as Parts only of one and the ſame Whole, there

there will be a disagreeable Tautology, of which so great a Master as *Horace* cannot be supposed guilty; *e. g.*

——— lætam *nemorum comâ*
——— *sylvarumque potens* Diana.
Insignemque *pharetra*,
Fraternaque humerum *lyra*.
——— fulgente *decorus arcu*
Phœbus, *acceptusque novem Camœnis*.
——— Hic miseram *famem*
Pestemque a populo, &c.
Vestra motus *aget* prece.
Nutriant fœtus et *aquæ salubres*,
Et *Jovis auræ*.

The *Levis Agyieu*, in the Ode to *Apollo*, is the same with *Intonsum Cynthium*, in this Ode; and but two Lines distant from it, as *Sanadon* has ranged the Parts.

The Petition of the Ode to *Apollo*, closely translated, is no more than this: 'Great God! (whom *Niobe* ex-'perienced the severe Avenger of a petulant Tongue, '&c.) thou, who delighteſt to lave thy Locks in the 'Streams of *Xanthus*, * the beardless Guardian of the '† Streets, Oh! defend the Glory of the *Roman* Muse!'

After the Word *Dive*, at the Beginning of the Ode, there is an uncouth Digression of twenty-four Lines, rather in Praise of *Achilles* than of *Apollo*, or *Æneas*. Such a Parenthesis in a modern Writer would be censured as insupportable. Now can any one think this worthy the Ear of the *Roman* Emperor, the Senate, and the People, and much less to deserve the extravagant Encomiums bestowed on it by *Sanadon*? For what appears by the Context, it might be only a *private Ode* addressed by the Poet to *Apollo*, desiring him to inspire his Muse; and, even in this Light, it rather merits Pardon than Applause.

All that remain to be considered are the four Stanzas at the End of the sixth Ode of the fourth Book:

Spiritum Phœbus mihi, &c.

These Lines have undoubtedly a Relation to the *Secular Ode*. The only Question then is, What Relation? *Sanadon* says, they are the Epilogue to it.

* *Apollo* was described and painted as a blooming Boy.

† Altars and Statues were erected to him in the Streets.

But

But the Epilogue is plainly contained in the four laſt Verſes of the Ode itſelf, where the Choirs exult, in Proſpect that their Vows are granted by the Gods; and declare they are joyfully returning home:

Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.

So that, according to *Sanadon*, there muſt be a double Epilogue; which would be abſurd.

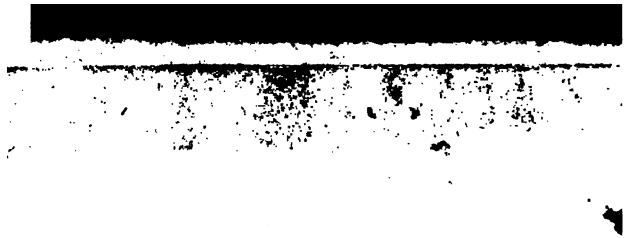
The Truth of the Caſe is, that theſe Stanzas (which ſeem to be only the Fragment of an Ode) were addreſſed to the Children of the Choir, in the Interval between the delivering out of the Parts and the Performance, exhorting them to Diligence and Application:

Leſbium ſervate *pedem, meique*
Pollicis ictum.

And, in particular, promiſing the Maidens, as a Reward, that they ſhould be ſpeedily married:

Nupta *jam dices, &c.*

To illuſtrate this by a modern Example; let us ſuppoſe that the Reverend Dr. *Morell* had addreſſed an elegant Ode to the *Seneſinos* and Spinſter-ſingers, exciting them to perform their Parts with Propriety and Spirit; and that he had promiſed the former a noble Preſent of Gold and Jewels, and that each of the latter ſhould gain a wealthy Huſband; nobody, ſure, would call this an *Epilogue* to his *Oratorio?*

If the *Engliſh* Reader is curious to ſee *Sanadon*'s Notes at large, he may conſult Mr. *Francis*'s *Horace*, where he will find them tranſlated.

The END *of the* SECOND VOLUME.